THE SATURDAY EVE[illegible] POST

Vol. 194, No. 10. Published Weekly at Philadelphia. Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879.

An Il[illegible]eekly
Founded A[illegible] Benj. Franklin

SEPTEMBER 3, 1921

5c. THE COPY
10c. in Canada

MOB OF THREE—By HERSCHEL S. HALL

MOTOR NASH CARS

NASH SIX PRICES

All Nash passenger cars have cord tires as standard equipment

5-passenger touring	$1545
2-passenger roadster	$1525
4-passenger sport model	$1695
7-passenger touring	$1695
4-passenger coupe	$2395
7-passenger sedan	$2695

Prices f. o. b. Kenosha

NASH FOUR PRICES

All Nash passenger cars have cord tires as standard equipment

5-passenger touring	$1195
2-passenger roadster	$1175
3-passenger coupe	$1735
5-passenger sedan	$1935

Prices f. o. b. Milwaukee

Whatever the type of car you favor you need not look outside the Nash line. For here you find touring, roadster, sport, coupe, and sedan models, with four or six cylindered power plants.

Each is a Nash car. Each embodies in full measure all the value the great Nash organization can give it. And each is assured of the highly developed Nash service facilities.

THE NASH MOTORS COMPANY
KENOSHA, WISCONSIN

Manufacturers of Passenger Cars and Trucks, Including Famous Nash Quad

Nash Motor Sales, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Distributors of Nash Cars and Trucks for the Dominion of Canada

NASH MOTORS

Society Brand Clothes

FOR YOUNG MEN AND
MEN WHO STAY YOUNG

True clothing economy cannot be figured alone on a basis of price. Society Brand Clothes may cost a little more but their better style and longer wear more than offset the difference in the price you pay. - - -

TRY ON A SUIT, LET YOUR MIRROR TELL THE STORY

ALFRED DECKER & COHN, *Makers*, Chicago, New York
In Canada, SOCIETY BRAND CLOTHES *Limited*, Montreal

Whenever soap comes in contact with the skin, use Ivory.

THERE are seven desirable qualities that soap can have; seven that soap should have to be entirely satisfactory; seven that soap must have to be suitable for universal use — shampoo, bath, toilet, nursery, fine laundry.

These essentials are: abundant lather, quick rinsing, mildness, purity, whiteness, fragrance, "it floats."

Some soaps have some of these qualities; some soaps have others; Ivory Soap combines all seven. This is why Ivory Soap is preferred for so many uses. This is why it is unsurpassed in everything it does.

Ivory Soap comes in a convenient size and form for every purpose

Small Cake

For toilet, bath, nursery, shampoo, fine laundry. Can be divided in two for individual toilet use.

Large Cake

Especially for laundry use. Also preferred by many for the bath.

Ivory Soap Flakes

Especially for the washbowl washing of delicate garments. Sample package free on request to Division 25-I, Dept. of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

IVORY SOAP 99 44/100% PURE

IT FLOATS

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President
C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
P. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 0, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A°D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1921, by The Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain
Title Registered in U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries

George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Churchill Williams, F. S. Bigelow,
A. W. Neall, Arthur McKeogh,
T. B. Costain, Associate Editors

Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879
Additional Entry as Second-Class Matter at Columbus, Ohio, at Decatur, Illinois, at Chicago, Illinois, and at Indianapolis, Ind.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Volume 194 — *5c. THE COPY* 10c. in Canada — *PHILADELPHIA, PA., SEPTEMBER 3, 1921* — *$2.00 THE YEAR* by Subscription — *Number 10*

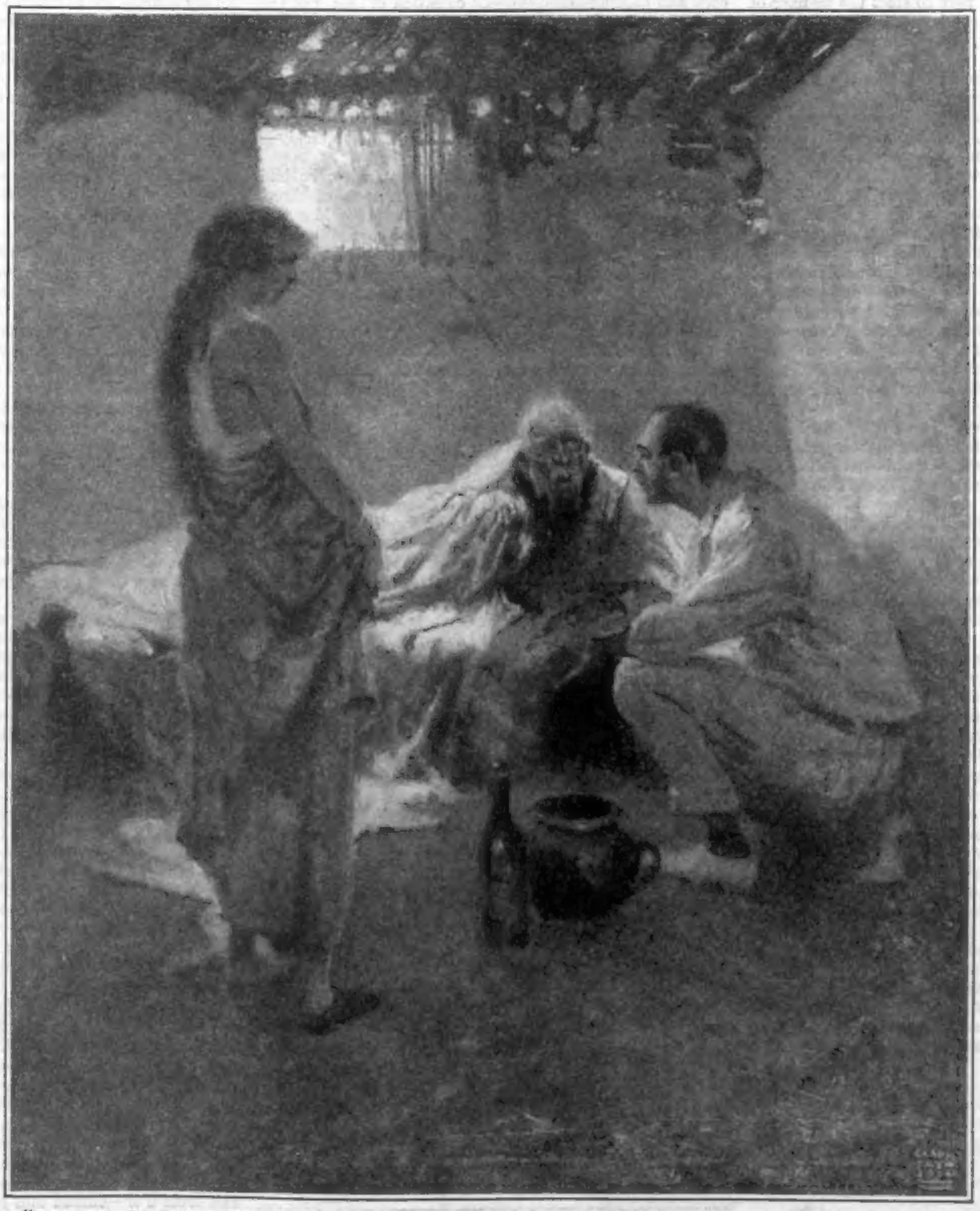
MOB OF THREE

By Herschel S. Hall

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

WE WERE a mob of three, Scrobe, Labo and I, on our way to kill Puysegur, somewhere over there on the Naranja River, whither he had fled with the helpless, pitiable slip of a girl he had bestially stolen from her father's house. Slowly and painfully we were tunneling through the dense, muggy, tropical jungle, digging out a path along which we could travel to do our work of justice. Four *mozos* worked ahead of us, swinging their keen-edged, glistening machetes, cutting and slashing and hacking at the snarled and looped and twisted vines, chopping at the tough interlaced palm grasses and mighty ferns, slicing off the giant cannalike plants and toppling them over to the right and to the left, smashing down and trampling underfoot the slimy, slippery, mushroomy growths that choked the swales and hollows over which we had to pass. We were a mob, on our way to kill a man; and as mobs are ever in a hurry to seize their victims and get done with their work, so were we in a hurry to come to the Naranja and get done with ours. But our progress was nerve-rackingly slow, and many a kilometer lay between us and the Naranja.

Sopping wet with perspiration were we three, though we did no more than move along at less than tortoise speed, following the tunnelers ahead of us. We had sweat until our clothing was soaked to the last stitch, until we were weakened by this excessive outflowing from the pores of our skins. And we breathed heavily and laboriously, we three white men, for there in the dank depths of the muggy malodorous jungle it was as if we were passing through and inhaling into our laboring lungs warm fogs of sweetish-tasting invisible steam. We were attacked, set upon and driven into an ecstasy of miserableness by ten thousand hordes of insects that bit and stung and gouged and bored into the exposed parts of our bodies, that crept beneath our clothing and made race courses of our sensitive skins, that went exploring into our ears, into our nostrils, into our mouths when they were opened, even attempted our eyes. I shudder now as I think of our exquisite wretchedness. And all the while came floating up to our nostrils that foul, nauseating, stinking smell of the dank moldy jungle; all the while on our tongues played the sweetish, emetical taste of the air we breathed; all the while before our eyes the ugly—— Pah! Loathing, I live again those days in the jungle, fighting through to kill Puysegur. This moment I see it all as I saw it then—the four half-naked Indians ahead of us, slashing and cutting and hacking down the luxuriant growths of vine and grass and giant plants; the two men, my companions, Scrobe and Labo, dripping with perspiration, grimy with a hundred kinds of dirt, fighting the flies and gnats and mosquitoes and stinging ants that swarmed about them, with their faces and hands splotched with a thousand little red splotches of dried blood, marks of the bite of the tiny *rodador* that assailed us in its myriad millions. I hear it all yet—the swish and smack of the machetes, the crashing down of the severed fern fronds and palms and cannalike plants, the squawking of parrots and macaws in the trees above us, the screaming of droves of black monkeys, the muttered mumblings of the *mozos*, the senseless cursing of my two companions. I sense it all again in my nostrils—that nasty, musty smell of an excess of decayed and rotting vegetation, the malodorous vapors from the fungi through which we at times waded as through the muck of uncleaned stables, and the stench beneath our feet of the carrion of snake and lizard and toad and little things long dead—— Pah! Let me hasten to the telling of my story, finish and forget!



"Puysegur? Not Puysegur!" The Words Came, Screamed, and He Sat Up Suddenly, Glaring at Me With Dilated Eyes

"I say, hang him!" shouted Labo, and he shook the coil of rope he was carrying.

"And I say, cut his throat!" yelled Scrobe in a louder voice. "Cut his throat, and while he is bleeding to death he will have time to think over this thing he has done! Give him a chance to repent of his sins before he dies!" And Scrobe's yellow fangs showed through his bristly mustache, and a lethargic twinkle came into his ferret eyes.

Labo sneered. "Pretty work, that'd be! Who ever heard of a mob cutting a man's throat?" he demanded disgustedly. "And a mob is what we are—mob of three. And if we're going to do a mob's work, I say let's do it right! Don't you say so too?"

He had appealed to me. I was lighting a cigarette at the moment, and I unnecessarily prolonged my efforts to set aglow the end of the little brown-paper cylinder I held between my lips. I hoped my delaying to make reply to his question might cause him to return to Scrobe. I did not wish to answer him; let the dispute over the method we were to employ in killing Puysegur be waged between them and settled between them.

It was the third time the question had been brought up since we had started for the Naranja. A little way out of Pichucalco, before we had left the beaten plantation paths and come to the untracked jungle, Scrobe had asked Labo why he carried a rope. "To hang Puysegur with," Labo had replied, and both of them had then laughed. But the following morning when the rope was again referred to they had argued, and not a little sharply, as to the manner by which Puysegur should be done to death; and now in the afternoon of our second day out they were shouting at each other. The matter disturbed me; I did not like it, this incipient quarrel that was looming up, and I was made uncomfortable by the question Labo had put to me—asked, I could see, to drag me into the controversy.

"Don't you say so too?"

Labo was again addressing me, pointedly now, repeating his question.

"What?" I asked.

"That a mob should do mob work right; that if we are going to kill Puysegur we must hang him."

"Of course we shall kill him," I returned. "But I fail to see why it is necessary for us here to elect the manner of his death. Indeed, I do not see how we can beforehand determine upon that manner, for circumstances may so alter whatever plans ——"

"Yes, but the principle of the thing!" interrupted Labo. "For a mob to cut a man's throat ——"

"If it's simply the death of Puysegur you want, and nothing else," Scrobe broke in, "why hang him? There are quicker ways to dispose of him. Why not shoot him from ambush with this?" And he touched with his dirty right hand the barrel of the high-power rifle that lay in the hollow of his left arm. "Or better, why not let one of us sneak in and poison his spring? You don't approve, eh? Why? Because a mob does not kill merely to remove—its first thought is always punishment, physical suffering, torture. Are we thinking only of depriving Puysegur of his life, making a corpse of him in the quickest possible way, or do we want to see him suffer for his crime? I know what I want, and I know what you want—both of you. I say we'll cut his throat—slowly!" And Scrobe's pinkish, ferret-like eyes gleamed down at me in such a way that I stirred uneasily.

"And I say we'll hang him—mob style!" declared Labo vehemently. "I'll hang him more slowly than you could ever cut his throat! Oh, I'll delay the end—leave it to me! I'll give him plenty of time to repent! Why, I'll strangle him so slowly ——"

"Look yonder!" I interrupted, pointing ahead. This gruesome talk of these two companions of mine was unnerving me, and for several minutes I had been searching for something to say that would turn the conversation into other channels, when my eyes chanced to wander ahead along the newly cut path, and I cried "Look yonder!"

We had come to the top of a little rise in the flat terrain over which we had been traveling all day. The jungle growth was markedly thinner there and the air was lighter and sweeter, and we had dropped down to rest. The four *mozos*, wearied with their steady labor of hours, had halted, too, on the descending slope of the slight elevation, thrown down their machetes, and sprawled themselves about over the worthless harvest of their knives.

A troop of black monkeys came swinging through the tree tops, chattering and screaming, making a bedlam of noise in the then still and gloomy and echoey forest. Catching sight of the Indians they had halted in their tree running to peer and peek and jabber and grimace, and, fascinated as the animals always are by the strange and unusual, they came dropping down the vines and limbs, clambering closer to the men lying on the ground, doubling their inquisitive cries as they came.

I saw one of the *mozos*, Primo Morales, our guide, the man who had brought in the news to Pichucalco of the whereabouts of Puysegur, look up at the approaching simians. His hand went quietly out and picked up the machete he had thrown down beside him, and he began bringing himself to his knees. Closer and closer came the little black animals, one of them, braver or more curious than the others, leading by a yard or more. Suddenly the Indian leaped to his feet, the machete went flying through the air, and the advanced monkey fell from the bush to which it had been clinging, its head completely severed from its body. We walked forward and with the four *mozos* began turning it over and examining it.

"*Buena comida!*" chuckled the Indian, Primo, grinning up at us.

"Says it's good eating," laughed Scrobe, translating the fellow's words for my benefit. "Maybe so, but I don't think I'll ask him for a bid to his banquet."

The *mozo* pulled over a slender young tree and tied the body of the dead animal to it, to be taken down and brought into camp by our six carriers, who were coming along with their heavy loads somewhere behind us.

"There's a sample of your throat cutting!" sneered Labo. "Pretty work! Pretty work! How much time was given the bloody monkey to meet his God, eh? No, sir, we'll hang ——"

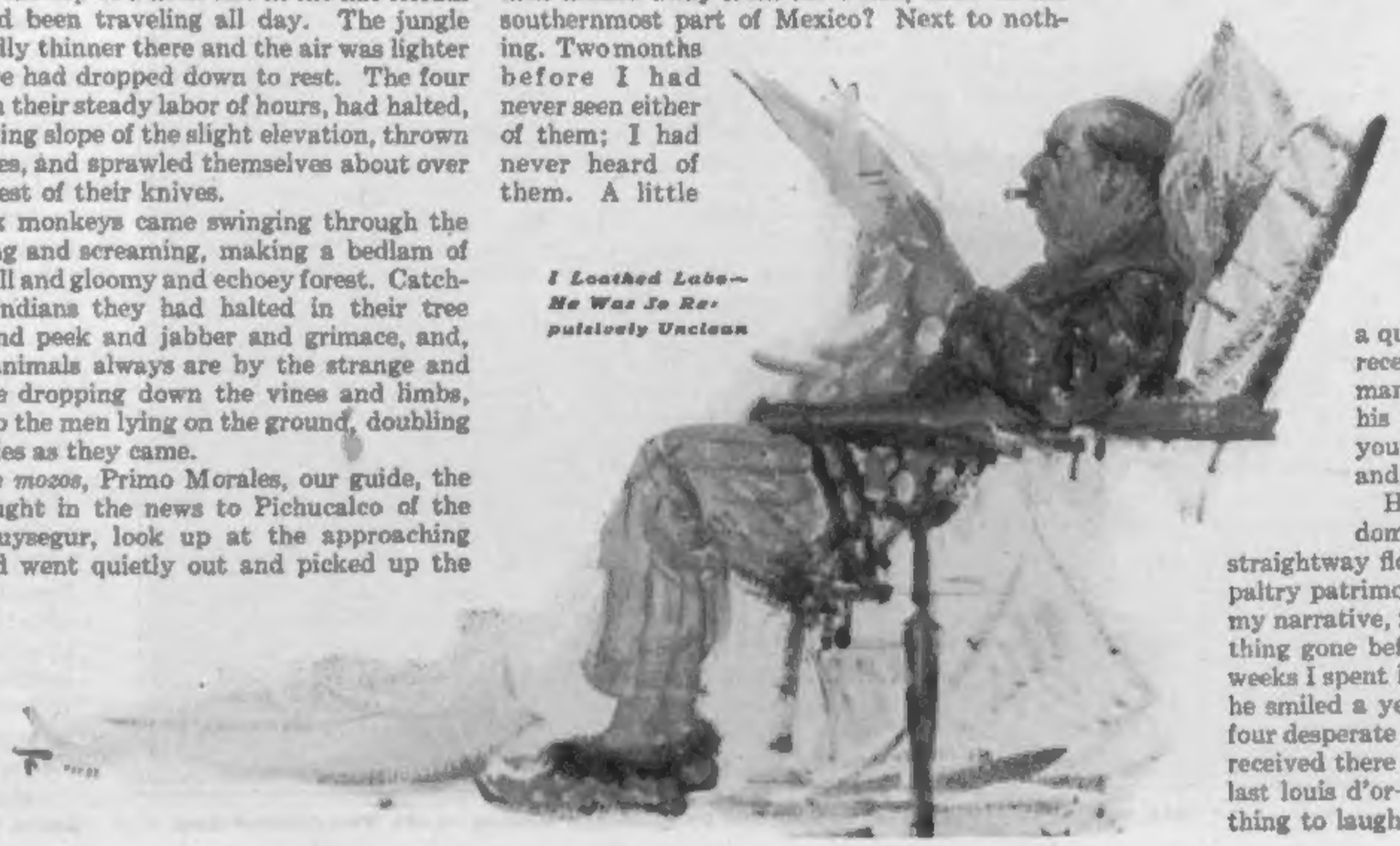
"Oh, shut up!" commanded Scrobe savagely.

Labo subsided, and we resumed our slow, snail-paced advance in silence, following close behind the slashing, chopping, cutting *mozos*.

I was puzzled, bewildered, mystified by this strange talk, by these queer wishes and resolves of the two men. We were on our way to kill Puysegur for the foul and wicked thing he had done, and I—I cared not a whit by what means that death was to be accomplished. Let it be by bullet, knife or rope—it mattered not to me. Only let it be a quick death for the man, a sudden death; not the slow strangling of the drawn slip noose, but the sudden breaking of the neck by the clever hangman's knot, with the jagged, broken vertebral bones jabbing into the spinal cord and causing instantaneous cessation of life; not the deliberate severing of the jugular vein, with the leaping up before my eyes of that little scarlet fountain that I knew would follow, but the pointed steel straight into the heart; not a shot placed in this part of the body, another in that, a broken bone here, a ripped muscle there until the collapse of the human target came, but one speedy, certain bullet through the brain. I wanted it done quickly—that killing.

Scrobe had been wrong, wholly wrong, when he had intimated that I, as a member of that mob of three, wanted to see Puysegur suffer, wanted to see him tortured, wanted to hear him howl; and I should hotly have resented his implication had I not at the moment been so deeply engrossed in searching for something to say that would turn him and Labo away from their ugly topic. I wanted to see Puysegur killed; I wanted to help kill him—he deserved death—but that strangling rope hanging on Labo's shoulder, that bare knife stuck in Scrobe's belt were now causing me to shudder each time I glanced at them.

Had these two men turned suddenly savage? Had Puysegur's crime roused in them old atavistic lusts for cruelties and brutalities and acts inhuman? I began to fear. Scrobe's pinkish, ferrety eyes gleamed as I had never before seen them gleam, and Labo's licking of his puffy, sensual lips, always a habit with him, was now so constant that the sight revolted me. I began to fear I had not acted in all wisdom in allying myself with these two men; I began to doubt whether the thought of Puysegur's crime was the only thought at work in their brains; I began to wish I had moved with less haste to join them when they had invited me to become one of their mob and make it a mob of three. For what did I know of them, these two men hidden away from the world, there in the southernmost part of Mexico? Next to nothing. Two months before I had never seen either of them; I had never heard of them. A little more than two months before I should have hooted and laughed had anyone said to me that I was then on my hurrying way to the tropical jungle of southernmost Mexico, there to take employment under a man named Scrobe, to associate not infrequently with another man named Labo, and with these two to go on a death hunt for a third man named Puysegur. Yet here I was, in southernmost Mexico, and here was Scrobe and here was Labo, and we were on our way to kill Puysegur!



I Loathed Labo—He Was So Repulsively Unclean

Two months before Scrobe had picked me up at Coatzacoalcos. He had found me there in the little seaport town, sitting on the veranda of the Hotel of the Two Republics, gazing across the mile-wide mouth of the Coatzacoalcos River to the coconut groves on the farther side, wondering how long it would be before the Chinese manager of the hotel, who had refused me a bed last night and denied me breakfast and lunch to-day, would order me to quit sitting on his veranda.

For a half hour and more I had been aware that the tall, thin, cadaverous-faced man in cheap, white, none too clean cottons, sitting over there, the third post of the veranda removed from me, was throwing inquisitive glances in my direction. Three or four times I had caught his eyes touching me as I had turned my face toward him, and even at the distance he sat removed from me, which was rather great for close observations, I had noticed the strange pinkish color of his eyes and their unusual shape and brilliancy—eyes of ferrets, they seemed to me.

He was not a prepossessing figure—far from it. His clothing was of the cheapest of white hard cotton in a sad state of wear and neglect—torn in some places, patched in others, faded, stained, spotty. It was dirty. And I could imagine his body, hidden, was dirty, too. A scraggy, bristly beard—not so much a beard as it was uncut hair—covered his thin bony face, and once when the smoke from the thick black cigar he was smoking poured up too strongly into his nostrils, and he tightened and drew back his lips, gripping the cigar between his front teeth in the manner cigar smokers have, I saw that those teeth, showing through his shapeless mustache, were yellow and broken and snaggy—almost fangy. I did not like the man.

At last he rose from his chair, yawned and stretched, and then paced the length of the veranda two or three times, to pause a few feet distant from my own chair and look at me hard.

"Up against it, kid?" he asked, not in the manner and voice of one who seeks to succor, who hopes to help; his question was nothing more than the question of the curious.

With a few more years added to my number I should not have replied so promptly to his query; I might even have denied my then unfortunate condition. At the most I should have returned a temporarily evasive answer. But I was young and immature—I was youth susceptible, I was youth friendless, I was youth penniless, I was youth homesick and lonely and adrift in a strange land; and my pulses leaped as these words of a stranger were addressed to me, repulsive though that person was to me, much as I had come to dislike him before he had spoken.

"Strictly!" I replied.

And I tried to smile, but failing miserably—for my heart came crawling up into my throat—I turned my suddenly misty eyes back to the coconut groves on the farther bank of the mile-wide river.

"I've been there myself—more than once!" laughed the man in cheap dirty cottons, dragging forward a chair to the side of my own, seating himself in it, and hoisting his illy shod feet to the veranda railing. A strange and offensive alcoholic odor struck into my nostrils as he took his place close to me—I had smelled the smell before, there in Coatzacoalcos, passing by the drinking places of the city. "Well, how did it happen?"

No note of sympathy was in his words, though to tell the truth I did not at that moment notice its absence; he was simply looking for a story. A few years more to my number and I should have resented the lack of that note of sympathy in such a question; I should have demanded it, and not receiving it I should not have made myself this man's entertainer, the story of my misfortune his entertainment. But I was young—I was youth, youth communicative and garrulous, and I told him.

How at my coming of age, gaining my freedom from a testy, cranky guardian, I had straightway flown away to Europe with the whole of my paltry patrimony in my purse—that was the beginning of my narrative, for I knew he could take no interest in anything gone before. Of the wild and joyous and fun-filled weeks I spent in Paris—when I told him in detail of them he smiled a yellow-toothed smile. My description of my four desperate days at Monte Carlo and of the trouncing I received there at the roulette tables—flayed to my almost last louis d'or—caused him to chuckle. He found something to laugh loudly over in my recounting of my mad

scared flight from Monte Carlo to Marseilles, to Paris, to Calais, to Folkestone, to London, to Southampton, to Cardiff, advised but not assisted by wandering Americans I chanced to meet. And when I gave him that part of the story that had to do with my shipping as purser with Captain Churn, of the tramp steamer Strothersfield loading with coal for Coatzacoalcos, he fairly roared.

"Purser on a tramp, eh?" he shouted at me. "And you agreed to desert the ship when you reached your destination, didn't you? Oh, I know—I've sailed twice as purser on tramps. How did you manage it though, without a few dollars to slip to the skipper?"

"I play chess."

"Huh?"

"Captain Churn was a chess hound," I replied. "At first he would have nothing to do with me, though I begged him with tears in my eyes to put me into Mobile. You see, he was carrying coal to Coatzacoalcos, to go in ballast from there to Mobile, where he was to pick up a cargo of lumber for U. K. Very positively he refused my request—after he found out I could only give him my promise to pay for my passage at some future date. Said he wasn't allowed to carry passengers; said he had no accommodations for me on the ship; said food cost a lot of money these days—and that sort of talk. My promise to send him a hundred dollars, two hundred dollars within six months did not interest him; he was obdurate. But on my fifth trip to the docks to see him—I think it was my fifth—he called to me as I was despondently turning away.

"'Say, you don't now happen to play chess, do you?' he said as I looked back at his call.

"'Why, yes, I do,' I replied, puzzled by his question.

"'Play a good game?'

"'Not such a very bad one, I've been told.'

"'H'm! Suppose you come back in an hour or two and see me. I might—I may be able to carry you over—for two hundred, you know. You'd have to sign on as purser ——'

"I interrupted him to say that I'd sign on as mate, steward or stoker, if he'd only carry me to Mobile. I was getting panicky; I wanted to get home, to the United States. Well, I went aboard as purser, and I played chess with that captain almost constantly for twelve days—I wouldn't care if I never again saw a chessboard!"

"And why aren't you in Mobile?" demanded the man there in the chair beside me. "That ship left here three or four days ago."

"I played chess too well—I beat Captain Churn."

"But what did you do that for—under the circumstances?"

"Because I was and am a young fool," I replied disgustedly. "Because I lacked common sense and mediocre diplomacy! As I think now of that silly act of mine in defeating the captain I realize what a mastodonic ass I am!"

"Sure! If you'd only held back until you had left this port and was on the last leg of your journey, you could have trimmed him to your heart's content."

"Exactly. But I didn't wait. That captain took me on board his ship to carry me to Mobile on a promise of two hundred dollars, to be paid within six months, because he was daffy on the subject of chess; he wanted someone to play with. He never expected me to pay him two hundred dollars; I was to earn my passage by playing chess with him. He considered himself as good as a professional, but my first game with him showed him to be a rank amateur. I let him win game after game until he got so cocky and boastful that he nettled me. So, fool-like, I turned to and gave him a mild, admonitory drubbing. He made some highly sarcastic remarks. I retaliated. Then he became angry and abusive and among other things called me a Yankee upstart, and I went in and trounced him again and again; I showed him up; I made him look like butter in the sun; I humiliated him. For I must state that I do know chess—I can hardly remember when I was not playing it.

"That's all. When we reached this port Captain Churn chased me; he told me to go to the devil, and—here I am."

The man beside me smoked in silence for a moment or two.

"Puysegur plays chess, and so does ——" he began and stopped.

"Who is Puysegur?" I asked, repeating his queer pronunciation of the queer name as nearly as I could.

"Oh, a fellow up country. Well, let's go to dinner."

He led the way into the dining room of the hotel, where he proceeded to order generously for two; he was going to pay for his entertainment.

It was a good dinner, and I was hungry. I was hungry, but not so hungry that my senses were invulnerable to the man's awful table manners. For he hogged down and bolted his food in such a sloppy, noisy, abominable way that under different circumstances I should have left the table. I could not have eaten there with him had not my stomach been crying out as it was for food. I can see him now, as I think of that meal, lifting with his dirty hand a great forkful of dressing-dripping lettuce leaves from the bowl by his place, nabbing at it as he held it up, securing it, and working it into his mouth with his flexible lips, chewing it down as a browsing goat might chew down a mouthful of burdock leaves or a bunch of tansy.

As Mobs are Ever in a Hurry to Seize Their Victims and Get Done With Their Work, So Were We in a Hurry to Get Done With Ours. But Our Progress Was Nerve-Rackingly Slow

The marked contrast in our appearances served to increase my distaste for him. There was a mirror hanging on the wall near the table at which we sat, and glancing into it, as I did now and then, I could take note of my own rather pleasing and well-groomed person, for I was then still wearing my stylish Parisian garments and I had not yet dropped my habit of shaving daily. I was clean. And I was young, I was healthy, I was not altogether unhandsome then. I was youth vain, youth conceited, youth well satisfied with self. But the man across the table from me—unwashed, unshaven, uncombed, dirty, dressed like a tropical tramp, smelling of *aguardiente* and *tequila*—I would turn from my mirrored self to look at him with loathing eyes.

It was a good dinner, and I ate it as I believe I had never before eaten, yet was I through with my meal some time before my benefactor had finished his. I produced a box of London cigarettes, the last I had, and we smoked. I started to express my thanks, but he waved his hand to check my words.

"That's all right," he said, pushing back his chair. "I'll fix it up with the Chink to give you a bed here to-night and breakfast to-morrow morning. I may see you again and I may not. If I do not—why good luck! Everything will come out all right sooner or later—it always does. *Haec olim meminisse juvabit.* Ha, ha! Did I get it right?"

"*Forsan*," I laughed.

"Well—all right. Scrobe is my name—I live up country—quite a way in. So long." He took his hat and left the hotel.

The next morning—it was close to noon—he came to me where I loafed again on the hotel's veranda, drew up a chair and sat down.

"I've been thinking about you," he began. "I have a little rubber plantation up country, quite a way in. Scrobe's my name. I'm one of the leftovers of the big rubber-plantation rush that was made in this direction a few years ago. You may not know anything about it. I came down here to act as a member of one of the reception committees that received and entertained the simps, suckers and marks who had invested their money in rubber plantations. After the promoters back home had grown rich and retired, or gone to the penitentiary, where they all should have been sent, and the rubber-plantation boom had collapsed, I was one of the few down here who stayed on. I had learned to like the country, and I thought I could make a go with rubber, working it alone. I haven't done so badly—I have a little place of my own now. I could use you up there for two or three months. It would be an opportunity for you to make a little stake—enough to carry you back to the States decently. I'll pay you a hundred dollars gold a month and expenses. If you care to go ——"

"I'll go!" I broke in.

Youth spoke again in that hasty decision. A few more years on my head, and I should have asked him something of the nature of the work he was hiring me to do, and I should have requested time for considering his proposal. But without a question I accepted his offer.

"A train leaves in an hour. We'll travel by rail, on horseback, by foot and by rowboat. I'm quite a distance in—it's rather an out-of-the-way place where I'm located. Be ready pretty soon?" Scrobe had risen from his chair and was looking hard at me.

"In ten minutes," I replied.

"All right. Eat your lunch here first—I'll speak to the Chink. Meet me at the depot—there's only one and you'll find it."

We were three days traveling to Pichucalco, where Scrobe's plantation lay, and a hard, wearisome trip it was, though I found it not uninteresting, new as everything I saw was to me. We could have done the trip in a day less had not Scrobe wasted so much of our time in the *cantinas* we passed, drinking the villainous, smelly Mexican liquors. I did not like these liquors, any of them; and after a few experimental tastes I refused to touch them.

Scrobe laughed at me. "You'll like them before you've been in here a fortnight. You'll take to some one of them in particular, as we all do who come into this country; and then you'll be ready to write sonnets in praise of it, ready to fight for it. My own favorite is *agua de cebada;* Labo's is *tequila;* Simon's is *aguardiente*, because it's dirt cheap and he has no money to buy better; Puysegur's—I don't know what Puysegur drinks, but it isn't Mexican stuff—imported cognac, probably."

"Who is Labo, and who is Simon, and who is Puysegur?" I asked.

"Oh, Labo is a neighbor of mine, a leftover like myself, who doesn't want to go back. He has a little rubber plantation close to mine. Simon is a fat-headed old Hoosier who did some kind of crooked work in promoting a rubber-plantation company, and who can't go back. Puysegur—he's a queer one, an all-round scoundrel, to tell the whole truth. Swiss, I believe; and a sort of second-class civil engineer. Came drifting into this country about the time of the big rush, did a lot of cheap surveying and line running for the new companies, and then settled down to stay here. If all the facts were known I suspect his case is one like Simon's—he can't go back. Still, he was always talking of going back—but that was before Simon came. He and the old man were pretty thick for a while, but they're not now. His place is about fifteen kilometers from Pichucalco—maybe not so much. We don't see much of him. Queer chap, Puysegur is."

"Are there many Americans or Europeans near you?" I inquired.

"I've named them all—Labo, Simon, Puysegur. I don't believe there's another within a hundred kilometers. Some Spaniards, of course, but they're different from us, you know. We don't exactly mix. And there's old Simon's daughter, too—I almost forgot her. But she hardly counts—she's deaf and dumb, and—well, you know deaf and dumb people often seem queer up here." And Scrobe tapped his head with two fingers.

"Pretty little thing she is, too, that girl. Old Simon ought to be horsewhipped and tarred and feathered for keeping her here in a place like this. But I suppose he can't do otherwise—he's a pauper now, or nearly so. And *aguardiente* is hurrying him along to his final resting place.

(Continued on Page 32)

ONCE A PEDDLER—

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

Uncle Clem Had to Deal With Hired Girls Who Told Him Tartly That They Didn't Want Anything To-Day

THE thud of the front door intruded suggestively on Clem Bixby's study of Figure Eight. He frowned, shaking his head, and fixed his attention doggedly on the diagram, shutting his mind against the train of thought set in motion by the sound.

The dotted line represented the average price of twenty selected securities; the lighter solid curve showed gross sales during the same period; the heavier one—— Mr. Bixby's mind slipped out of gear and raced disobediently. Myra had gone to market. She wouldn't be back before eleven, and Olga would be in the laundry, alone and unprotected. There would be lots of time. And Olga wouldn't give him away, either—couldn't give him away, for that matter. It took her too long to compose an English sentence.

He heard the squeak and whir of the starter, the complaining stutter of the motor. The lines of the chart wavered and blurred. He went to the window in time to see Myra turn the little sedan and start in the direction of the stores. Again temptation nudged his elbow. He'd be perfectly safe. And as long as he didn't go outdoors there wasn't any real harm in it either.

He stood looking out on the wide street between flat winter lawns, the concrete walks showing white and dry in an amiable sun, the stucco of the opposite houses gleaming invitingly. He fancied that he saw something glisten on the branches of the young shade trees, and lifted the sash to test this hint of impending spring. The air was warm, faintly scented with the damp blended smells of a reviving year.

All these associations allied themselves against Clem Bixby's good resolutions. He bent and straightened his back cautiously, testing his spine, joint by joint, for an admonitory twinge. He wagged his head approvingly. That rheumatism was just about gone.

Conscience made a last stand. He'd sworn off absolutely. He'd promised himself to spend the whole morning at Elmer's desk, with the new issue of Selling Science, to which Elmer himself had contributed an illustrated article on Distribution. The room reproached him—the neat, efficient desk with its orderly wire trays and fresh blotter; the mounted maps against the walls, studded with colored pins; the sectional bookcases proffering a stock of knowledge which Clem Bixby had hardly begun to absorb. It was only nine o'clock, and here he was, already contemplating a relapse into the forbidden and forsworn, meditating on the laundry, where Olga would be obliged to listen!

He resisted the prodding impulse until, through the open sash, he caught a faint, far-away sound from the rear of the house, a rhythmic swash and gurgle as of restless waters. His ear identified it instantly. Olga was running the machine. He'd just go down for a minute and see how she was getting along with it. He'd come right back and finish Elmer's article.

The compromise soothed his conscience, but he moved briskly, nevertheless, as if he might still be a prey to penitence. There wasn't any harm in just watching the machine for a few minutes. He hurried down the rear stairs. The song of the waters welcomed him as he neared the laundry. Olga lifted a remarkably flat countenance, an uncertain smile revealing very short teeth below liberal gums. Mr. Bixby detected a vague apprehension in her robin's-egg eyes.

"Ay don't buy notting till Ay gat my pay," Olga announced. "Ay ban spand all my money."

Mr. Bixby made haste to reassure her, slightly shamed by this declaration. He knew accurately why Olga made it, just as he knew what had become of her last week's pay. The needle threader on Tuesday; the freckle lotion and skin bleach on Wednesday; the Life of General Pershing on Friday; the vibro massager on Saturday. He had worked Olga pretty hard this week.

"Oh, I'm not selling anything to-day, Olga. I just thought I'd watch the machine a minute. Lemme run it, will you? I ain't quite got the hang of it yet."

Olga's grin widened and flattened. She shuffled aside, permitting him to stand beside the tubs, in one of which a small washing machine worried invisible wet fabrics with muffled slaps and splashes. Olga dried generous hands and supported them on broad hips. Mr. Bixby superintended the machine.

"Wonderful little contraption, ain't it, Olga? Makes wash day happy, don't it?"

"Et ban make wash easy," admitted Olga conservatively.

"You bet," said Mr. Bixby. "If I was selling this machine, that's how I'd begin, Olga. I'd ask the lady to leave me connect it and do a small wash for her, just like I'm doing this here. And while I was doing it she'd naturally stay and watch, and I'd talk to her, like I'm talking to you, Olga. I'd say: 'Madam, no modern household can afford to be without the Enfield Little Giant Washer, the smallest, lowest-priced washing device ever offered to the public, the one and only machine that combines all the features of the others without none of their dee-fects, madam.'"

"You ban fine talker," conceded Olga, frank admiration in her azure gaze.

Mr. Bixby accepted the tribute modestly.

"I'd say: 'Madam, the Enfield Little Giant Washer uses the one and only c'rect scientific principle, abs'lute cleansing without the slightest friction 'r abrasion of the fabric.' I'd say: 'Madam, in this machine you can wash a carpet 'r a cobweb, and get 'em both 'mmaculately clean, without breaking a single thread, and all in fifteen minutes' time, without even wetting your hands.' I'd say: 'Madam, you owe it to yourself and your family to put this machine to work for you. You can't afford to get along without it another week. For the small sum of twenty-one-fifty ——'"

"Ay tank maybe I buy et, van Ay gat my pay," said Olga presently.

She spoke in the voice of hypnotic sleep. Mr. Bixby started, as if he, too, were waking from visions. He laughed.

"Oh, I ain't trying to sell it to you, Olga. I was just pretending 't I was handling it, like. Kind of practicing, you might say. Don't you pay no attention to me. I'll try it over again, and you can listen, as if you was the lady of the house, you know."

He resumed his professional tone, rattling into a fluent discourse illustrated and punctuated by the washer itself. Olga, rapt under the spell of eloquence, regarded him unwaveringly, her countenance flatter than ever, her eyes and mouth reverently wide. Mr. Bixby fell, himself, under the thrall of speech. Neither of them heard approaching steps. Myra came upon them quite unperceived, and her voice sliced through Mr. Bixby's peroration with a sweetness which cut him.

"Oh, here you are, Uncle Clem!"

He whirled to face her, abashed and penitent.

"I—I just came down to watch the machine, Myra, and I got to—to talking about it somehow."

She nodded, smiling her sorrowful understanding. He followed her into the living room, remembering a distant day when he had followed his father toward the woodshed in just this frame of mind. Myra smiled him into a chair and surveyed him with the eyes of long-suffering affection.

"You—you got back early," he said, feeling the need of speech.

"Yes. I came back early on purpose, Uncle Clem. I wanted to make sure before I spoke to you. I happened to look into Olga's room yesterday ——"

Uncle Clem started slightly.

"And I couldn't help noticing that it was full of all sorts of rubbish. Things she couldn't possibly use, I mean. And she'd asked for more money, you see, so I spoke to her about it. And she told me that you kept selling her things."

"I—I'll buy 'em back off her," said Uncle Clem. "I didn't mean —— You see, Myra, I guess I got the habit of selling something all the time. I get so's I feel as if I'd bust if I didn't. And I know how you and Elmer feel about me going back to canvassing, so there wasn't nobody except Olga ——"

"I understand, Uncle Clem."

Myra was sweetness itself. Her smile bathed him in forgiveness, with no suggestion of reproach. Clem Bixby wriggled under it. She went on patiently.

"But you really mustn't, you know. Olga will leave if you keep on wheedling all her money away from her this way. And servants are frightfully scarce. Besides, she's sure to talk. She knows that girl Hilda, who works for Mrs. Dansey; and Nils Ostrom, who tends furnaces for seven or eight people besides us. It's perfectly sure to get about if you keep it up."

Her tone and expression sufficiently conveyed the catastrophic results of publicity. Uncle Clem nodded guiltily.

"I'm sorry, Myra. I won't do it again. Honest."

She patted his shoulder. "I knew you'd understand, Uncle Clem. You see it's really because Elmer and I've been so proud of you—because everybody's liked you so much. We'd hate to have them find out—that—that ——"

"That I'm just a broken-down peddler, 'stead of a retired manufacturer's agent, eh?"

Uncle Clem's bitterness was addressed to himself. But Myra misinterpreted. She looked hurt.

"I'm sure you don't feel that way," she said gently. "You know we're both devoted to you, uncle. It's just that—that there's a—a kind of prejudice against ——"

"I know—I know. They's a difference between a man 't sells things by the gross, sitting behind a desk, and the feller 't goes round back doors selling one thing to a time. You and Elmer are big-business folks, like your friends. Don't you worry, Myra, I won't forget again. I'll go up and read the rest of Elmer's article, I guess. It's great—the way he can figger things out."

Myra smiled approvingly. He hesitated in the doorway.

"Say, Myra—don't tell Elmer, will you? I'd hate for him to think ——"

"I won't, dear. It's just between us two."

But at dinner Elmer's countenance and tone were formidable, and Clem Bixby suspected that Myra had given him away in spite of her promise. His attempts to manufacture conversation fell dismally flat. His nephew responded with absent nods, morose monosyllables, and shut himself in the study immediately after the meal, gruffly rejecting Uncle Clem's suggestion that Dora Delight was visible at the Bi-jew, and was most gen'ly apt to be kind of good.

Uncle Clem read the evening paper uneasily, and went early to bed.

Mixer Would Have Starved to Death in a Week if He'd Gone Out to Sell Stereoscopes

Elmer had a right to be sore. He'd promised over and over again to quit peddling. It was a pretty way to repay their kindness all through the rheumatic winter! He renewed his vows before his mirror. Never again! Absolutely never!

But before he fell asleep his mind was busy with some safe way of evading this resolve.

II

CLEM BIXBY'S career claimed him during the summer which followed his graduation from the academy. Here a natural eloquence had distinguished him, a gift described by envious companions as that of gab. It was accepted as a direct hint on the part of Providence that Clem was cut out for a lawyer or minister, and a college course was obviously the next step in this direction. For this it was essential to scrape together more cash than the flinty little farm was likely to pay, and Clem secured employment with a firm of photographers who dealt largely in stereoscopes, double photographs to be viewed through the same, and benevolence to ambitious and needy students.

Every summer, under the benignity of Messrs. Polder & Polder, some hundreds of college boys scoured the country highways, each driving a neat buckboard and purveying twin pictures of the rare and strange and beautiful, which, when mounted in the wire holders at the end of the stereoscope and viewed through its double lenses, acquired a lifelike perspective and relief. The stereoscope itself was given away, gratis, in connection with the purchase of a supply of views. Before the age of phonographs and motion pictures and plentiful reading matter the stereoscope stood nobly in the breach beside the family album, the solace of long evenings, the disseminator of culture, the patron of romance. Clem Bixby was its prophet.

Messrs. Polder & Polder, benevolently whiskered gentlemen, presently expostulated with him in the matter of his resignation. He was, it appeared, expressly fashioned and framed for the selling of stereoscopic culture; his summer earnings, they pointed out, amounted to more than he could reasonably expect to gain in a whole year of professional activity. They offered him better terms and larger territory.

He would have refused, in spite of an unworthy temptation, aware even in his immaturity of the faint stigma which attaches to the perambulant vender. But the decision was not left to him. His father died, leaving Clem an inheritance composed of a half interest in the hill farm, a similar share in the mortgage appertaining thereto, and the support of a half-sister, newly widowed and possessed of a three-year-old son. Clem, secretly contented, resigned his dreams of broadcloth and stayed on with Polder & Polder.

For three years he left behind him a wide thick swath of double photographs of the Yellowstone, of Chinese tea pickers and Roman ruins and Niagara Falls, while Emmy, oppressed by the humiliation of being sister to a peddler, accepted and lived on the rewards of Clem's degradation for Elmer's sake. Elmer was going to be something better. Emmy had not decided between medicine and theology when she died. Clem, however, inherited her intention along with her son. From the first his mind was made up regarding Elmer. Elmer was going to amount to something.

The stereoscope trade had begun to exhibit symptoms of the decay which was to overtake it. Clem Bixby took on new lines: Fruit trees, books, apple parers and cherry stoners, magic bluing, liniment. He recognized this as another downward step. He was indisputably a peddler now. But it was justified by Elmer's future. And, despising himself for it, Clem Bixby was secretly glad that Elmer provided an excuse for the final surrender of his nobler ambitions. Always, as he had contemplated forsaking the road for a return to books, the prospect had troubled him.

He tried not to admit that he liked peddling. He knew that it was bad enough to live as he lived, without aggravating the offense by contentment. And yet, except when he whipped his reflections into the proper attitude of self-scorn, he was happy. He whistled as he drove; he talked confidentially to his horse, practicing his selling eloquence between stops at farmhouses, where he was almost certain of a welcome and of trade. He loved approaching corners in strange highways or climbing toward the crests of unfamiliar hills or driving into blind lanes toward unknowable adventures. He even liked the clash of wit and will involved in every sale, the meals at farm tables, the nights in strange beds.

Elmer drove with him on these summer wanderings after Emmy died, and betrayed from the first a disturbing tendency to enjoy it all. Clem talked to him a great deal about this: Elmer wasn't going to be a peddler when he grew up. No, sir-ree! He conscientiously impressed the boy with Emmy's view of his profession; his own, too, as far as the surface was concerned. It wasn't easy. Elmer was a very natural boy and took to the picaresque as an eaglet to the high airs. It needed a lot of argument to weaken his respect for Uncle Clem, who wasn't afraid of anybody, who owned by this time a marvelous covered van and two impressive horses, who dominated the people along the road with majestic disregard of their resistance. Elmer inevitably revered Clem Bixby.

But his uncle's gift of tongue was insidious. Slowly, doggedly, he undermined the boy's false conceptions of his

"I Declare I Never Heard Anything So Clever! He Imitated a Book Agent to the Very Life!"

trade, replacing them with his own visions of something infinitely more splendid. He planted in Elmer the idea of business as a colossal, imposing affair of intricate fascinations, created in him and nourished an ambition to be rich and powerful and respected, a merchant prince, like the historic characters whose careers Uncle Clem related to him on the long, slow-driving days.

Gradually under this process of enlightenment Elmer learned to look down on his uncle's calling, and, a little, on his uncle himself. He continued to be fond of him; that couldn't be helped. But he liked him with a faintly condescending affection, a tolerance of his limitations.

In the winters the horses would be boarded with a farmer, and Uncle Clem and Elmer with some city family so that Elmer could go to school. Clem Bixby dedicated these seasons to back-door tours. He could easily earn expenses and a little more by selling some suitable specialty in this fashion, and the account in the savings bank swelled steadily during all these early years. Elmer wouldn't have to earn his way through school and college by selling the modern substitute for stereoscopes! Uncle Clem had already settled this.

There was one ugly episode, when Elmer was in the ninth grade. One of the boys in his class recognized Uncle Clem, whom he took in the act of selling a patented tack lifter to his mother. Elmer was obliged to disprove his social disabilities by an appeal to arms, but he was not diplomatic enough to conceal his feelings from his uncle. Clem Bixby was both delighted and hurt. He wanted Elmer to despise peddling, but he also wanted Elmer to keep on liking him. Thereafter he made it a point to cast a wide circle around the district in which they lived. And when Elmer was sixteen and possessed of the necessary certificate, Uncle Clem got him a summer job in an advertising agency and left him behind in the boarding place instead of taking him out with the van.

After that they saw each other only during the winters, and when Elmer entered the School of Commerce at the university even this was discontinued. Once or twice a year Uncle Clem would drive his wagon to within fifteen or twenty miles of the college town, and leave it long enough to come in on the train for a look at Elmer.

On these visits Elmer always exhibited him with obvious pride to his mates. He was "my uncle, Mr. Bixby—the best old scout ever." He was made welcome at convivial evening parties around a big scarred table in a pleasant cellar where the beer was cold and good. By common consent there was no mention of his calling, even when he and Elmer were alone, but Clem Bixby understood perfectly how his nephew felt about it. Naturally he'd be ashamed; Uncle Clem wanted him to be. He was.

The motor age superseded the horses. Uncle Clem learned to drive a cranky, wheezing car, to which he talked confidentially as he had talked to the team. He missed them rather badly at first, but the engine seemed to acquire a personality after a little. Uncle Clem even came to pat the radiator when he filled it. He felt worse when he traded in that first chassis for a new one than when he had changed horses in the old days.

Elmer did awfully well at college. He made good friends, belonged to an envied fraternity, acquired a surface whose glitter slightly awed his uncle. His speech changed, too, so that he dropped the old homely colloquialisms he had picked up on the road and clipped his words cleanly instead of slurring them as Uncle Clem did. Uncle Clem hadn't noticed that his own diction had degenerated, and when Elmer's talk made him aware of the fact he tried to reform too. But habit sat too tightly on him. Elmer never corrected him though.

Elmer spent his summers with the same advertising agency where he had gained his first contact with the broader phases of business, and graduated into a waiting job at the end of the course. Uncle Clem came to commencement and observed with high content that Elmer was popular with the sisters of his classmates; with one of them in particular. He felt that Emmy would have been satisfied with his stewardship when he saw Elmer and Myra dancing together at the prom. And he avoided Myra, himself, as much as Elmer would let him. It was better not to risk giving Elmer away, he thought.

Then there were years when nothing happened, except a queer change in the conditions which governed Uncle Clem's business. He observed that the country roads were getting better, that farmhouses had telephones and electric lights and little cars of their own, that farm people weren't so glad to see him as they had been. They contrasted his stock and prices with those of new stores in the changing towns, even with city stores. His summer earnings no longer left him with a comfortable margin over expenses. Sometimes his trips barely paid.

It was even worse in winter. Towns which Uncle Clem had once regarded lovingly as back-door terr'tory—localities where a peddler could count on finding the housewife conveniently accessible at her stove or tubs—became front-door ground, where Uncle Clem had to deal with hired girls who told him tartly that they didn't want anything to-day. Others were built up with apartment houses, where there was no chance at all of getting past the electric latches in the entrance. And Uncle Clem wasn't so young as he had been. Rheumatism bothered him a good deal, so that sometimes there would be weeks when he couldn't even leave his boarding house.

The savings had dwindled steadily while Elmer was at college, and these intervals reduced them rather terrifyingly. Uncle Clem began to dodge an unfriendly vision of the future. He had the ingrained horror of the farm-bred for helpless old age and charity. There were nights when he couldn't sleep very well, between the rheumatism and thinking.

Meanwhile Elmer continued to justify his uncle's upbringing. He became something called a merchandising expert, for the agency, and went about showing manufacturers how to sell their products scientifically. His talk bewildered Uncle Clem nowadays. It was full of strange words and ideas, which Clem Bixby heard without understanding. But Elmer was visibly prospering, and that was enough.

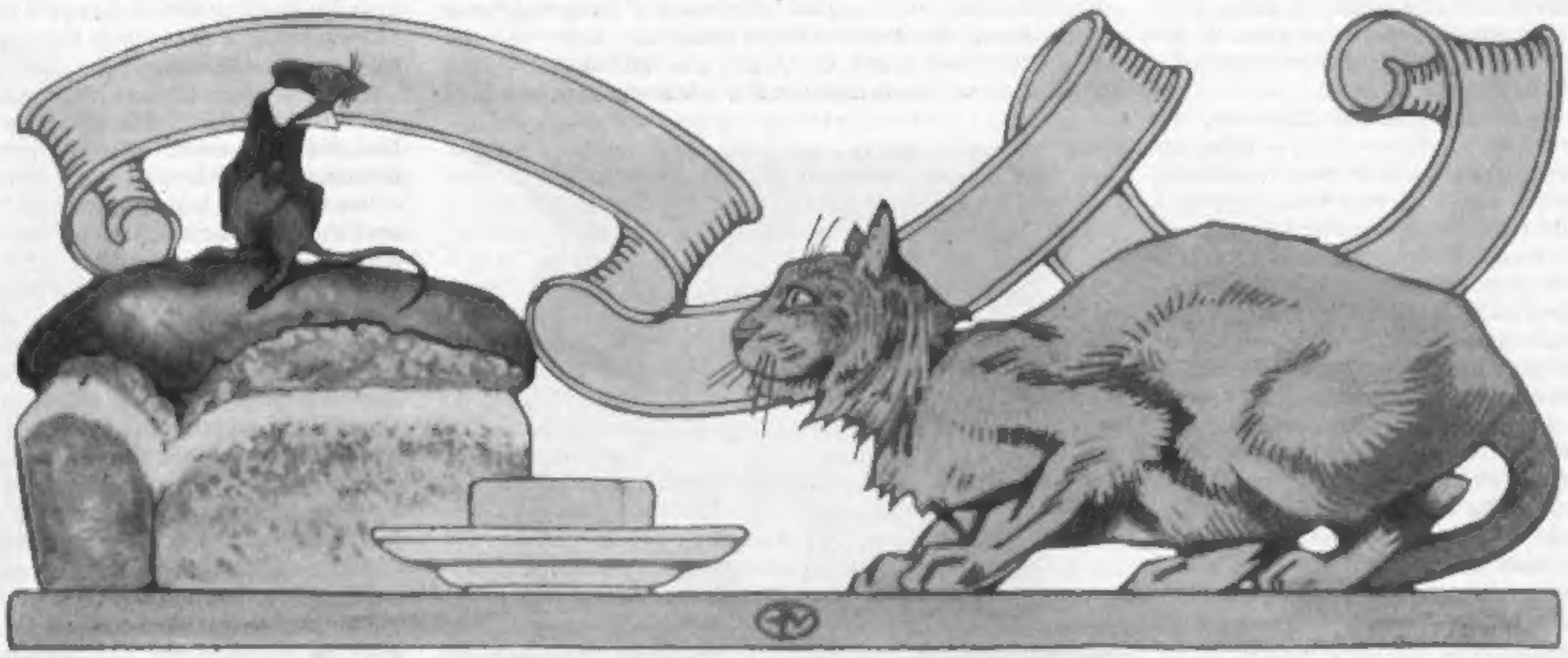
Uncle Clem went to his wedding, where he felt uneasy and tried not to talk much lest he say something which might give Elmer away to these impressive people in their formal clothes. Elmer was bluffly affectionate though, and Myra kissed him and made him promise to come and stay

(Continued on Page 78)

The White-Collar Job and the Big Jolt

By James H. Collins

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE



Yesterday the White-Collar Chap Seemed Secure in His Position at $5000 a Year and Upward

STILL another little thing to be readjusted before the country comes right—the white-collar job, the salary worker's bread and butter.

"Aw! Hard times mean nothing to them office fellows," complains the out-of-work wage earner. "Their pay goes along all the time just the same, while we loaf and starve."

Among other class-conscious notions held by the laborer and mechanic is a belief that hard times are deliberately engineered by the salaried higher-ups, at the dictation of capital, to starve labor into submission. But not these hard times!

All over the country the white-collar chap is found among the unemployed. Yesterday he seemed secure in his position at $5000 a year and upward. To-day he is an anxious visitor at the employment agency, plodding from office to office in search of work, discreetly pulling wires and passing word among friends. If he still holds the little old job his salary may have been cut 10 to 20 per cent. Falling wages have been the subject of much publicity, protest and self-pity, falling salaries not at all. But they furnish as moving a story of the fickleness of Lady Luck.

An employment expert estimates that in 1914 there were about 100,000 jobs open daily in New York City—salary positions, the regular turnover in normal times of resignations, discharges, promotions, deaths, people leaving the city, and so on. Seeking and filling these places were about 200,000 men and women, constantly dropping out here and getting in elsewhere, the white-collar turnover of business. This expert's office had 700 to 800 positions on file daily at that time.

To-day he estimates that there are about 20,000 jobs open daily, with 800,000 people hunting them, and the number of positions to be filled by his office has dropped to 200 a day, and is still dropping.

When the Fires Go Out

A STEEL company that employed 18,000 men a year ago is now running with only 3000. Such shrinkage falls not upon wage earners alone, for when the fires go out in such a plant there must be corresponding reductions in the supervisory, accounting, engineering, sales and other departments.

The president of an automobile company that, through a farsighted policy leading to price reductions before they were forced by depression, has increased its business, decided that these were times for building up his salaried organization, while able men were being dropped in many industries. Accordingly he advertised for high-grade branch managers and salesmen, using newspapers in several of the largest cities. More than 2000 applications were received. Sifted over, the greater part came from people out of work, unfitted for the positions to be filled, but taking a desperate chance on landing a job. However, 10 per cent of the replies came from men of such ability and experience that his organization has been improved to an extent not possible in ordinary times.

In automobiles, exporting, banking, advertising, building materials, and particularly the industries that find most of their customers among farmers, together with the engineers and accountants and the great personnel activities that were so necessary during the war, there has been a grievous shrinkage—very often 100 per cent through the failure of enterprises which were thriving eighteen months ago.

Recently there was a class reunion in one of the Eastern technical institutes. In an address the president said that business depression was creating a new sympathy between salaried men and wage earners. For the salaried man, feeling the pinch of unemployment, begins to realize that he is as much a day laborer as the mechanic on wages. While we are going through it, this is a most anxious time. When we come out safely, however, there will be a disposition among executives to plan for steady production and employment for wage earners, thereby stabilizing their own jobs. The salaried man is to a large extent a job maker for others, selling goods, organizing production, originating new wares, seeking out new demand.

Some observers are skeptical about unemployment among really able salaried men, maintaining that the $10,000 executive hunting a job is a fellow who either did not get any such salary or that he was boosted into a job bigger than himself by the man scarcity during the war boom. But this is not a common view. Report after report from many industries and sections shows that really able men are out of work. The incompetent, the dissatisfied and the greenhorn are naturally dropped first. But drastic reductions in wage-earning organizations cannot be made without corresponding reductions in salaried personnel.

"How can the salaried man get back to work?" a New York employment specialist was asked. He deals entirely with men and women seeking salaried positions, and has placed clients at salaries of $50,000 a year and upward.

Having put the question the interviewer expected practical counsel for the white-collar worker hunting jobs. Instead the specialist began to talk census figures.

"The 1920 census showed the United States at a record peak of employment," he began. "More than 45,000,000 people were at work, against 38,000,000 in 1910. Very curiously, the 1920 workers, divided into three great groups which we will call Industrial, Agricultural and Marketing, showed an almost perfect balance—15,000,000 of them in each group. Now, in 1910, there were 13,200,000 workers in factories and transportation, 13,500,000 in agriculture and mining, and 11,200,000 in mercantile trade, clerical and sales work, the professions, public service and domestic service. Subtracting ——"

"But how is the salaried man going to get back to work?" interrupted the interviewer impatiently. "Tell me some stories of men you have placed recently, or how salaried people up against the difficulties of the present period have solved their own problems."

"I am coming to that," said the specialist, "but you must get the statistical picture first. Subtracting the 3,800,000 domestic servants from the 1910 figures, there were only 7,400,000 workers between the manufacturer and farmer and their customers—the consumers. Subtracting the domestic servants from the 1920 figures, there were probably 11,000,000 workers between producer and consumer; an increase of 3,600,000, against only 1,800,000 more in the industrial group and 1,500,000 additional in the agricultural group.

"Now depression has affected both the manufacturer and the farmer. The industrial world is working at less than 50 per cent capacity, and its buying power is 35 per cent of normal. The farmers are all at work, but their buying power is cut to about 67 per cent. The marketing group is still 75 to 80 per cent active. It is endeavoring to maintain its profits and stubbornly fighting the pressure that must eventually force a readjustment to the other groups. Because profits on products sacrificed by manufacturers and farmers are still too high, purchasing power is reduced. When readjustment comes in the marketing group prices will drop, people will be able to buy more with their wages, and production will gradually be restored. In normal times, economists estimate, if our industrial organization works five and a half eight-hour days, it will produce so much that the country can consume only about four days' output. One and one-half days' output must be shipped abroad. As we are now selling little abroad, and our buying power is at an average of less than 50 per cent, we are really using only two days' output. Briefly, there are more people in the marketing and financial departments of industry than are needed to do the business of the country. When we get back to normal many of these people will be eliminated—the high-profit merchants and the salaried workers who were overpaid or rendering no real service.

"Now I will show you how the salaried man can get back to work. Here is the application blank of a young man I interviewed this morning. It is typical of six to seven out of every hundred that pass through our office. Five years ago he was earning $1800 a year in a bank, having risen from a boy's job at six dollars a week. When he lost his position with an export house several weeks ago he was getting $5000. During the war boom he has been skyrocketing, and now that the rocket has gone as high as it can possibly go he will not believe that the stick must come down; $5000 is the salary he still expects, you see, and $4000 is set as the minimum he will take. His first choice of a position is one like that he recently lost—an executive place in an export house. His second choice is an executive position in a bank, and his third choice a sales job on an assured salary not less than $4000."

Market Value and Service Value

"THIS applicant does not concede that anything is the matter with business or himself. He makes no distinction between what I call his market value and his service value. Supposing his export experience began three years ago, when he started at a salary of $3000. Since then he has risen to $5000. That increase of salary represents his service value to the particular export concern for which he worked—his experience, acquaintance with customers, knowledge of the methods of that company. The moment he leaves the company most of his service value disappears, and he is worth only his market value—what another employer can afford to pay him for his ability, starting him in where he can again develop service value to the new employer. Thrown on the open market he is worth what an employer will pay him for his time, his knowledge of bookkeeping, or selling, or purchasing, or whatever tangible ability he may have. Service value is something he must again build up, and to demand service value when you have only market value to deliver is an utterly wrong conception of job hunting.

"It is a conception so prevalent to-day among salaried people out of work and so impossible to remove by argument that only hard experience in a changing business world will bring these people to their senses. It must be a matter of months of unemployment, with hardship, and in some cases starvation.

"Let me tell you a pleasanter story—that of a $30,000 man who discounted his readjustment by taking it over a year ago, when the country was still booming. A fellow with a technical education and a fine record, he had been earning $30,000 for several years. His technical knowledge told him that there must be an inevitable readjustment of wages, salaries and values after the armistice. The false prosperity of 1919 did not deceive him. Finishing up a commission, and seeking a new connection, he could easily have landed another $30,000 job. But he knew that if he did, when readjustment came he would be discharged. Therefore he decided to take a $15,000 job with a future,

so that readjustment would not affect him, and from that foundation he might work up again. It happened that just at that time a large industrial corporation in the Middle West, foreseeing the friction that would arise with its employes unless there were very careful preparation and management when wages began to fall, was on the lookout for a first-rate man to take charge of a new industrial-relations department. This man took the job at $15,000. He has made a fine success of it. That company's wage and salary readjustments have been carried out with practically no friction, and in advance of the general readjustment. He has been responsible for results, and is now adviser along those lines to practically all other large corporations in that industry."

Reduction of the salaried staffs has proceeded, industry by industry, as different lines of business have been affected by depression. It began with silks in the spring of 1920, ran into clothing and shoes, spread from manufacturer to jobber, and jobber to retailer, invaded automobiles and farm implements. One industry's hard times sometimes made brisk times for another line of business, as with exporting, where cancellations and accumulated goods in foreign ports threw work upon banks with branches abroad. But eventually banking organizations were affected, the peak of employment being reached in that line about last February, when it became necessary to cut bank staffs 5 to 10 per cent, letting executives go, along with clerical workers.

Every employment organization, whether semipublic, like the Knights of Columbus and the Young Men's Christian Association, or the purely private business enterprise, reports about the same conditions—more salaried men seeking work than ever before in their history, ten applicants for every position, and anxious inquiries from unemployed salaried people in other places who imagine that conditions are better elsewhere, and want to crowd into the already congested cities.

Yet with all the anxiety, fear, gloom and hardship looming up or already here, there are business concerns seeking salaried workers, sometimes finding them with difficulty, and sometimes not at all. Many corporations are discharging salaried employes, sometimes through blindness in the matter of policy, and again through inability to finance themselves through the crisis. But other business concerns are successfully weathering the storm, and through retrenchment and coöperation of employes are keeping their best people and hiring others.

Time for Straight Thinking

WHEN the panic and depression of 1907 struck the country an electric manufacturing corporation reduced expenses in one direction by cutting down its research staff. It took ten years to build it up again, and that company learned its lesson so well that when the armistice depression came its directors appropriated several million dollars for research, expanding instead of contracting in that department. Level-headed executives and directors are following the same policy to-day. Sometimes they are aided by the understanding and teamwork of employes who not only accept salary reductions but volunteer them. A Middle-Western manufacturing concern had most of its high-salaried men under personal service contracts extending three or four years in the future. These men took the initiative, held a meeting and agreed to accept a salary reduction of 20 per cent beginning with June, feeling that it was in the interest of the company. There are many cases of this kind where employes understand the readjustment difficulties faced by their employers, and shoulder their share of the burden. But in other cases there is misunderstanding, resentment, false pride, distorted perspective. Notified that salaries must be reduced, employes resign in the mistaken belief that a job at the old salary can be found elsewhere.

Business conditions are bad enough, but psychological conditions are worse. Business will improve as the psychology improves, agree level-headed students of the situation. And better psychology means simply broader knowledge of conditions by salaried people who are too much immersed in their own troubles. Only straight thinking can bring them out of the woods and put them back at work.

Everybody agrees on one point—that there are two kinds of salaried job hunters. One informant calls them Class A and Class B fellows. Another divides them into executives and near-executives. Still another classification is by earning capacity the past few years, the jobless fellow at $10,000 and upward manifesting a spirit quite different from that of the chaps who have been getting salaries averaging $6000.

The Class A man not only lands on his feet but is an inspiration and a joy. His friends love to recount his triumph over pressing difficulties. The best way to describe him is by condensing some of the innumerable stories:

An employment specialist had an applicant for a job who had been earning $30,000 yearly. Bankruptcy of the company he worked for dropped him right into the street. He had saved nothing—one saw by the photo attached to his application that he was the sort of fellow who would spend everything, no matter how much he made. What he wanted was a job, and he took one that pays $4800 a year, confident that the sooner he got to work somewhere the better, and that he will rise on his ability as fast as general business conditions improve.

Job Hunters and Job Connoisseurs

DEMAND for agricultural implements has fallen off so grievously with prices of farm products that every concern in this industry is curtailing expenses and working on reduced schedules—if not closed altogether. One company had to cut its sales force 35 per cent. The management took pains to find places elsewhere for employes laid off, if possible. There seemed to be nothing in sight for one salesman, so he was offered the agency for the company in a Corn Belt community where it had no sales representative. Having saved a little money he took it. That farmers were not buying anything meant nothing in his young life! He sold them by personal visits and hard work, and his commissions already exceed his former salary. When the business tide turns he will be a merchant, building up his own business, earning more money, independent and able to live at home with his family instead of spending most of his time on the road.

Starting in at fifteen dollars a week ten years ago, a young fellow developed sales ability in the tobacco business under a fine manager. The manager left, taking the sales department of a big Southern cotton mill, and his pupil went with him. Depression hit the cotton business. He lost his job as branch manager in Western territory. Tackling sales on commission for an automobile dealer in a near-by city, from small beginnings he has worked up to the sale of one car daily, with a partnership and prospects of making $60,000 this year.

These Class A folks have no prejudices or illusions. Their business sense enables them to size up the general situation quickly. For the comfortable salaries that they have been earning they have delivered value. They not only go on delivering value for less money but deliver more of it, confident that the future will take care of them.

But the Class B fellows are a very different crowd—and unfortunately they outnumber the other kind three to one. Rising since 1914, not so much on ability as through man shortage, they have enjoyed salaries out of proportion to their real worth, tasted luxury and authority, and now put a false value on themselves.

"When men were scarce in comparison with the demand," says one executive, "a great many nice boys with some ability swung briskly to the quarterdeck. They knew how to give orders and speed things up, but they had no great business ingenuity or stamina or dauntlessness. They made an impressive showing between nine in the morning and five in the afternoon, with a couple of hours for lunch. They had to have their golf on Saturdays, and then Wednesday afternoons, their country clubs and cars. They became week-end and vacationist experts. I know more than one organization where the department head who came back to work after lunch was a curiosity. When depression hit the country they were flabby from the Roman luxury of the seller's market. Like the merchant hanging on to goods bought at boom prices, they refused to throw their abilities on the bargain counter, thinking that business would come back. And so business will—but they will not come back with it."

These men are diligently hunting new jobs, but having reached a certain salary and prominence they are afraid that going to work for less will lower their standing and earning power. Discovering a possible opening they want to discuss salary, authority, position, location—everything but Old Man Work. They are not job hunters so much as job connoisseurs.

"I have just finished interviewing one of that type," said an employment specialist. "He had a job as purchasing agent at $7500, and indignantly resigned when a general salary cut trimmed off 20 per cent. He has been out of work only a few weeks, and still believes that the world is clamoring for his ability at the old salary or a better one. In a new connection of the same sort he will be worth not more than $3000 in my opinion. I could get him a job of that kind, but the suggestion was met scornfully. Really the most rigid labor-union rules are not more circumscribed than the notions such applicants have of what they can, can't, will or won't do.

"Another man came to see me before resigning his $9000 job. There was no salary cut in this case, but he had been expecting an increase. His company may have to reduce salaries before the crisis is past. He was peeved, and thought that if he could secure an offer from some other concern it would bring his employers to their senses. I succeeded in showing him that he was not only lucky in these times but had practically had his salary raised to about $12,000 without suspecting it. For recent studies of living costs indicate that the dollar, which would purchase only about forty-eight cents' worth of essentials last November, had risen to sixty cents by April, this year, and is still rising in value as prices fall for food, clothing and so on. He went back to work with a very different viewpoint. I urge closer watch of the rising value of the dollar as this deflation process goes on; it will reveal real salaries and wages, where people are now thinking of money income, and cure much resentment and discontent."

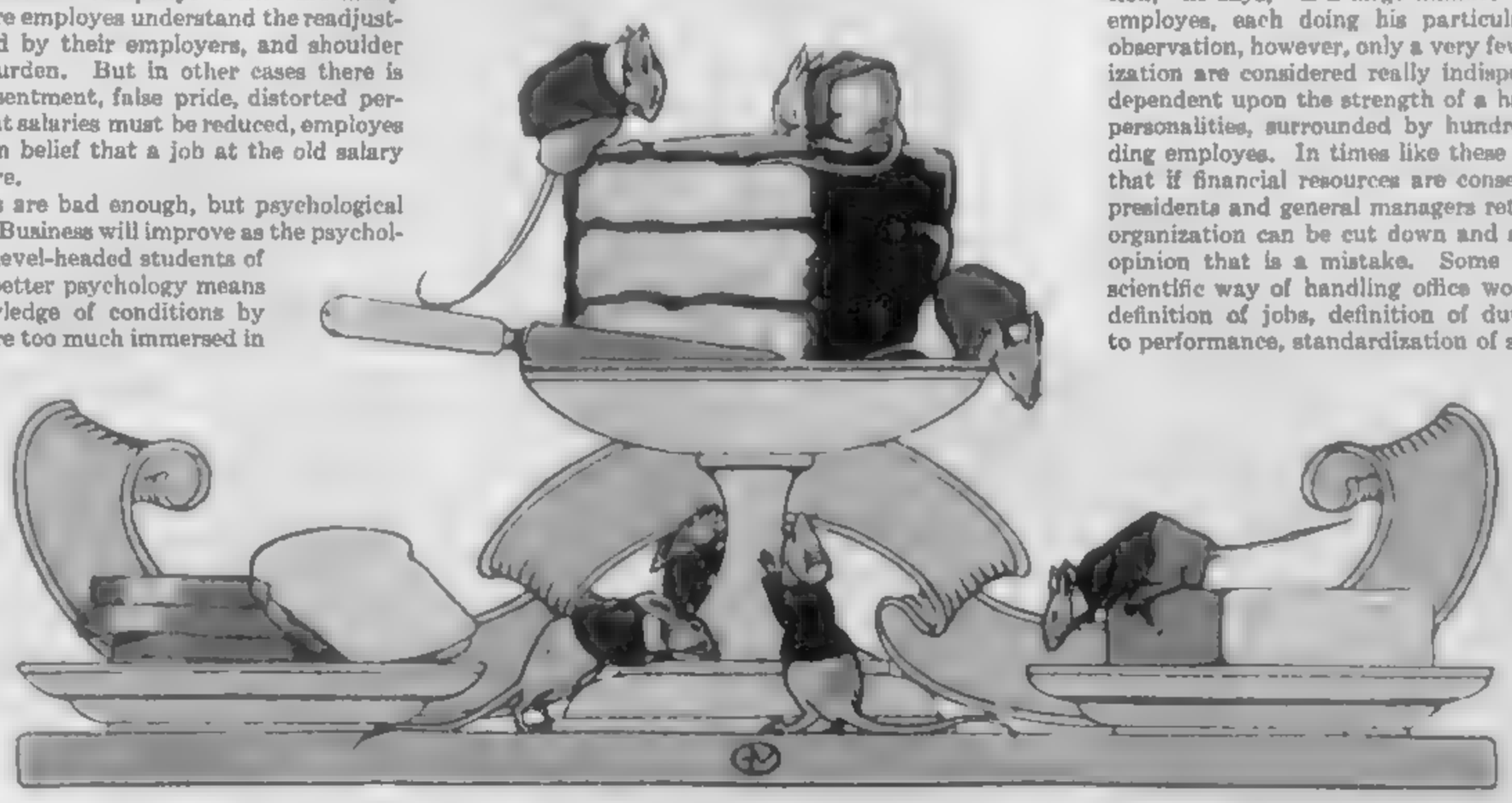
Below the $5000 Class

DOWN below the $5000 line there is a class of salary workers whose abilities separate them from the executive class proper—men and women very faithful and capable in routine and subordinate positions, but with practically no initiative. Many of the Class B workers who rose to higher salaries during the war came from this group, and will drop back into it. The personnel director of one large corporation says that depression is affecting the routine salary worker severely, and that unless some more systematic and scientific way of dealing with such helpers is found they may be driven to organize a labor union, as has already been done among office workers in Australia.

"Our popular conception of American business organization," he says, "is a large number of technically trained employes, each doing his particular work. From my observation, however, only a very few people in any organization are considered really indispensable. We are still dependent upon the strength of a handful of outstanding personalities, surrounded by hundreds of faithful, plodding employes. In times like these it is natural to think that if financial resources are conserved, and a few vice presidents and general managers retained, the rest of the organization can be cut down and still carry on. In my opinion that is a mistake. Some more systematic and scientific way of handling office workers is needed, with definition of jobs, definition of duties, rating according to performance, standardization of salaries and assurance of continued employment for faithful service."

If you are out of a job and feel capable of honestly delivering value for a salary of $5000 upward in normal times, the present period calls for a certain spirit of adventure in making new connections. A story is told of a banker.

(Continued on Page 62)



Having Reached a Certain Salary, They are Not Job Hunters So Much as Job Connoisseurs

THE SUBMERGED CONFLICT

By Edgar Jepson

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE L. BENSON

ROGER ASHBURTON looked from the note to the girl. The note, from the head of the school of stenography to whom he had telephoned for the best stenographer he could lay his hands on, was satisfactory. It said that Miss Jenny Romer was the best stenographer that had ever passed through the school. The girl pleased Roger as much as the note. For all her slenderness and the creamy pallor of her skin, she looked intensely vital; her forehead was good; there was a steadfastness in her dark-brown eyes—rather somber eyes; her face, with its clean-cut features, was finished; he had a fancy that her nerves never troubled her. A time of uncommon stress lay before him. Here were brains and endurance—an ideal worker.

Also he liked her clothes. Evidently she was not dressed to hunt a job, but for her own pleasure. The mixture of a warm orange and a rich blue was rather startling, even a trifle barbaric. But it was distinctive. Few girls would have dared to wear it. He liked distinctive people about him. He was distinctive himself. You would have picked him out of the crowd at a gala night at the opera.

He told her what her work would be and asked her a couple of questions. She answered them in one of the most dreadful voices he had ever heard—strident, twanging, with an appalling Cockney accent, atrocious.

A younger son of a cadet branch of an old family, he had gone into the office of his mother's brother after a distinguished career at Oxford. Also he had rowed in the university boat for three years. He had cultivated his taste as well as his wits and was none the softer for that. His friends were at one with his enemies in declaring that he was a hard man. But at that voice he shuddered.

"I'm afraid you won't suit me," he said with quick decision.

Miss Jenny Romer's somber eyes opened wide at this sudden and unlooked-for change.

"B-b-but ai c'n d-d-do thet werk on me head," she stammered in an atrocious tone.

"Yes—but it's your voice. I couldn't stand it. It's horrible," he said, and was shocked at his brutal frankness as the words left his lips.

A flame burned in her somber eyes as she said hotly, "It's the vyce God give—gave me."

"It's nothing of the kind. It's a purely human—er—er—atrocity," he said, and was on the instant appalled at his manners.

For a moment he thought she would fly at him. Then she pulled herself together. The fire died out of her eyes; a great disappointment filled her face. The chief of the school of stenography had told her that the salary was six pounds a week, and the walls of a castle in Spain had already risen to some height on that foundation.

"Then I won't—will not do," she said dully.

Ashburton filled with a sudden furious exasperation. She had to do. He was hard but just. In his excessive annoyance at her voice he had made an abominable, if perfectly true, statement about it. He must make reparation. A gift was out of the question; an apology would make things worse.

He got control of himself and said: "No, on second thought I will engage you. Your qualifications are excellent. But I shall really find your voice trying. I'm not being rude. Please let me hear it as little as you can. Go and take off your hat and come back quickly."

The flame gleamed again in her eyes. For a moment he thought she was going to refuse the post. Then she said, "Very well, thenk yeh."

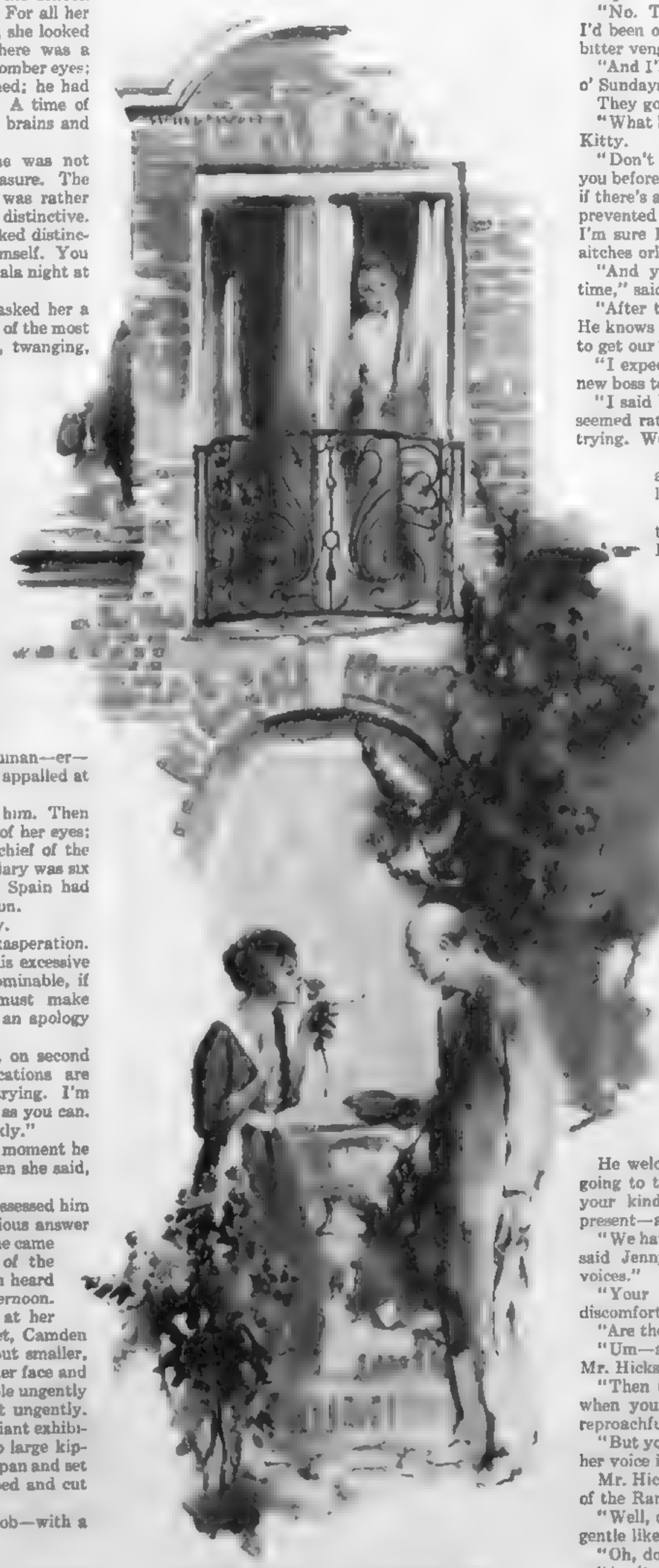
He had just time to ask himself what had possessed him to behave so atrociously and to miss the obvious answer that the girl must have possessed him, when she came back and they got to work. At the end of the morning he observed that he had not again heard her voice once. He did not hear it that afternoon.

At six o'clock Miss Jenny Romer arrived at her home, a fair-sized bedroom at 10 Store Street, Camden Town. Her sister Kitty, a replica of herself, but smaller, since she was only twelve, took one look at her face and jumped on the bed. Jenny thrust the little table ungently into the corner and set the two chairs on it ungently. Then for about seven minutes she gave a brilliant exhibition of shadow boxing. She stopped, took two large kippers from the cupboard, put them in the frying pan and set it on the gas griller. Kitty slipped off the bed and cut bread and butter.

Presently Jenny said quietly, "I've got a job—with a beast."

"What kind?" said Kitty.

"A stuck-up toff. He said my voice was a human monstrosity—and he meant it."



"Well, I'll—be Shot!" Said Ashburton Softly But Fervently, and Loosed the Curtain

I cannot reproduce their strident accents. I am not going to try to reproduce their pronunciation. Life is too short. They used vowels of their own and none too many of them.

"An' you didn't tell him orf then and there?" said Kitty.

"No. The screw's six pounds a week. All the same if I'd been on my own I would ha' done," said Jenny with bitter vengefulness.

"And I'll lay he wouldn't have forgotten it for a month o' Sundays," said Kitty with proud conviction.

They got to their tea.

"What kind of a voice has the bloke got himself?" said Kitty.

"Don't talk about blokes. It's common, as I've told you before. His voice is softlike, but very clear. I wonder if there's anything in what he said; if it's my voice as has prevented me getting more than two pound ten a week? I'm sure I try hard enough to be a lady. I've got my aitches orl right."

"And you are a lady—a puffect lady—most of the time," said Kitty loyally.

"After tea we'll go round to Mr. Hicks and ask him. He knows most things, and he may be able to tell us how to get our voices right. I expect yours is just like mine."

"I expect it is," said Kitty. "But what call had your new boss to say anything about it? Imperence, I call it!"

"I said he was a beast," said Jenny. "All the same it seemed rather to come out of him. He said he'd find it trying. Well, he won't hear it again."

They began to talk about raising their standard of living. There were certain silk dress lengths.

Tea finished and the crockery washed up, they went up the street to seek the advice of Mr. Hicks. A frail white-haired old man, he made a moderate and by no means precarious living as a professional psychic. He was no mean expert in psychometry, astrology, cheiromancy and geomancy, and could tell your fortune by cards or from the grounds in your teacup. Chance and the punch which was Jenny's pride had made him a warm friend of the Misses Smith. Returning from the movies one dark and blustering October night, they had found him at the corner of Store Street in the act of being throttled and robbed by a weedy young hooligan. Jenny's straight left had given that young hooligan the thick ear of a lifetime, though, since she put him to sleep with a right hook on the jaw as he turned, he had been unable to appreciate the gift for a good half hour. He had, indeed, never known to whom he owed it.

They had taken the old man to their room, given him tea and cosseted him and taken him home. He had been immensely grateful to them and had presented them with their horoscopes elaborately worked out. They regarded him with superstitious awe.

He welcomed them warmly, then said: "You are not going to take me to the pictures to-night. I appreciate your kind intentions; but the movies—the life they present—are too strong for me."

"We haven't come to take you to the pictures to-night," said Jenny. "We came to ask you about our—our voices."

"Your voices?" said Mr. Hicks in a tone of some discomfort.

"Are they very bad—trying?" said Jenny.

"Um—ah—I wouldn't go so far as to say that," said Mr. Hicks, wriggling.

"Then they are. You might have told us they were when you were getting our aitches right," said Jenny reproachfully.

"But you can't possibly tell a charming young lady that her voice is trying!" protested Mr. Hicks.

Mr. Hicks had seen better days. South African kings—of the Rand—had worsened them in '98.

"Well, can you tell us how to get them right—soft and gentle like yours?" said Jenny.

"Oh, do! Please!" said Kitty.

"As it happens, I can," said Mr. Hicks cheerfully. "You do this, keeping your spine perfectly straight."

He sat down cross-legged on the floor, looked, squinting, at the end of his nose, closed his left nostril with his right index finger and drew in a long breath through his right nostril. Then he closed his right nostril with his left index finger, opened the left nostril, uttered a sonorous "Om-m-m" and prolonged the "m" of the sacred word as he slowly emptied his lungs through the left nostril. Then he filled them slowly through the left nostril and uttered a prolonged "Om-m-m" as he expelled the air through the right.

"There!" he said. "You do that five times four times a day—at eight, noon, four o'clock and before going to bed—and in a month the harshness will be gone from your voices."

The Misses Smith dropped cross-legged on the floor and began to do it. They had trouble with the sacred name "Om." Mr. Hicks would not have "Awm" or "Ahm" or "Aom" or "Owm"; he would have "Om." He was some time getting it. Then he gave them cocoa and the sweet biscuits he kept for them. When they bade him good night he invited them to come round to have their vowels put right every evening they could spare.

The next morning Ashburton found Miss Jenny Romer wearing a decorous gray business frock. This induced in him a vague dissatisfaction. Certainly it did not give her her full value. She did not return his "Good morning." She merely bent her head. All day he did not hear her voice. She nodded her head or shook it, and when more than a yes or no was needful she wrote a sentence on one of the slips of paper she had ready and handed it to him. He had no fault to find with the arrangement. She was astonishingly quick and accurate.

He was only just aware of a dissatisfaction with her colorless clothes, and on the third evening he surprised himself, and her, by saying, "Wouldn't you feel more at ease and work better if you wore bright colors like those you wore the day you came?"

She stared at him in great astonishment. Then she nodded.

"Then wear them," he said.

She looked round the tastefully but soberly decorated room as if considering what colors it would stand, nodded again and went.

She was pleased. The philosophers of to-day assert that the human spirit has as keen a craving for beauty as for goodness and truth. She craved rich color. Next day she came in a blue jumper and an orange skirt, a good blue and a good orange. Ashburton found that she gave the room the note of warmth it had lacked.

It was at the end of the second week he observed definitely a fact of which he had been dimly aware. When she was not actually taking a letter her eyes rested always on his face, somber and cold but always fixed on him. They did not trouble him at all. He wondered briefly if they saw it or only inward visions.

On the next Wednesday he came out of the City Club, at which he lunched with Richard Atkins, one of his stockbrokers. Twenty yards down the street they met Miss Jenny Romer. She came, a singular bright figure in that dull throng, walking slowly, with a slight swaying swagger, looking neither to the left nor the right, with the assured, faintly truculent air of one to whom the street belonged. He observed that the hurrying throng got well out of her way, when, raising his hat, he got well out of it himself. Atkins also raised his hat.

"So you know Jenny Romer," he said in some surprise.

Ashburton nodded. He was not aware of it, but he was falling into the way of using nods and headshakes instead of a good many sentences. His friends were beginning to say that he was fast becoming the silent strong man. Some of them said that it was quite natural that a man who had made half a million before his thirty-fourth birthday should.

Then he said, "Who is she, exactly?"

"She's the daughter of Hurricane Smith, the best middleweight who ever came out of Camden Town. When he retired he kept a small pub in Camden Town, with a boxing saloon attached, and taught a dozen men who made their mark in the ring. But Jenny was the cleverest thing he ever taught. Why, I've seen that child—a couple of years ago, when she was eighteen—knock out a really smart bantam weight in a round and a half."

"Little savage," said Ashburton.

"Oh, I don't know. Heaven intended her for a champion fly weight and the devil changed her sex. Have you ever noticed the depth she is? And her shoulders?"

Ashburton shook his head.

"There's some queer blood in her. Those triangular faces are not English, you know. It might be Egyptian. I wonder what she's doing now," said Atkins.

"She's my stenographer," said Ashburton.

"Your stenographer? Your—oh, well—ah"—said Atkins, and relapsed into the speechlessness of the flabbergasted.

That afternoon Ashburton looked at Jenny with an enlightened eye. No wonder he had been struck by her air of vitality and endurance. She was certainly deep through the chest; but there was nothing odd about her shoulders—rather square, but not thick.

The Misses Smith were practicing the breathing exercises and the utterance of the sacred "Om" with womanly assiduity. Mr. Hicks was putting their vowels right with firm patience. Ashburton was too busy forming the great textile merger to pay much attention to Jenny or any other woman. He had no more time or thought to give to them than a non-Celtic general conducting a great campaign. But at the end of the month it did occur to him that not once during it had he heard Jenny's voice, and he spared a couple of minutes to marvel at the fact. Certainly his work had not been slowed down or hindered by her silence.

Then followed one of the hardest week's work he had ever done—interviews, conferences; and letters, letters, letters. His meticulous training in languages at Oxford stood him in good stead. Sometimes the careless wording of a sentence might have given him three days' work to do again.

Jenny was with him every night till past eleven. On Friday night he came to his office at nine, after having dined and reasoned with a couple of Manchester cotton kings. Five important letters had to be written and posted before midnight. He was tired, having diminished his vitality in imposing his will on those cotton kings. He worked slowly. The letters had to be rewritten and rewritten and rewritten. She took first drafts and typed them; second drafts and typed them; took the final letter and typed it; then took it again and typed it, working with astonishing quickness and accuracy. It was twenty to twelve when the final version of the last letter was written and the waiting messenger took them to the post.

Ashburton lay back in his chair feeling like a chewed rag. He looked at Jenny. Her creamy pallor was a crude dead white; her so-scarlet lips were a pale pink; her eyes were absolutely dull, with dark shadows under them.

"Why girl, you're done!" he cried. "Did you get any supper?"

She shook her head. She had been waiting for him in the office since two o'clock and had had nothing but a scanty office tea.

"Come along and get some at once," he said, rising and taking up his hat and stick from the table on which he had dropped them.

She shook her head.

"I don't want any nonsense! Come along!" he almost shouted.

She hesitated a moment, then picked up half a dozen slips of paper and rose. He slipped his arm through hers and led her out of the room. In the outer office she put on her hat. She looked rather dazed. He took her to Corvo's.

She fell upon her soup with a half-famished air, but she did not drink it greedily. He did not talk to her till she had eaten a plate of lobster salad and drunk half a glass of the champagne which, after a savagely squashed protest, the waiter had brought.

He observed that no exception could be taken to her table manners. That was not astonishing, considering the months of study she had given to that admirable manual, The Perfect Lady.

Then he said: "You look better now. You ought to have more sense than to starve yourself when you've got a hard night's work before you. Are you feeling better?"

She nodded.

"Oh, hang it all, we're not in the office! You can break your vows of silence," he said impatiently in a sudden keen desire to hear her voice.

Her eyes, somberly bright, looked squarely into his, and she shook her head.

"Well, of all the obstinate little—young ladies I ever came across!" he said in a tone of exasperation.

She looked at him somberly. He perceived that it would be a waste of time to try to break her resolution, and he was not given to wasting time. In his pique he became somewhat ill-mannered. Deliberately he began to talk about herself. He told her that he admired her for wearing bright colors, for her taste in recognizing that a creature of her warm and exotic beauty should wear colors of a richness which would look hopeless on the ordinary pretty girl. He was speaking the truth, and it was clear that he was speaking the truth. She gazed at him somberly. Never a smile wreathed her lips or a frown furrowed her brow. He could not even guess whether she were pleased or angry. He hoped that she was angry. It was exasperating.

He did not hurry over supper. When they did rise to go she wrote on a slip of paper and gave it to him.

He read, "Thank you very much."

"I believe you're of red-Indian extraction," he said, smiling. "A Mohican. I shall think of you as Chingachgook—Miss Chingachgook, of course."

She shook her head when he suggested driving her home in a taxi, and he walked with her to the Leicester Square tube station. He walked to his house in South Street, feeling that he had behaved rather badly and boyishly. A man really should not be exasperated by his typist. But he had wanted to hear her voice again.

When Jenny drew her six pounds the next noon she received also an agreeable addition of ten pounds for working overtime. She went home joyful. Again the Misses Smith decided

(Continued on Page 66)

She Dropped Into Her Chair, Nerveless, Limp, and Her Eyes Blazed on Him

SHOULD YOU BUY A HOUSE?

By Albert W. Atwood

TO RAISE the question which forms the title to this article may seem at first glance like discussing the advantages of two and two equaling four. Why waste time on what may be taken for granted, on a truism, a platitude? Is it not universally recognized that the home owner makes a better citizen than the renter, or that a man is unlikely to go to war to defend his boarding house, and finds little comfort in singing Home, Sweet Home within the four walls of an apartment or tenement house?

No doubt it would be a fine thing in theory for each citizen to own his or her home, just as it would be ideal for everyone to have a character above reproach, a good education, a strong physique, a powerful intellect, a pleasant and interesting job and a large bank account. Ideals are delightful things to contemplate, but they are to be had not so much by harping upon generalities or the restatement of truisms as by attempting to understand the facts, however complicated. Home ownership may be desirable, but it is far from simple. At this time it is at once one of the most intricate, pressing and critical problems of the hour.

It is taken for granted that the stability of the republic depends in no small degree upon the widespread ownership of homes. How else can discontent and disorder be prevented? Abraham Lincoln said, "Let him not, who is houseless, pull down the house of another, but let him work diligently and build one for himself, thus by example assuring that his own shall be safe from violence when built."

But until very recently at least there had been a steady decrease for some decades in the proportion of home ownership, and an increase in renting and boarding. Not only has the congestion of population in great cities developed a vast tenement and apartment-house tenantry, but within the last few years there has existed a housing shortage which to-day amounts almost to a panic. Obviously men cannot own homes unless there are houses to live in, and they cannot build them when costs are prohibitive.

The impasse, the chaos almost, in the building industry is far from being a mere technical question in its bearings. It strikes deep at the very foundations of national life and existence.

If materials are controlled by greedy combines, if labor refuses a fair day's work for a fair day's wage, if fuel and transportation rates are prohibitive, credit unobtainable, and methods wasteful and inefficient, what then becomes of that bulwark, that safeguard against social disintegration, the home owner?

But except indirectly this article does not deal with the housing shortage or the building industry. The question here considered is a broader one perhaps—the extent to which, eloquence and exhortation aside, we may rely upon the institution of home ownership to protect and maintain the treasured principles of the republic. Unfortunately this question does not stand out clearly and simply by itself but is intimately related to practically all the great social and industrial problems of the day.

How Requirements Vary

IT WILL not do merely to hand out this piece of advice to everybody: Own your own home. Rather one must inquire: Do you live in a great city, a small city, a town or a village? What is your occupation? How much money have you saved up? How permanent is your work? What are your wages or salary? How old are you? Are you married? If married, how many children have you?

It is said that every man should have a bit of land of his own, but how about the unskilled workman with an uncertain job at four dollars a day on the lower end of Manhattan Island and with a wife and five children to support? Does the stereotyped advice to own your own home apply to him?

The housing and home requirements of an eighteen-year-old boy anxious to see the world, and getting a real education in that way; of the young married couple on thirty dollars a week but with no children; of the same couple a few years later with one or two children or five children and the same or slightly larger income; of the same couple at forty-five or fifty with four or five children, a settled place in the community and a high-salaried position for the father; of the widowed mother at seventy—are all so different that a moment's reflection shows the futility of a single slogan to meet all circumstances and conditions. Nor of course have I even begun to suggest all the different cases that might be mentioned.

A large part of the population is made up of boys and girls and of young men and women still in school or in the first decade of their life's work. Youth is naturally mobile. Whether rich or poor the young man especially, and to almost as great an extent within the last generation or so the young woman as well, does not want to be tied down. The middle-aged man and woman, married, with children, settled tastes and habits, fixed interests, and restlessness killed by the inevitable passage of years—of course they want a home of their own. But does the same prescription fit the youth, who is restless not because of any modern radicalism but simply because of the stirrings of youth, as old and unfailing as the human race itself?

Nor is all work so interesting and agreeable that men and women want to be tied down to it whether young or old. If a man is so passionately interested in his work that he intends to stick to it regardless of the financial reward, then he can be told consistently enough to tie himself down. A few dollars a week, more or less, in one place or another makes no difference. But unfortunately such an attitude toward work is not universal under the existing system, or likely to be in any other this side of the millennium.

A recognized authority on the housing question recently spoke of the pathetic stories then going the rounds of the return of the French peasants to their ruined homes so dear to them even in devastation. He went on to say that this love of home is what enabled the French people to hold out against such terrific odds, and asked if the dispossessed tenants of Woonsocket, Rhode Island, McKeesport, Pennsylvania, or the East Side of New York would return to the sites of their old homes with any such affection if similar destruction overtook them.

The Mobility of Labor

BUT the point is that we have no such peasantry as France, and labor and industrial conditions differ so in this country from those in Europe that it is fallacious to draw comparisons. The workingman in this country differs fundamentally from his European fellow in that he is tied neither to the place, the job nor the class. The French peasant, the European peasant or wage earner generally comes from a line of peasants, expects to remain a peasant and bring up his children to be peasants.

Besides, he probably lives in the same house that his ancestors lived in, often for centuries past. Men have always moved about in this country. Indeed the central fact of our history perhaps has been the movement westward. Labor has always been more fluid, liquid, mobile in this country than in Europe, and we have been inordinately proud of the fact. It has been an outstanding feature of our democracy.

Inherently, naturally, the American wage earner is in many cases suspicious, leery of being tied down to one spot. If the volume of our industrial output were fixed and certain he would have little if any excuse for his attitude. If there were no ups and downs in employment, if jobs were reasonably permanent, then there could be no objection to being tied down, except of course the objection which the very young always have. Generally speaking, our industry is more speculative, more undependable in its volume and continuity than European industry.

Great centers of population, dependent upon one industry, are built up. As long as the boom is on there is employment at high wages for all who will come. Then there is deflation or a shift of capital, and tens of thousands must seek work elsewhere, go back to the farm or go without work altogether. Is it any wonder that all workmen do not own their own homes? Far too often the wage earner must have his eye on the chance of losing his job.

Nor must it be overlooked that the mobility of labor, so called, has been increased by the war. The great shipbuilding plants drew carpenters from the small towns and villages as well as from the cities. Thousands of young men who always lived in small places and did not suppose they could leave, learned during the war that they could float about without the heavens falling upon them.

But not only is it typical of our American tradition and history to move about; there is no line or point at which the American worker need stop. This is an even more important consideration than ease of movement from place to place, and is perhaps the proudest boast of our peculiar institutions. Strange, then, that it should be so easily overlooked by those who argue from English and French precedents. Of course the French peasant is a home owner and holds tenaciously to his humble cottage, and of course the Englishman rents the same hovel year after year from the same landlord, for neither has any chance to rise in the scale and therefore live in a better house such as the American wage earner enjoys.

Those who are familiar with the Russian Jew in New York know how he steps from Forsyth or Delancey or Allen Street to Thirteenth Street, to East One Hundred and Fourth Street, to Washington Heights, to Riverside Drive and finally to Fifth Avenue. An authority on building once said jocularly that the only trouble with the housing situation is that it is blocked at the upper end, and that there are not enough apartments on Fifth Avenue.

As a bootblack said to an acquaintance of mine as he vigorously polished his customer's shoes: "I like my job now, but I can be anything I want in this country; over there always a workman." Obviously even home owning, splendid institution that it is, should not be developed in such way as to prevent the immigrant from climbing to a higher estate and shedding his lowly fixtures as he goes along.

Nothing is easier than to denounce the tenement and apartment house as no fit place for home or family life. But the multiple dwelling is absolutely necessary in certain congested areas, and as yet we have only the first faint beginnings of coöperative ownership to take the place of tenantry. In other words, tenantry for great numbers in certain areas is as necessary under present conditions as breathing. The old American ideal of a single family to a single detached house is very pretty, and so is a rainbow, on Manhattan Island.

Then what is to be said of the millions of unmarried, childless, widowed and elderly persons who find comfort in an apartment? An apartment saves steps, stairs and servants. There are no furnaces, ashes, cleaning of halls, windows, stairs and sidewalks, and no lawns to be mowed. It is closed and left with safety more readily than a single, detached house. There are lighted halls for timid folks, and other families near at hand in case of trouble. For less money a person may get nearer to his or her work than in a detached house. The toil and nervous wear and tear of commuting are saved. Clearly there are deep-seated personal and family reasons for the renting of apartments on the part of large classes of people.

Nor is it absolutely certain that the very poor home owner is always as consistently in favor of good government, better schools and cleaner streets as the typical home owner is supposed to be. Tenants pay for these improvements in rent just as surely, in theory at least, as do the owners. But people always object to a direct tax, to one which they can see, more vigorously than they do to one which is included in another or blanket charge. No one will deny that home owners generally are better citizens than tenants, but many of them hate like blazes to pay for needed improvements.

When Renting Is Cheaper

NOR must we fail, if honest, to face the ugly fact that many people are too poor to buy or especially, in the large cities, to build homes. In an Eastern city there is an institution founded by a man of great wealth to promote habits of thrift; "to encourage people to become prudent and wise in the use of money and time; to help place in strong contrast habits of economy as against those of extravagance; to assist people to buy or build homes for themselves, or accumulate a fund for use in emergency or maintenance in old age." It goes without saying that the officers of this institution are great believers in home ownership, but when I asked the secretary about the man on a small and uncertain wage and a large and certain family he replied:

"When a man with five kids and very small wages comes to me and wants to know what to do I tell him to keep on paying rent and give the children a good education in the hope that they will be able some day to own their own homes. The uneducated, unskilled wage earner with a large family and no future is beaten, that's all, except that there is always a future for his children. It is remarkable how many of them recognize and reconcile themselves to the fact that they will never get anywhere, but that their children will, and who continue to toil along with that end in view."

Finally the hard-headed individual in studying the question of home ownership must always consider the relation of rental values to sales and investment values. That is, under certain conditions and in certain localities it has been cheaper to rent than to build or buy. There can be no doubt whatever that particularly before the war there were many instances where landlords were actually losing money. Landlords as a class had not learned how to figure depreciation, just as other owners as a class have not learned the same lesson.

Owners of houses, whether landlords or sole occupants, have never fully allowed for depreciation and obsolescence. Apparent depreciation on a house is small for the first ten or fifteen years and consists mostly of repainting and minor repairs. Sometime between the fifteenth and twenty-second years the owner discovers that the heating, plumbing, roofing and window screens are worn out, and he has

to spend as much as 25 per cent perhaps of the original cost of the house to put these back into condition.

In the growing sections of a city the increase in land values is often enough to offset this expense, and the owner is able to sell the house without loss, but in the poorer residential districts this increase in land values does not always come by any means.

As a prominent architect has observed, if people could ever be taught to allow for depreciation, obsolescence, taxes, water rates and insurance the home would come in time to have as great a financial as it now has a social value. Indeed a building expert as recently as the middle of May of this year stated to me that though rents were no doubt high in New York, Chicago and a few other places:

"Yet in nearly every other city and in country districts there are still plenty of houses to rent at very low prices.

"It costs to-day about $6000 to build a small six-room house, and assuming that this house stands on a lot costing $1000 the total cost would be $7000. It costs an owner $700 a year in interest, maintenance, depreciation, taxes and insurance to live in his house; it costs a landlord $910 per annum to rent this house to a tenant. This kind of house, however, actually rents at prices ranging from $300 to $600 per annum, and tenants are loud in their cry of rent profiteering if rents get any higher than this. There are houses being rented at low figures like this, and hence it is true in most cities that it is cheaper to rent than it is to buy."

A Panicky Home-Buying Movement

MANY persons will no doubt disagree with this statement, and in any case owners of single houses are becoming more and more disinclined to rent. The owners of old houses, who do not occupy them, want to sell, and builders are not erecting new houses to rent. Landlords have begun to learn that it does not pay to rent, or else they are anxious to sell at the existing high level of prices.

At any rate, in many localities and with certain classes of dwellings what amounts to a landlords' strike faces the tenant to-day. Whether home ownership be desirable or not, there is to-day a vast enforced, panicky home-buying movement. There has been an endless chain of people buying houses because they were forced out of those they rented by other people buying them.

Forrest Adair, a real estate man of Atlanta, Georgia, has estimated that in the two years since the fall of 1918 1,500,000 homes have been bought in this country at a cost of several billions of dollars, with probably another billion gone into furnishings. "That is why stocks and bonds are depressed," he says. "Until this vast investment has been thoroughly assimilated by the public there can be no great rise in stock-market values."

Everyone may not agree with Mr. Adair's analysis of the stock market's fall, but no one can question the unprecedented proportions of the home-buying movement in the last three years. An expert in one of the large Eastern cities estimated the increase in home buying at 25 per cent, and another authority in the same city called it a hysteria.

"Only an earthquake will show some people the advantage of owning their homes," he added. "Nor do they all buy from good motives. They call their landlords robbers, and yet they go and buy the same houses without raising the question of why the landlords are so willing to sell. Why didn't they buy years ago when prices were lower?"

It must be admitted that the relative advantages and disadvantages of ownership and renting viewed from a strictly financial standpoint form a subject of bewildering complexity. Those who buy or even build at present high prices will not suffer if building costs and rents go higher or remain where they are. But what if costs should steadily decline?

But on the other hand if we look back through the history of almost any city or municipality we find countless instances of an increase in the value of residence property. If there is to be an unearned increment, certainly it is to the public interest that it be shared by great numbers of citizens, that the latent energy of the average man be called forth through the hope of gain.

Who will say that the growth of communities in this country has come to an end? Surely as long as it continues, as long as trees grow, lawns are planted, roads built and improved, schools erected, parks laid out, stores opened for trade and public utilities extended, there is bound year in and year out to be an appreciation in real-estate values which will be shared in to a large extent by the home owner as well as by the investor in business properties. Just as in the past, great numbers of homes in all probability will appreciate in value and great numbers will depreciate.

Mr. Adair, of Atlanta, already quoted, recently drew up a most telling argument in favor of home ownership as compared with stocks and bonds. I wish there were space in this article to reproduce it in detail. Doubtless by and large, in the long run, a house which one occupies is pretty certain to prove a better investment than a stock at least, but it is often much more difficult to get rid of quickly and often is a poor speculation for a quick turn.

Such considerations, however, do not go to the heart of the problem. A home is not to be compared strictly or literally with stocks, bonds or even mortgages. Though the home-ownership problem is always financial it is also always something more to a degree that bonds and stocks are not.

The point is that a house which one owns and occupies combines an investment which averages well alongside of stocks and bonds, with certain personal advantages which, though partly financial, it is true, are far more fundamental and pervasive than anything we usually associate with the word "finance."

Has Money But No Place to Sleep

MR. ADAIR tells of a well-to-do inhabitant of a city of 200,000 who said: "I own stocks and bonds, money and an automobile; my wife has diamonds; but we have no place to sleep."

There is a greater sense of reality about a house than there is to stocks and bonds. It can be used and occupied from the moment the first payment is made.

Few instincts are more fundamental than that of property ownership, and the independence which goes with ownership. Such an instinct satisfied adds to the sense of self-esteem and affords deep gratification. Was it Benjamin Franklin who said, "Now that I own a pig and cow, everyone bids me good morning"?

A stock certificate does not really satisfy this instinct. It is smaller even than a pig or a cow. The passer-by does not see it. Unlike a home, it can be stolen, hidden, carried away. The owner not only is unable to sleep in it but he cannot grow anything to eat in its back yard or rear a family and carry on household occupations. "Stocks and bonds, and even money," says Mr. Adair, "have no bedrooms, no dining room or kitchen or sleeping porch or front and back stairs."

A home is something for the owner to tinker with, improve, add to, play with.

(Continued on Page 84)

Lovers Once But Strangers Now, or What Happened in the Building Trades

THE USES OF CALAMITY

By WILL IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

MRS. GARRISON, who was giving the Welsh-rabbit party, had been waiting subconsciously for the moment when Bill Sieger should become expansive and genial and say something indelicate or tactless. That, in the crowd, was expected; had always been ever since, twelve years before, they graduated from high school together and became the crowd. It figured in the ritual of a party—just as Lucy Crews must sing for them before they parted; just as Sam McLaine must do his Swede imitations.

Mrs. Garrison would not have been particularly worried, since everyone made allowances for Bill, had not this been a special occasion, an opportunity for his indelicacies—an engagement party for Sam McLaine and Bertha Pringle. Sam, not long after he came out of school, had experienced a disastrous incarnation of matrimony and been divorced. This affair was never referred to in the crowd. But Bill, Mrs. Garrison felt in her bones, was sure to drag in embarrassing reference before the evening was over.

When, after the crackers were popped, Bill settled himself back on the divan in the Turkish corner, a stein of near-beer in his plump hand, a paper Napoleon hat cocked rakishly over his big good-humored face, when he began a heavy flirtation with Hattie Bartlett featured by threats of laying on of hands, Mrs. Garrison just knew that the moment was approaching. There was never any use in trying to head off Bill Sieger. He had a foghorn voice, and he hung to his point like a pup to a root. Nellie Sieger, his wife—little, harmlessly blond and pretty, unobtrusive—was developing her own case of nerves. Lolled back on a divan, the bright plaids of a Scotch cap rendered dull by contrast with her spun-gold hair, she let an abstracted eye wander now and then in the direction of her husband.

"Hey, fellers!" suddenly exclaimed Bill in his dominating and carrying voice—and now Mrs. Garrison, helping the maid remove plates, stood stock-still in the attitude of one who expects the worst. "Hey, fellers, why don't the rest of us get married?"

There fell a momentary hush in which everyone tried to think of something to turn Bill from his purpose—and thought too late. Everyone, and especially the women, saw in what direction he was heading. When Sam and Bertha entered the haven of matrimony all the crowd would be married off except the eccentric Hattie Bartlett—vowed to maidenhood by her very fickleness—and Jim Hayden and Lucy Crews. Bill wallowed straight to the point.

"Jim, why don't you speak up like a man and ask her? I bet she's just waiting to be asked—ain't you, Lucy?"

A Full Five Minutes She Stood There, Moving Only When She Swung Her Umbrella to Meet the Rain-Soaked Gusts of Wind

It was, as usual, Hattie Bartlett who first threw herself into the breach, volleying chatter:

"Well, if anybody's going to get married, what are you going to do with me? I'd be the odd girl, like old Dan Tucker. Or are you going to keep me for the old maid of our charmed circle to show off your domestic bliss and felicity?"

For a minute Hattie chattered on, none paying the slightest attention to her sprightly remarks, for everyone was observing from the corner of his eye the two persons hit by Bill's lumbering shaft.

Jim Hayden had been standing in a corner talking business with Tom Garrison. He and his vis-à-vis had paused, like everyone else, at Bill's first foghorn note. Jim did not turn his head—only dropped his eyes to Mrs. Garrison's Turkish rug and seemed to be studying the pattern. He was tall, lean, hatchet-faced, wholly American of the old type. His hair was the color of newly dug clay, and he had the blond complexion, with an underlay of red, which goes with such hair. That kind of skin advertises the slightest blush, a fact of which he was painfully aware. But he could not conceal the back of his neck, which seemed at once to burst into flame.

Lucy Crews sat at the piano, somewhat idly turning over sheet music. Easily the most popular member of the crowd, she was also easily the most admired by the sapient women for her looks. It was a beauty which women saw, but which must needs be pointed out to men. On first glance of the masculine eye she seemed colorless. She was, indeed, pale; but it was a pallor just delicately touched by color under the cheek bones, at the tips of the ears, in the shadows beside a mouth soft yet firm. Her eyes were not large, and therefore got no notice from men on first glance; but they were dove's eyes—dark violet with curling lashes. All her features were as slender and yet as delicately cut as her little figure, as the fingers now fluttering like ten grass stalks in a breeze over the sheets of music. When Bill Sieger fired his shot she showed confusion only by a momentary pause in the motion of her hands. She did not change color in the least; and Mrs. Garrison, watching from the corner of her eye, reflected that Lucy was always inscrutable—no one was ever sure what she was thinking about. If she had a single irritating quality it was that placidity of hers.

But now Hattie Bartlett had paused for breath, and Bill Sieger spoke again: "Jim, you've burned up enough good gasoline taking her home from choir practice Thursday nights. If it's a question of mommer-in-law, why, take her too."

At this moment, and for the first time in the social experience of the crowd, Lucy Crews seemed to come momentarily out from her inscrutability. Her hands stopped, stiffened on a sheet of music, seemed to clutch it, and across the piano she bent a look on Bill—not of anger, but of hurt. Mrs. Garrison found herself checking an impulse to gather Lucy into her arms. Then Lucy herself solved the situation. Her hands dropped to the keys, struck a loud chord, began to rattle off jazz too loud even for Bill Sieger's dominating voice.

Jim Hayden had been caught this time with his face to the company. His blush was apoplectic. When the jazz ran into the latest popular tune, when the crowd began to gather about the piano, Jim did not gather with the rest. He lit a cigarette and wandered out into the hall. There Hattie Bartlett, having gently sidled out, found him ten minutes later smoking morosely. He looked up as she came through the bead portières; then looked down at the ash on his cigarette as though it were something highly interesting, even absorbing.

Hattie flopped down on the hall seat beside him. Most of Hattie's movements could be described as flops. Her black evening gown flopped also—in parts. It was characteristic of Hattie that, being about the most careless dresser of her sex, she had selected for her last formal dress a creation trimmed with a material requiring so much care and attention as sequins. This was the second season for that dress. By now the sequins were gone over large bald areas. When it was new strings of jetty beads had run in a twisted strand from an ornament at the shoulder to a knot at the waist. Half of these strings were broken now, and when Hattie started one of her violent gestures that action was likely to be accompanied by a snap and a cascade of falling beads.

A feminine observer, looking Hattie over critically at first meeting, would have noticed further details of the same kind. For example, she wore on the second finger of her left hand a ring which had once been set with three modest near-rubies. The middle stone was missing—had been ever since any of her familiars could remember. She had a wealth of light chestnut hair, coarse and rather stiff, giving the general impression of hay. It was thrown together like a haycock—just heaped up in place and pegged down by a few pins. What with Hattie's emphatic shakes of the head, it threatened every five minutes to tumble down. Just at the last perilous moment she would rescue it with a scooping motion of both hands, pull out a pin, jab it into place and restore the haycock effect to an insecure balance.

You were likely to notice these eccentricities of dress before you noticed the girl herself. She might have been not pretty but at least striking if she had known how to take care of herself, the women said. After the second look you did not care whether she was pretty or not. She was big-bodied, big-voiced and big-faced. Her features were all curves, of which the most noticeable were the whimsical upturnings at the corners of her mouth. It was a countenance all good humor, all good health, all good will. And spite of her eccentricities, Hattie had run through more men in her time than any other woman in the crowd. If she had never married it was because—as she said herself—she fell out of love just as hard and suddenly as she fell in. So she went her erratic and not unhappy way, stenographer

to the Royston Seed Company, at the next desk to Lucy Crews, and by the same token Lucy's most intimate friend. As though through privilege of that intimacy, she sought out the disgruntled Jim Hayden in his hall lair and plunged, with a presumption which would not have been forgiven in Bill Sieger, to the heart of the trouble.

"Well," said Hattie, winding up her hair as mechanically as though it were an alarm clock, "one of the things I'd like to do with an ax—I don't know how much longer I'm going to stand for Bill Sieger. If you stepped right on his face I wouldn't blame you. Somebody will some day. I'd ——"

Hattie ran down here, as feeling somehow that her audience was unsympathetic. She stole a glance at Jim. She had expected to find him resentful. Instead, as he sat with his elbows on his knees regarding the Garrison golden-oak hatrack, his countenance showed merely gloom.

"Aw, it's only Bill!" he said at length. And then, his morose eyes still fixed, "He's just saying what everybody thinks, as if I hadn't asked her twenty times—a hundred times!"

Hattie opened her mouth, closed it. This was no moment for her to talk. Like everyone else, she had puzzled over this strange, long, exclusive affair; wondered why Jim Hayden and Lucy Crews had gone together these eight years without even a hint at an engagement; speculated concerning the exact bearing of Mrs. Crews on the matter. But though she felt that otherwise she knew Lucy inside and out, never a word had she gleaned about this most important matter of the heart. And now Jim was confiding in her! Hattie had a conviction that her hair was about to come down on the other side, but she checked her hand. When he spoke, however, he seemed to be sheering off from confidence.

"I suppose the dogs are barking it by now," he said, "and I'm getting desperate."

He shut his mouth now like a trap, and Hattie's instinct told her that he would need prompting before he went on.

"Mother's the obstacle, isn't she?" she asked. This had been all along her shrewd guess.

"I thought it was," said Jim, "until last week. It was always 'I can't leave my mother.' Then I'd say take mother in, too, with all her aches and pains and ailments; and then she'd say that would never do—couldn't budge her on that. But last week"—here Jim rose, took a quick turn or two up and down the hall before he settled down again beside the immobile Hattie, and sat striking one fist into the palm of the other hand—"last week, running her home from choir practice—I'm getting pretty desperate, I tell you—I made her come down to cases."

He stopped again. This time Hattie's instinct told her it was better to do no prompting.

"Well, she said she didn't love me—that's all," he concluded as one who spills out everything.

"If you ask me, I believe she does," said Hattie.

"Do you?" he asked, turning on her a face which showed its first gleam of brightness in a quarter of an hour. Then the brightness died. "Well, not enough, anyway," he concluded.

"How much does she think she ought to love you to marry you?" asked Hattie.

"She says you don't love anyone enough until you know you can't live without him. By the Lord Harry I can't live without her!" Here again he struck fist into palm. The strains of Broadway Rose, which had been rattling on in the next room dominated by Lucy's sweet but carrying voice, died out now. Jim waited until the piano began vamping again before he proceeded.

"Says she could live without me. Says she likes me round—and that's all."

"Tried everything?" asked Hattie.

"What do you mean?"

"Like getting her jealous?"

"Oh, yes, long ago! Didn't make a dent."

"That sounds kind of fatal," said Hattie dubiously. Then her face brightened.

"But you did have a quarrel with her—just after you came out of the Army."

"How do you know? Did she tell you?" asked Jim rather sharply.

"Cross my heart and hope to die, she never drops a word about it. Lucy's an angel. I sometimes hate her, she's that seraphic. When anybody does anything to me—well, I bites 'em, that's all. But Lucy only seems interested to find out why they did it. I guessed you'd quarreled when I happened to find she was going home from choir practice alone, and whenever I mentioned you she tossed her head haughtylike. It's the first time ever I saw a dent in that ingrowing Christianity of hers. You've got to care a lot about a man to hate him as hard as that, I say. What was it all about?"

Now that she had the stream of confidence running, Hattie could afford to be bold.

"About her mother."

"Oh," said Hattie, "I should have guessed. I never said anything to her in my life against mother. I knew it would be the one thing that would turn her to a litter of wild-cats. Did you see her look at Bill the Boob just now? When Lucy says 'my mother' it's music. What did you do to mother?"

"Said I guessed there wasn't much the matter with her."

"Well, there isn't!"

Here Jim turned and faced her squarely.

"Do you think so too?"

"Nothing much except too much to eat for the amount of exercise she takes," said Hattie. "Never seemed sick to me a day until her husband died and left her all alone with enough money to live on and Lucy to coddle her. I'd like to have her for a mother for about a week. I'd cure her!"

"How?" asked Jim a little eagerly.

"Just by giving way to my selfish nature and neglecting her," said Hattie—"leaving her alone. That's the trouble. Lucy's a bright angel out of heaven and mother takes advantage of it. And that seems to be why Lucy's so crazy about her—if you know what I mean. Me, now—Lucy loves me something devoted, and it began the time I sprained my ankle."

"The time you sprained your ankle," Jim repeated mechanically. "I suppose ——"

He interrupted himself, appeared to consider his words, then seemed abruptly to change direction.

"I suppose there are ways of curing mother," he said.

"Get up another interest for her," said Hattie. "Yep, I've thought of that. But what good will it do if Lucy doesn't love you?"

"Yes, what on earth good will it do—or anything?" asked Jim, apparently of the hatrack. He meditated a moment, then turned his gaze back on Hattie.

"You look real intelligent," said Hattie.

Jim opened his mouth, but he never spoke. For the jazz, unnoticed now by the absorbed couple on the hall settee, had come to its tinny end.

And Bill Sieger, the irrepressible, stood holding back the bead portières and roaring, "Look who's here! Hi, Lucy, he's making up to Hattie to get you jealous!"

As Lucy arose from the piano and started to arrange the scattered sheets of music—among her other feminine qualities she had the gift of neatness—she was smiling faintly, but as inscrutably as the Mona Lisa. And when the party broke up she fell in beside Jim at the door, let him help her into the runabout with her regular air of accustomed possession.

Jim did not speak as he settled her down beside him in his roadster—only saw that her knees were covered, that

"Oh, How is He?" Gasped Lucy. Doctor Donegan's Keen Black Eye Seemed to Take Her All In Before He Said, "I Don't Know Exactly"

the door was closed, and at a pace defying all traffic laws shot in among the electric signs, the home-faring, buzzing automobiles, the confusions of Eureka Avenue. Only when he turned into Cooper Street, with its houses set far back behind front lawns, its bordering trees, its darkness, did he drop the car to second speed—the usual preliminary, Lucy knew, to a proposal of marriage. These proposals had been so often repeated that the proceedings had a kind of routine. She knew her part letter-perfect, and her cues. But to-night Jim varied the formula.

"Lucy," he said, "I can't stand this much longer. I can't! I'll be doing something desperate. I'll ——"

How he would have finished Lucy never knew, for in the excess of his emotions he had given a jerk to the wheel. The car veered. He jerked it back to its own side of the asphalt just in time to dodge a passing flivver. Before he spoke again Jim had run the roadster to the curb under an overhanging tree of deep shade, stopped. Lucy stiffened as she realized what he was doing, and shrank a little away from him.

When he proposed with both hands on the wheel, curbing that dynamite which is a sixty-mile-an-hour automobile, she felt safe, able to keep conversation on an intellectual plane. Now ——

"Don't, Jim!" she protested in her low tinkling voice. "Someone will see! Don't!"

"Someone will see us and know I'm in love with you!" he repeated sarcastically. "Doesn't everyone know? That big stiff Bill Sieger gave that away."

"It's not fair to you, Jim," she said. "Not fair of me at all—is it?"

Jim seemed to bristle at the implication against herself.

"Anything you do is fair—anything you choose to give me," he said.

Now his voice broke out into passion, so that midway of the sentence she checked him with a little "Sh-h-h!"

"Why can't you love me—why?"

"I don't know, Jim," she said. "You're strong and good and kind and lovable. You could take care of me—if I were thinking of that. You've even offered to take care of my mother"—Lucy, as Hattie Bartlett had noted, said those two words with a peculiar, distinct softness—"and I should worship you for that. But ——"

Lucy paused, her lover, immobile, waiting. The tinkle of a far piano, playing for some home dance or other; the laughter of the young, home-coming with love their escort; the whir of a trolley, came out of the night through seconds which seemed hours. He could stand it no longer.

"But what?" he said.

"I suppose it's Hattie Bartlett," said Lucy.

At which he turned squarely round in the seat, facing her.

"She hasn't been knocking?" he asked in a tone of suspicion. "She hasn't ——"

"Please understand," said Lucy flatly, "that I haven't discussed this affair with Hattie Bartlett—nor she with me. No, Jim, it isn't that. But—well, you know I've seen Hattie in love three times, and when she's in love she knows it. That time with Elmer—you remember—she never walked home with me any more. She always left the office alone. I used to think she met him, but that wasn't it. She was going round city hall just in hopes she'd see him when he left his office. It didn't make any difference whether he saw her and spoke to her or not—just so long as she set eyes on him.

"She told me afterward she never went anywhere without him in that time. She used to stay at home evenings, hoping he'd call her up on the telephone. When he didn't she'd lie awake for hours just thinking of him."

Lucy seemed to run down, or to dread to go on, and sat silent, looking out into the darkness, her clean little profile making a dim silhouette.

"And you haven't lost any sleep over me," he prompted.

"That about expresses it, Jim."

"But are you sure you aren't in love—you can't love me another way?"

"I'm sure, Jim. Because"—she paused again here, as though gathering her thoughts or dreading to say something hard—"because the year and a half you were away in the Army—I saw. I missed you at first, and why shouldn't I? I have liked you; I have enjoyed being about with you; but I missed you less and less before the end. I liked your letters, but I never ran out for the mail, as Hattie does when she's in love."

"I could cheerfully burn Hattie in kerosene," said Jim savagely.

"And why? Aren't you lucky that I've had Hattie to prevent my making a mistake? See, Jim! Suppose I married you, feeling as I do—or don't. You've been good enough to say you'd let me have my mother with us. And time would go on, and the love and care I ought to be giving to you I'd be giving to a sick woman. And finally you'd see that I was never going to love you, really. It isn't like a free woman marrying a man hoping that love will come afterward. If you take that chance and it doesn't—why, you're just not happy, that's all. But this is different. It wouldn't be fair to you, just as it isn't fair now, I'm afraid, to keep you dangling on the string." Lucy stopped with the air of one who has exhausted the subject.

"Getting back to my distinguished military record," said Jim, "suppose instead of keeping me around training camps checking up lumber the Army had let me get overseas. Suppose you'd have known I might get killed any day. Would that have made a difference?"

"I thought of that the time you wrote me you'd asked to be transferred," said Lucy. "And I knew that if you'd been sent to the Front I'd have worried about you and prayed for you—yes, and been proud of you—just as I did about Cousin Emmett when they sent him over. And"—here her slender hands fluttered through the shadows with a gesture of finality—"that's all."

Jim faced her now.

"And if I'd come back to you wounded—my lungs gone with gas, my legs off, blind—the way some of the boys did ——"

"Wounded—oh!" said Lucy, and her tone, which had been as impersonal as it was low and sweet, took on a vibrancy of emotion. "Wounded!" And then a sort of panic seemed to seize her. "Jim, we mustn't sit out here like this for everyone to see us. You must go on!"

The self-starter began to pound under Jim's heel. The engine picked up and beat rhythmically. Lucy settled back on the cushions with a little "Oh!" of relief.

"My offer to take in your mother stands," said Jim.

"Jim," she said, "we're only starting up the same old round. It's been a hard day in the office, and I'm tired."

Jim sighed as though himself weary, and even until he saw her safely inside her own door he spoke only commonplaces.

Alone in her own hallway, Lucy closed the door behind her, put her key carefully back into her purse, switched on the electric light, which glistened back from polished banisters and a carved hatrack. You could not have stained the whitest silk handkerchief on any object in that hallway, so meticulously neat was everything. Lucy slipped out of her fur coat and stood, slim and girlish, in her white evening dress, as though waiting for something. Her face, as placid as a summer pool when she bade Jim good-by at the door, had subtly changed. She looked now as tired as she was, but all the lines had somehow softened.

A voice came from the far upper distance—a voice with something of Lucy's own carrying sweetness in its tone, but querulous too:

"Lucy, Lucy, come up at once! I want you!"

"Yes, mother, I'm coming," said Lucy, and flew upstairs with her gait of a little girl to the front chamber. Her tone held all the tenderness which Jim Hayden had tried in vain to raise in her these seven years.

It was a large room running the entire width of the house, an airy and attractive room, but queerly arranged. For many years now Mrs. Crews had been an intermittent invalid. "Up one day and down the next," she said herself. There were periods of weeks at a time when she kept to her bed. And Lucy had arranged the room for the eye of an invalid. The pictures, the family photographs, the two crayon portraits, all the little feminine ornaments, hung no higher than the level of a man's waist.

By the wide window to the right stood a low bed with a white and lacy coverlet under which tossed the invalid for whom all that curious arrangement of ornament had been created—tossed with an amount of energy singular in so large and so ailing a woman. For Mrs. Crews was large. You would see that by the displacement under the bedclothes and by her plump and high-colored face. But her eyes held all the dreariness of suffering. Large, brown, they were trimmed at the bottom with dark patches which intensified their size and lent them pathos. She had a full head of iron-gray hair, and she pulled nervously at the coverlet with a hand withered but shapely. She spoke, and notwithstanding the nature of her remarks, her voice sounded sweet undertones like those of a violin.

"Don't you ever think to inquire when you start lollygagging off to parties whether Hilda's going out?"

"I'm sorry, mother. I didn't know," said Lucy. She stooped, kissed the unresponsive old cheek, with many a pat and caress arranged the coverlet.

"Well, you take it calmly enough, I must say!" exclaimed Mrs. Crews. "The goneness in my back came on just after you all started away and left me alone—alone"—here her voice burst into tragedy—"as if it wasn't enough, your neglecting me for choir practice every Thursday night, you go traipsing off to parties! I suppose Jim Hayden beaued you home. That's the trouble, I guess." Here her voice conveyed sad resignation. "When a young man comes in a poor old mother goes out." She fixed her eyes on Lucy, who was deftly arranging the coverlet. "What I want to know, are you going to do something?"

Suddenly she threw the covers back from her shoulders. "I'm feverish," she said, pressing both hands to her cheeks. "Are you going to fan me—or anything?"

(Continued on Page 69)

MANSLAUGHTER

By Alice Duer Miller

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

XV

IN THE spring Lydia was transferred from the kitchen to the long, bright workroom. Here the women prisoners hemmed the blankets woven in the men's prison. Here they themselves wove the rag rugs for the floors, made up the house linen and their own clothes—Joseph's, too—not only their prison clothes, but the complete outfit with which each prisoner was dismissed.

Lydia was incredibly awkward with the needle. It surprised the tall, kind assistant in charge of the workroom that anyone who had had what she described as advantages could be so grossly ignorant of the art of sewing. Lydia hardly knew on which finger to put her thimble and tied a knot in her thread like a man tying a rope. But it was her very inability that first woke her interest, her will. She did not like to be stupider than anyone else. Suddenly one day her little jaw set and she decided to learn how to sew. From that moment she began to adjust herself to prison life.

Lydia wondered, considering prisoners in the first grade are allowed to receive visits from their families once a week, and from others, with the approval of the warden, once a month, at the small number of visitors who came to the prison. Were all these women cast off by their families? Evans explained the matter to her, and Lydia felt ashamed that she had needed an explanation.

"It takes a man a week's salary—at a good job, too—from New York here and back."

Lydia did what was rare of her—she colored. For the first time in her life she felt ashamed, not so much of the privileges of money but of the ease with which she had always taken them. It came over her that this was one of the objects for which Mrs. Galton had once asked a subscription. A memory rose of the way in which in old days she used to dispose of her morning's mail when it came in on her flowered breakfast tray. Advertisements and financial appeals from unknown sources were twisted together by her vigorous fingers and tossed into the waste-paper basket. Mrs. Galton's might well have been among these. She was horrified on looking back at her own lack of humanity. She might have guessed without going through the experience that prison life needed some alleviation. It meant a great deal to her to see Benny every week. Benny stood in the place of her family. She longed to hear of the outside world and her old friends. But she did not crave these visits with such passion as the imprisoned mothers craved a sight of their children.

Thought leading quickly to action in Lydia, she arranged through Miss Bennett, allowing it to be supposed to be Miss Bennett's enterprise, to finance the visits of families to the prison. Everyone rejoiced, as if it were a common benefit, over the visit of Muriel's mother and the beautiful auburn-haired daughter of the middle-aged real-estate operator. Lydia felt as if she had been outside the human race all her life and had just been initiated into it. She said something like this to Evans.

"Oh, Louisa, rich people don't know anything, do they?"

Evans tried to console her.

"If they want to they always can."

It was true, Lydia thought; she had not wanted to know. She had not wanted anything but her own way, irrespective of anyone else's. That was being criminal—to want your own way too much. That was all that these people about her had wanted—these forgers and defrauders—their own way, their own way. Though she still held her belief that the killing of Drummond had been an accident, she saw that the bribing of him had been wrong—the same streak in her, the same determination to have her own way. She thought of her father and all their early struggles, and how when she had believed that she was triumphing most over him she had been at her worst. Her poor father! It was from him she had inherited her will, but he had learned in life, as she was now learning in prison, that the strongest will is the will that knows how to bend.

She thought a great deal about her father. He must have been terribly lonely sometimes. She had never given him anything in the way of affection. She had not really loved him, and yet she loved him now. Her heart ached with a palpable weight of remorse. He had been her only relation, and she had done nothing but fight and oppose and wound him. What a cruel, stupid creature she had been—all her life! And now it was too late. Her father was gone, so long ago she had almost forgotten him in one aspect. And then again it would seem as if he must still be somewhere, waiting to order her upstairs as he had when she was a child.

Only Benny was left. Yet Benny would not need to go to prison in order to learn to respect other people's rights. Benny had been born knowing just what everyone else wanted—eager to get all men their hearts' desire.

Lydia was not religious by temperament. She had now none of the joy of a great revelation. But she had the courage, unsupported by any sense of a higher power, to look at herself as she was. She saw now that her relation to life had always been ugly, hostile, violent. All those who had ever loved her had been able to love through something beautiful in their own natures—in spite of all the unloveliness of hers. She thought not only of the relations she had missed, like the relation to her father, but of friendships she had lost, which she had deliberately broken in the hideous daily struggle to get her own way. She would never now renew that struggle. She had come in contact with something stronger than herself, of which the impersonal power of the law was only a visible symbol. She was not sure whether it had broken her or remade her, but it had given her peace—happiness she had never had—a peace which she believed she could preserve even when she went out of the sheltering routine of prison. The only feature of life which terrified and revolted her was the persisting individuality of Lydia Thorne. If there were only a charm other than death to free you from yourself! Sometimes she felt like a maniac chained to a mirror. Yet she knew that it was the long months of enforced contemplations that had saved her.

On Friday evening the inmates were allowed to dance in the assembly room—half theater, half chapel. In her effort to escape from herself Lydia went once to watch, and came again and again with increasing interest. It soon began to be rumored that she was a good dancer and knew new steps. The dances became dancing classes. Lydia, except for her natural impatience, was a born teacher, clear in her explanations and willing to work for perfection. Evans, who had taken Lydia to so many balls in past years, smiled to see her laboring over the steps of some heavy grandmother or light-footed—and perhaps light-fingered—mulatto girl.

An evening suddenly came back to her. It was in New York. She had come downstairs about eleven o'clock with Miss Thorne's opera cloak and fan. There had been people to dinner, but they had all gone except Mr. Dorset, and he was being instructed in some new intricacy of the dance. Miss Bennett, who belonged to a generation that knew something about playing the piano, was making music for them. Evans, if she shut her eyes, could see Lydia as she was then, in a short blue brocade, trying to shove her partner into the correct step and literally shaking him when he failed to catch her rhythm. She was being far more patient with Muriel, holding her pale coffee-colored hands and repeating, "One-two, one-two; one-two-three-four. There, Muriel, you've got it!" Her face lit up with pleasure as she turned to Evans. "Isn't she quick at it, Louisa?"

Lydia's second spring in prison was well advanced when she was sent for by the matron. Such a summons was an event. Lydia racked her brain to think what was coming—for good or evil. The matron's first question was startling. Did she know anything about baseball?

Did she? Yes, something. Her mind went back to a Fourth of July house party she had been to where a baseball game among the guests was a yearly feature. She and the matron discussed the possibilities of getting up two nines among the inmates. She suggested that there were books on the subject. A book would be provided. She felt touched and flattered at the responsibility put upon her, humbly eager to succeed.

The whole question began to absorb her. She studied it in the evening and thought about it during the day,

"I Have to Sit Silent While Eleanor Tells Me How Noble Your Motives Were in Prosecuting Me"

considering the possibilities of her material, the relation of character to skill. Grace, a forger, was actually a better pitcher, but the woman who had killed her husband had infinitely more staying power.

All through that second summer she occupied herself, day and night, with the team, more and more as September drew to a close. For she knew that with the approaching expiration of her minimum sentence the parole board would consider her release. Freedom in all probability was near, and freedom is a disorganizing thought to prisoners. The peace she had gained in prison began to flow away as each day brought her nearer to release. She began to dream that she was already free, and to wake dissatisfied, with a trace of the same restless irritation of her first weeks. Could it be, she thought, that she had learned nothing after all? Could even the idea of returning to the old life change her back into the old detestable thing?

Prison authorities have learned that the last night in prison is more trying to a prisoner's morale than any other, except perhaps the first. Lydia found it so when her last night there came. She knew that she was to be set free early in the morning. Miss Bennett would be there, and they would take an early train to New York together. It was a certainty, she kept telling herself, a certainty on which she could rely, and yet she spent the entire night in an agony of fear and impatience. She would have been calmer if she had been waiting the hour of a prearranged escape. The darkness of night continued so long that it seemed as if some unheralded eclipse had done away with sunrise, and when at last the dawn began to color the window the hour between it and her release was nothing but a fevered anxiety.

She was hardly aware of Miss Bennett waiting for her in the matron's room—hardly aware of the matron herself, imperturbable as ever, bidding her good-by. Only the clang of the gate behind her quieted her. Only from outside the bars did she want to pause and look back at the prison as at an old friend.

It was a bright autumn morning. The wind was chasing immense white clouds across the sky and scattering the leaves of the endless row of trees that stood like sentinels along the high wall.

Miss Bennett wanted to hurry across the street at once to the railroad station, although their train would not start for some time; she wanted to get away from the menace of that dark wall—a very perfect piece of masonry. But Lydia had seen it too long from the inside not to be eager to savor a view of it from without. She stared slowly about her like a tourist before some spectacle of awesome beauty. She looked down the alley between the trees and the wall to where on her left was the sharp clean corner of the stonework. She looked to her right, where as the wall rose higher she could see the little watchtower of the prison guard. Then she turned completely round and looked back through the bars at the prison itself.

"Don't you think it's a pretty old doorway?" she said.

Miss Bennett acknowledged its beauty rather briefly.

"Will you tell me why it has 'State Asylum' on the horse block?" she said.

"That's just what it is," said Lydia—"an asylum, a real asylum to some of us. It used to be for the insane, Benny. That's why."

On the all-day journey to New York Miss Bennett had counted on hearing the full psychological story of the last two years. In her visits to the prison she had found that Lydia wanted to hear of the outside world—not to talk of herself; but now that she was free Miss Bennett hoped this might be changed. She had taken a compartment so they could be by themselves, but the minute the door was shut upon them a funny change came over Lydia. She grew absent and tense, and at last she sprang up and opened it. "It's pleasanter open," she said haughtily, and then she suddenly laughed. "Oh, Benny, to be able to open a closed door!"

Miss Bennett began to cry softly. All these months she had been trying to persuade herself that the change in Lydia was due to prison clothes; but now, seeing her dressed as she used to dress, the change was still there. She was thinner, finer—shaped, as it were, by a sharper mold. All her reactions were slower. It took her longer to answer, longer to smile. This gave her—what Lydia had never had before—a touch of mystery, as if her real life were going on somewhere else, below the surface, remote from companionship.

She wiped her eyes, thinking that she must not let Lydia guess she thought her changed. Their eyes met. Lydia was discovering a curious fact, which she in her turn thought it better to conceal. It was this: That the figures of her prison life had a depth and reality that made all the rest of the world seem like shadows. Even while she questioned Miss Bennett about her friends she felt as if she were asking about characters in a book which she had not had time to finish. Would Bobby be sure to be at the station? Was Eleanor coming to town that night to see her? Where was Albee?

Miss Bennett did not know where Albee was, and her tone indicated that she did not greatly care. She did not intend to stir Lydia up against anyone, but she could not help wishing Lydia would punish Albee. He had not been really loyal, and he was the only one of the intimate circle who had not been. A man with red blood in his veins, Miss Bennett thought, would have married Lydia the day before she went to prison or would at least be waiting, hat in hand, the day she came out.

Bobby, gay and affectionate as ever, met them at the station and drove with them to the town house. Morson opened the front door and ran down the steps with a blank face and a brisk manner, as if she had been returning from a week-end; but as she stepped out of the motor he attempted a sentence.

"Glad to see you back, miss," he said, and then his self-control gave way. He turned aside with one hand over his eyes and the other feeling wildly in his tail pocket for a handkerchief.

Lydia began to cry too. She put her hand on Morson's shoulder and said, "I'm so glad to see you, Morson. You're almost the oldest friend I have in the world," and she added, without shame, to Miss Bennett, "Isn't it awful the way I cry at anything nowadays?" She went into the house, blowing her nose.

The house was full of telegrams and flowers. Lydia did not open the telegrams, but the flowers seemed to give her pleasure. She went about breathing in long whiffs of them and touching their petals. Morson, in perfect control of himself, but with his eyes as red as fire, came to ask at what hour she would dine.

Lydia had a great deal to do before dinner. She produced a dirty paper from her pocketbook and began studying it. "Is there anything special you'd like to order?" said Miss Bennett.

Lydia did not look up, but answered that Morson remembered what she liked, which drove him out of the room again. Her telephoning, it appeared, was to the families and friends of her fellow prisoners. She was very conscientious about it, and very patient, even with those who, unaccustomed to the telephone or unwilling to lose touch with a voice so recently come from their loved ones, would ask the same question over and over again.

But finally it was over, and Lydia was at last free to bathe and dress and to sit down in her own dining room to a wonderful little meal that was the symbol of her freedom. Yet all she could think of was the smell of the freshly baked dinner rolls that brought back the large, low kitchen and the revolving oven—revolving at that very moment, perhaps—so far away.

"Oh, my dear," said Miss Bennett, "I've found the nicest little maid for you—a Swiss girl who can sew—really make your things if you want her to, and ——"

Lydia felt embarrassed. She turned her head from side to side as Miss Bennett ran on describing the discovery. She simply could never have a maid again. How was she to explain it? She did not understand it thoroughly herself, only she knew that she could never again demand that another woman—as young, perhaps, and as fond of amusement as herself—should give a lifetime to taking care of her wardrobe. Personal service like that would annoy and embarrass her now. The first thing to do was to make her life less complex in such matters. She put her hand over Miss Bennett's. "Shouldn't you think she'd wish me back at hard labor?" she said to Bobby. "She takes such a lot of trouble for me."

Miss Bennett, emotionally susceptible to praise, wiped her eyes, and presently went away, leaving Bobby and Lydia alone. She wondered if perhaps that would be the best thing for Lydia to do—to rebuild her life on Bobby's gay but unwavering devotion.

Lydia, leaning her elbows on the table and her chin on her hands, listened while Bobby gossiped over the empty coffee cups. Did Lydia know about this Western coal man that May Swayne was going to marry? Bobby set him before her in an instant—"A round-faced man, Lydia, with $30,000,000, and such a vocabulary! He never thinks; he presumes. He doesn't come into a room; he ventures to intrude. May has quite a lot of alterations to do on him."

And the Piers—had Lydia heard about them? Fanny had fallen in love with the prophet of a new religion and had made all her arrangements to divorce Noel, but before she left him, as a proof of her new powers, she thought she'd cure him of drinking. Well, my dear, she did. And the result was she found she liked a nonalcoholic Noel better than ever—and she chucked the seer. Can you beat it?

Shadows—they did seem like shadows to Lydia. Staring before her she fell into meditation, remembering Evans and Muriel and the matron the small, placid-browed matron who knew not fear. Suddenly she came back to realize that Bobby was asking her to marry him.

Most of their acquaintances believed that he never did anything else; but as a matter of fact, it was the first time he had ever put it into words. He wasn't sure it was a tactful thing to do now. She might think—Bobby was always terribly aware of what people might think—that his suggesting such a mediocre future for her was to admit that he thought her beaten. Whereas to him she was as triumphant and desirable as ever. On the other hand, it might be just the right thing to do. With men like Albee getting to cover and some people bound to be hateful, she could say to herself, "Well, I can always marry Bobby and go to live in Italy."

He put it to her.

"Lydia, wouldn't you consider marrying me to-morrow and sailing for Greece or Sicily or Grenada—that's a heavenly place. I should be so wildly happy, dear, that I think you'd be pleased in a mild sort of way too."

Go away? It was the last thing she wanted to do.

"No, no!" she said quickly. "I must stay here!"

"Well, marry me and stay here."

She shook her head, trying to explain to him—she wouldn't ever marry. She had found a new clew to life and wanted to follow it alone. She had interest, intense, vital interest, to give to life and affairs—yes, and even people; but she had not love. Human relationships couldn't make or mar life for her any more. She wanted to work—nothing else.

She paused, and in the pause the dining-room door opened and Eleanor came in. Eleanor had been up at dawn to get a train from the Adirondacks in time to meet Lydia at the station, and of course the train had been late. Would Lydia put her up for the night?

Lydia's cry of welcome did not sound like a person to whom all human relationships had become indifferent. Indeed Eleanor was the person she wanted most to see. Eleanor was not emotional, or rather she expressed her emotion by a heightened intellectual sensitiveness. She wouldn't cry, she wouldn't regard Lydia as a shorn lamb the way Miss Bennett did, nor yet would she assume that she was utterly unchanged, as all the rest of her friends might. Eleanor's manner was almost commonplace. Perhaps it would be fairer to say that she left the introduction of anything dramatic to Lydia's choice.

Bobby soon went away and left the two women together. They went upstairs to Lydia's bedroom, and in their dressing gowns, with chairs drawn to the fire, they talked. They talked with long pauses between them. No one but Eleanor would have allowed those long silences to pass uninterrupted, but she was wise enough to know they were the very essence of companionship.

Though Eleanor asked several questions about the details of prison life, she was too wise to ask anything about the fundamental change which she felt had taken place in Lydia. She did not betray that she felt there was a change. She wondered whether Lydia knew it herself. It was hard to say, for the girl, always inexpert with verbal expressions, had become more so in the two years of solitude and contemplation. Whatever spontaneity of speech she had had was gone. She was, Eleanor thought, like a person using an unfamiliar tongue, aware of the difficulty of putting thought into words.

She could not help being touched—and a little amused—at the seriousness with which Lydia mentioned her late companions; Lydia, who had always been so selective about her own friends and so scornful about everybody else's. She spoke of Evans, the pallid little thief, as if light had flowed from her as from an incarnation of the Buddha. Seeing that Lydia had caught some reflection of the thought, Eleanor thought it better to put it into words.

"Now, don't tell me, my dear," she said, "that you, too, have discovered that all criminals are pure white souls."

"Just the opposite. All pure white souls are criminals—all of us are criminals at heart. The only way not to be is to recognize the fact that you are. It's a terrible idea at at first—at least it was to me. It was like going through death and coming out alive." Lydia paused, staring before her, and anyone in the world except Eleanor would have thought she had finished; but Eleanor's fine ear caught the beat of an approaching idea. "But it's such a comfort, Nell, to belong to the tribe—such a relief. And I should never have had it if it had not been"—she hesitated, and Eleanor's heart contracted with a sudden fear that the name of O'Bannon was about to enter—"if it had not been for my accident."

Eleanor was not sure that Lydia had deliberately avoided the name. What, she wondered, was left of that unjust and bitter hatred? She could not detect a trace of bitterness anywhere in Lydia's nature to-night. But then she had always had those moments of gentleness.

Presently Miss Bennett came in to say in her old, timid, suggestive manner that it was late—she hated to interrupt them, but she really did think that Lydia ought to go to bed. Lydia got up at once. "I suppose I ought," she said. "It's been an exciting day for me."

Eleanor noted that such a suggestion from Miss Bennett in old days would have meant that Lydia would have felt it her duty to stay up another hour.

"I have to, my dear," she would have said, "or else Benny would be trying to coerce me in every detail of my life."

XVI

THE next morning at the regular prison hour Lydia woke with a start. She had been aware for some time of a strange, unaccountable roaring in her ears. She looked about her, surprised to see that the light of dawn was not falling through a tall barred aperture at the head of her

bed, but was coming across a wide carpeted room from two chintz-curtained windows. Then she remembered she was at home; the roaring was the habitual sound of a great city; the room was her bedroom in her own town house. It seemed less familiar to her, less homelike than her cell. She put out her hand to the satin coverlet and the sheets, softer than satin.

The physical sensation of the contact was delicious, and yet there was something sad about it too. It was the thought of her late companions that made her sad, as if she had deserted them in trouble.

It would be two hours or more before Eleanor and Benny would be awake. She flung her arms above her head and lay back, thinking. She mustn't let them cherish her as if she were a wounded, stricken creature. She was more to be envied now than in the old fighting days, when all her inner life had been a sort of poisoned turmoil. No one had pitied her then.

Her plan had been not to be too hasty in arranging her new life, which she knew must include work—work in connection with prisoners. But now she saw she mustn't waste a minute. She must have work at once to take her away from herself. She could hardly face the coming day—everyone considering her and that detestable ego of hers, asking her what she wanted to do. She must have a routine immediately. She was not strong enough yet to live without one. Only, one thing must take precedence of everything else—a pardon for Evans. She could not bear to remain at liberty with Evans still serving a sentence. With that accomplished, she could go forward in peace. In peace? As she thought of it she knew that there was one corner of her mind where there was not and never would be peace. Only last evening, in the first happiness of being at home, the thought of O'Bannon's name had threatened to destroy it.

And now he was in her mind, holding it without rivals. The moment had come when her hatred of him could find expression. It needn't be a secret dream, like a child's fairy story. She needn't suppress it—she could act. If she had not been such a coward last evening she would have named him and gone boldly on and found out from Eleanor where he was, what he was doing, what was his heart's desire. Perhaps if she had put her questions frankly Eleanor would not have told her; but it would not be difficult to deceive so doting a friend of his. Eleanor could easily be persuaded that his victim had been so tamed and crushed in prison that she had come to admire him, to look differently on the world.

Suddenly Lydia sat straight up in her bed. And hadn't she changed? In the old days she had never felt with more bitter violence than she was feeling now. The excitement of her revenge had wiped out every other interest. The flame of her hatred had destroyed the whole structure of her new philosophy. She sat up in her bed and wrung her hands. What could she do? What could she do? The mere thought of that man changed her back into being the woman she hated to be. She would rather die than live as herself, but how could she help thinking of him when the idea of injuring him was more vivid, more exciting, than any other idea in the world? She had come out of prison resolved that her first action would be to get a pardon for Evans, and here she was forgetting Evans, forgetting her obligations and her remorse, forgetting everything but a desire to wound and destroy. He had the power to make her what she loathed to be. Her room was at the back of the house, and the sun, finding some chink between the houses behind the Thorne house, crept in under the shades and began moving slowly across the plain, dark, velvet carpet. It had time to move some distance while she sat there immovable, unaware of her surroundings.

Gradually she came to see that she must choose between the two. Either she must give up forever the idea of revenging herself on O'Bannon or she must give up all the peace and wisdom that she had so painfully learned—she had almost lost it already, and she had not been twenty-four hours out of prison.

An hour later Eleanor was wakened by the opening of her door. Lydia was standing at the foot of her bed, grasping the edge of it in her two white hands. It was Eleanor's first good look at her in the light of day. She was startled by Lydia's beauty—a kind of beauty she had never had before. No one could now have likened her to a picture by Cabanel of the Star of the Harem. Everything sleek and hard and smooth had gone. She looked more like the picture of some ravaged, pale Spanish saint, still so young that the inner struggle had molded without lining her face. She stood staring at Eleanor, her dark hair standing out about her face and her pale dressing gown defining the beautiful line of her shoulders as she raised them, pressing her hands down on the foot of the bed.

"Well, my dear, good morning," was Eleanor's greeting, though she was not unaware that something emotional was in the air.

"Eleanor," began the other, her enormous tragic eyes fixed now, not on her friend's, but on a spot on the pillow about five inches away, "there is something I want to say to you." The best agreement was silence, and Lydia went on, "I want you never to talk to me about that man—your friend—I mean O'Bannon."

"Talk of him!" exclaimed Eleanor, her first thought being, "Am I always talking of him?"

"I don't want to hear of him or think of him or speak of him."

This time Eleanor's hesitation was not entirely acquiescent.

"I can understand," she said, "that you might not want to see him, but to speak of him —— I have been thinking, Lydia, that that is one of the subjects that you and I ought to talk over—to talk out."

"No, no!" returned Lydia quickly, and Eleanor saw with surprise that it was only by leaning on her hands that she kept them from trembling. "I can't explain it to you—I don't want to go into it—but I don't want to remember that he exists. If you would just accept it as a fact, and tell other people—Benny and Bobby. If you would do that for me, Eleanor ——"

"Of course I'll do it," answered Eleanor. There was nothing else to say. The next instant Lydia was gone.

Eleanor lay quite still, trying to understand the meaning of the scene. She was often accused by her friends of coldness, of lack of human imagination, of attempting to substitute mental for emotional processes. Aware of a certain amount of justice in these accusations, she tried to atone by putting her reasoning faculty most patiently and gently at work upon the problems of those she loved. Her nature was not capable of really understanding turgidity, but she did better than most people, inasmuch as she avoided forming wrong judgments about it. She felt about Lydia now as she had once felt when O'Bannon had described to her his struggle against drinking—wonder that a person so much braver and stronger than she, Eleanor, was could be content to avoid temptation instead of fighting it.

At breakfast, which the three women had together, Eleanor saw that Lydia had regained her calm of the evening before. While they were still at table Wiley was shown in. He felt obviously a certain constraint, an embarrassment to know what to say, which he concealed under a formal professional manner. Lydia put a stop to this simply enough by getting up and putting her arms round his neck.

"I've thought so much of all you've been doing for me since I was a child," she said.

He was associated in her mind with her father. Wiley felt his eyelids stinging.

"Why, my dear child, my dear child!" he said. And he held her off to look at her as if uncertain that it was the same girl. "Well, I must say prison doesn't seem to have done you much harm."

"It's done me good, I hope," said Lydia.

She made him sit down and drink an extra cup of coffee. There was something quite like a festival in the comradeship that developed among the four of them. She began to question her visitor about the method of getting a pardon for Evans. He advised her to go and see Mrs. Galton. At the name she and Benny glanced at each other and smiled. They were both thinking of the day when Lydia had so resented the presence of the old lady in her house.

She went to Mrs. Galton's office that same morning. It occupied the second floor of an old building that looked out over Union Square. Lydia had not thought of making an appointment, and when she reached the outer office she was told that Mrs. Galton was engaged—would be engaged for some time—a member of the parole board was in conference. Would Miss Thorne wait?

Yes, Lydia would wait. She sat down on a hard bench and watched the work of the society go on before her eyes. She had some knowledge of business and finance, and she knew very soon that she was in the presence of an efficient organization; but it was not only the efficiency that charmed her—it was partly the mere business routine, which made her feel like coming home after she had been at sea. The clear impersonal purpose of it all promised forgetfulness of self. At the end of half an hour of waiting she was possessed with the desire to become part of this work. Here was a solution of her problem. When at last she was shown into Mrs. Galton's bleak little office—not half the size of Lydia's cell—her first words were not of Evans.

"Mrs. Galton," she said, "can you use me in this organization?"

Without intending the small disrespect to Mrs. Galton, it must

(Continued on Page 48)

She Had Not Cried Like This Since She Was a Little Child. It Was a Wild, Luxurious Abandonment of All Self-Control

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Five Cents the Copy From All Newsdealers. By Subscription:—$2.00 the Year. Remittances from outside the U. S. proper and Canada to be by U. S. Money Order, or Draft payable in U. S. funds, on a bank in the U. S.

To Canada—By Subscription, $2.00 the Year. Single Copies, Ten Cents.

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Subscriptions, $4.00 the Year. Remittances to be by Draft on a bank in the U. S., payable in U. S. funds.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 3, 1921

To Our Subscribers

IN SPITE of tremendous increases in the cost of paper, wages and every other item that enters into the manufacture of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, the price of the weekly was held at five cents the copy all through the war. The subscription price was, however, increased to $2.50 the year, thus eliminating the usual differential between the price of single copies and yearly subscriptions.

Wages are still at the peak of wartime heights, but there has been some decrease in the price of paper, though this is still far above prewar levels. Believing, however, that every move that tends to put business back on a normal basis is of the greatest possible value at this time, we have made the subscription price of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST $2.00 the year instead of $2.50 the year.

Tag the Reckless Motorist

SOME idea of the tremendous loss of life experienced in this country as a result of motor accidents, many of them due to reckless driving or to lack of the common decencies of the road, may be obtained from a striking statement made by Magistrate Frederick B. House, of the New York Traffic Court, to The Times of that city:

> Here in this city we kill an average of three persons a day. During the eighteen months our men were on the fighting front, when 48,000 men were killed in battle, or died of wounds received in action, 91,000 people, of whom 25,000 were children, were killed on the public highways of this country. . . . In this court alone—to show the need for more competent and careful drivers of automobiles here—we tried over 40,000 cases of traffic regulation breaches last year, and at the present pace the figure will reach 50,000 this year.

In New York City, as elsewhere, the number of fatal motor accidents has long shown a steady and alarming increase. According to Census Bureau figures the number of such fatalities in the United States during 1919 was 3808. Of this number 780 occurred in New York City alone. This was an increase of 89 over the previous year, and was more than double the number recorded in 1915.

If Magistrate House's estimate is correct, and there is no reason to suppose it is not, the death toll for the current year in his city will amount to very nearly 1100 persons. Assuming that this number bears the same ratio to the national total in 1921 that the New York figure bore to the total in 1919, application of the rule of three indicates a nationwide roll of about 5370 fatalities.

Comparison of the number of accidents at home with those in foreign cities is not particularly instructive unless it is possible to take into account the respective numbers of motors operated as well as the populations of the cities compared. And yet the statistics of traffic fatalities in Paris during 1920, which have just been made public, are not without interest. It appears that only 120 persons were killed outright during the year; and of these only 73 met death in motor accidents, 47 fatalities having been due to street cars and other vehicles. One is inclined to speculate as to whether this comparatively low death rate is due to greater care and skill on the part of French drivers or whether the Gallic custom of prosecuting persons who commit the misdemeanor of allowing themselves to be run over has not taught Parisians an agility of movement that New Yorkers have not yet learned.

State and local authorities are not blind to the evil of reckless driving, even though the progress they have made in checking it is not encouraging. Some of the obvious remedies are not within their grasp. Students of the problem are generally agreed that applicants for drivers' licenses should be required to pass a thorough road test in the presence of duly qualified inspectors. This is a step in the right direction, but in many states the number of inspectors would have to be increased tenfold in order to provide a force that could do the work in any but the most perfunctory manner. New York, for example, has only six, an absurdly small number in comparison with the task that confronts them.

Other deterrents proposed are more stringent laws and more rigorous enforcement of those already upon the statute books. The courts have been reluctant to impose prison sentences except in the most flagrant cases; but there appears to be a general disposition to hold careless or intoxicated drivers more and more strictly to account. Owners as well as drivers will probably feel the pressure of this tendency. Only a few weeks ago a Philadelphia judge was reported to have said, in effect: "Car owners should not be allowed to hire chauffeurs to do their killing for them," which was interpreted to mean that when the owner of the car is riding in it and his driver causes loss of life, the employer must bear his proper share of the legal responsibility for the accident.

Fines, especially when heavy, have some deterrent effect upon irresponsible drivers; but unfortunately it often happens that the most flagrant offenders are those who are least inconvenienced by a penalty that may be paid on the spot merely by handing over a check to the clerk of the court. There is urgent need for some entirely new and adequate form of punishment for such delinquents, and it is to the interest of every community to find it, even though the task may involve some experimentation.

Nearly a year ago an ingenious and interesting proposal was made by Mr. F. A. Skelton, of New York, in the columns of The Tribune of that city. Mr. Skelton's suggestion, with some abridgment and certain modifications, is here presented:

An act of legislature would authorize and require boards or commissions issuing licenses to furnish license tags of various distinctive forms and colors. There would be a stock pattern and color for the use of law-abiding motorists, and contrastingly different designs to be displayed by persons convicted of violation of the traffic laws. Without rescinding existing penalties for misdemeanors of the road, the act would empower the courts to compel convicted car owners to turn in their ordinary tags and to display in their stead, during the period designated by the court, one of the special penal tags which by its form and color would advertise the fact that the driver of the car had been convicted of speeding, criminal carelessness or driving while intoxicated.

Such a label would inform every traffic officer and every chauffeur on the road of the nature of the driver's offense. It would tag him as a dangerous man. The police would watch him as a suspicious character and other drivers would watch him for their own safety. His smallest transgressions would bring down upon him the wrath of the road as long as he sported the penal tag. And yet, if the humiliation proved intolerable, the motorist would always have the option of leaving his car in the garage while the ban of the court was upon it.

The essential excellence of such a system would lie in its equity. It would bear alike upon rich and poor, high and low. It would give car owners a new incentive to engage careful drivers instead of throwing upon insurance companies the whole financial consequence of mishaps. It would chasten alike the jaunty lad at the wheel of the grocer's delivery wagon, the heedless truck driver, the nighthawk taxi man, the speedy young clubman with a hard lump on his hip, the imported chauffeur and the petticoated young daredevil who burns the roads in a high-powered car.

How is Business?

"HOW is business with us?" repeated a trade authority who had been asked the inevitable question. "It has held up remarkably well, better perhaps than in most lines. But you wouldn't think so, to hear many of our people talk about it. You would think they were ruined. But here's the reason: In the boom times operators who had formerly considered themselves fortunate to make fifty dollars a week, found they were making two hundred dollars. You know what happened. They expanded their scale of living accordingly. Of course they had to have an automobile and of course the wife had to have a maid, although most of these women had never before dreamed of not doing their own work. Our business is bad when measured by abnormal standards, but not according to any standard which prevailed before the war boom."

Business has seemed worse than it actually has been because of the contrast, the comparison with wartime recklessness and extravagance. Most people are not built for retrenchment.

Expansion is an easier process than contraction. It is much easier for business men to concentrate on getting new orders at high profits and letting expenses run than to concern themselves with cutting expenses to the bone on small orders at low profits. Yet in the end one process may be as profitable as the other.

Increasing one's business is positive and constructive; economy and retrenchment are merely negative. But success for any length of time, through periods of depression as well as prosperity, seems to combine the elements of boldness and caution, of expense at one moment and economy at another. The most strikingly successful military offensives have often been preceded by Fabian tactics, by masterly retreats. Washington and Foch were not always advancing. Certainly the outstanding business enterprise is the one which cleans house quickly, which takes its medicine early and without wincing, and then goes ahead boldly.

It is often said that the companies, as well as men, who have achieved the most are those who had unwavering faith in the country. Many, perhaps most of the great fortunes have been started in bad times. Rockefeller, Carnegie, Frick and others bought out their partners when only a few people had confidence in the future. If history teaches any economic lesson clearly it is that money is to be made by buying when skies are black rather than when they are bright. "Business revivals are never recognized until they are well on their way"—to quote one of the country's leading banks—"just as now people are talking depression when it is safe to believe that its worst period is over. But we shall always have some drawback to our complete happiness. Man never is, but always to be, blest."

But faith without works is no weapon with which to fight depression. Wishing and thinking alone do not usher in prosperity. Propaganda to do this or refrain from doing that now, may help here and there in providing a constructive attitude, atmosphere and psychology. But the individual or company that yearns for larger profits must combine works with faith. To a belief in the future there must be added a down-to-the-bone organization, one which though hopeful of better times is built on lines to meet those that are even worse.

DEAD TIMBER

By Forrest Crissey

THIS is the day when the ring of the ax in dead timber is heard throughout the land. In thousands of homes it sounds strangely like a dirge, for it celebrates the passing of father from the job—the job which he has held so long that to his family and pay-roll associates he has come to seem a part of it.

A few days ago I overheard a conversation between two traveling salesmen who had been to headquarters for a session with the managing head of the house and were returning to their territories in Ohio. One was a man of sixty but still vigorous; the other a young man. There was a look of pathetic grimness on the face of the older man in marked contrast to the confident, aggressive, almost cocky gleam in the eye of his companion.

"Well," inquired the young man as they settled back in the car seat, "did the chief treat you rough?"

"No-o," came the hesitant answer, "but he gave me the coldest conversational shower bath I ever received. He showed me the ax, invited me to feel its edge, and then told me that I'd come to look to him suspiciously like dead timber, and that unless I corrected that impression by actual results, and in a mighty short time, I'd have to go. You know how mild and quiet he is. He was just the same to-day—but his temperature was below freezing and he was as sparing of his words as I've got to be of my dollars."

A Candidate for the Ax

'DID he make any suggestions?" cautiously inquired the young man.

"Yes; that I make a sudden and marked increase in my sales and my percentages, or resign. So I'm going to stand or fall on the results of the next few weeks. If I can't put my batting average up to where the house and I can get a little profit I'm gone.

"But I don't blame the chief. The men who own the house have private fortunes big enough to see them through; they could liquidate the concern, close its doors, and live in the luxury to which they are accustomed without worry for the rest of their lives. But if they continue the business they have only hard work and worry ahead of them. To make a go of it they're forced to cut out every stick of dead timber.

"Under present conditions that's absolutely logical. We know that the house has lost a big sum in the last year—enough to swallow up all its war-period profits, and then some. And that statement applies to every house in our line of trade in America. Probably the firm we work for is in better shape than most others."

Because I realized that his description covered the situation in hundreds of wholesale and jobbing houses and that the conversation which he reported is being repeated every day in head offices all over the country, I took considerable pains to get the background of this man. His situation is thoroughly typical of that in which thousands of others are just now finding themselves; the remedy which his house is attempting to apply is the kind of bitter medicine now being administered by employers all over America.

Here is what I learned about this salesman on the down grade of middle life: He has been with his house for more than twenty years and has long been accustomed to see himself in the honor squad of the topnotch salesmen representing the house. He has won the confidence of the merchants in his territory, both as to his market judgment and personal squareness.

In the house he also has a good reputation. Until quite recently he has been received with marked deference and attention on his visits to headquarters. His accounts have included relatively few trouble-makers and he has not been rated by the department heads as contentious or difficult to get along with. "Square" and "reasonable" are the words in which his methods and his attitude have been most frequently sketched by those in authority in the house. The worst criticism brought against him in the councils of the department heads has been that of late he has been growing to be a bit slack and easy-going.

During the chaotic period of the war, when getting goods from the house, not selling them to customers, was the main problem which all salesmen had to meet, he contrived to get enough merchandise into the stores of his customers to make an excellent income and to maintain a good salesmanship rank.

Those about him were making easy money and plenty of it. On the road he met scores of salesmen who were dipping into things on the side and making killings. But he held aloof from speculative ventures and invested his surplus—and also his expectations—in a farm. He assumed that his substantial income was going to continue almost indefinitely. In his twenty years with the house it had shown an almost uniform increase from year to year; why should he expect it to fall off? And the farm, which was worked by a share tenant under his own general supervision, was increasing in value from season to season.

Sitting Very Pretty

ALTOGETHER, he considered that he was sitting very pretty; he was one of the older salesmen of a house which held a commanding position in the trade; he had long been among the topnotchers on the monthly roll of honor; he was entitled to retire on a liberal pension any moment he might so elect; the respect and deference with which he was received at the house and by the men who owned and

(Continued on Page 36)

"HERE'S YOUR HAT, MISTER!"

FACE TO FACE

"I Think I am About Three Minutes of Age. I Never Knew I Was Living Until ——"

By Edwin Lefèvre

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

VI

AT BREAKFAST the next morning Junior was informed that Sarah had left on the 9 45 train the night before. He displayed a Spartan fortitude that naturally annoyed his father, who said accusingly: "Think of it! She arrived at 2:30 this morning and at seven o'clock she was probably on the job. By this time she may be half through ——"

"I hope not," murmured Junior.

"Damnation!" cried Mr. Jones.

"Why, father!" Junior looked at his father reproachfully

"You are right, my son," said Mr. Jones quietly. "I beg your pardon."

Junior flushed. "Say, dad ——" he began with an apologetic amile.

"I should have known what to expect from you after twenty-five years. Sarah was right."

Junior looked at his father meditatively. Then he deliberately said, "I'll do it."

"Do what?"

"I'll do nothing regularly, systematically, at fixed hours."

Mr. Jones ceased operations on the bacon and eggs, rose and left the room.

Bob the butler looked expectantly at his real master, but Junior was looking at the uneaten breakfast on his father's plate. Finally he shook his head.

"They're like that," Bob assured him tranquilizingly. "They go nutty every so often. But they get over it. I think that trip you were thinking of—to the coast ——"

Junior shook his head.

"No," he said. "I'd have to ask him for money."

"Oh, he's a good sport, major." Bob did justice to Mr. Jones.

But Junior was thinking of Mr. Jones' words, and hers.

"Bob," he asked abruptly, "what is a regular loafer?"

"Oh, they probably mean a hobo, major."

"No. Hobos don't have fixed hours. Where do regular loafers do business, Bob?"

"Mostly on the park benches, this weather, sir."

"That's what she said, herself. Me for the office," said Junior enthusiastically.

He arose, whistling, and walked upstairs. In front of his room he saw the vacuum cleaner at work on the hall.

"You bet your life!" he muttered to himself.

He found an old hat, considered for a moment the advisability of donning a regular loafer's business suit, gave up the idea and stepped briskly out of the house.

He walked to Central Park. It was early—not yet ten—but the vehicular traffic was surprisingly heavy. Motors by the hundreds passed him—limousines carrying men who suggested both great wealth and untidy finger nails, and women who suggested merely the ownership of many utterly unnecessary things. Also people whose sight-seeing eyes instantly convicted them of being strangers in New York. Occasionally a taxi or two passed, with human beings.

There were many pedestrians—old men walking inelastically, doomed to die ten years ahead of time by having to guard their millions; and heavy-gaited old women, also doomed to die ten years ahead of time by having to scrub floors. Nurses with children they had not borne nodded to maids with dogs they did not love; also the usual hordes seeking air without dust and sunlight without shade, and having to pay for both in unemployed dollars. And here and there a regular loafer, taking God's kindness as a matter of course.

Men sat on the benches reading newspapers while the unseen sky burned blue above them; and women looked at the passing vehicles and at the pedestrians and at the other benches—at everything and everybody excepting the azure splendor of the heavens, probably because it did not cost anything to look at so much beauty. In short, New Yorkers in the act of being New Yorkers, in the act of complacently hearing the cacophonies of the metropolis, in the act of not hearing the message of the birds and the leaves or the gossip of the breeze that had so much to tell about its travels that it began long before it reached the park benches.

To Junior it represented the great and beautiful outdoors. He saw the trees and they made him think of the vast woods, of his hunting days and his fighting days—and his dreaming days also. He saw lawns and remembered they were what he had most craved to see when he first gazed on the desolation of the war. He saw the sky—plenty of elbowroom up there, room for flying, room for everybody.

He filled his chest with the freshness of the morning. It was as though he breathed with sets of lungs he had never suspected he possessed, cells that never before had been fully oxygenated. And somewhere within him a receiver was busy taking in the incessant wireless messages that came from everything outdoors on that bright spring day. The vibrations were kindly. They filled him with a desire to share the joy of the world with the rest of the world by living at high speed; rhythmically, as the rest of the world was doing.

The martial music of galloping hoofs made him look up. A girl with a cameo profile and high color cantered by on a beautiful horse, black as her hair, which was as black as her hat. She turned her Roman-coin head enough to give him a quick glance with her bright, incurious black eyes. Her lips were very red. He was sure they were lips that, when they smiled at all, smiled haughtily.

He crossed the bridle path and walked until he came to the main drive. He turned southward because that was the way the traffic went, until he realized that if he went much farther he would be on Fifty-ninth Street and exposed to friends' greetings. He turned on his heel and walked northward. He saw Puss Holden driving his new racer, which looked like a steel dachshund. Puss did not see him, but Junior decided to take no more chances; so he turned sharply from the carriage drive into a path that serpentined its way upward among some huge outcroppings of rock.

He came upon an empty bench and sat down, not because he was tired but because it was a bench and was empty and all the other benches were occupied; the contagion of example.

He looked about him. The bushes and shrubs were leafing out vigorously, aggressively, as if they were doing it competitively. The shade, varied by all the greens, was fresh and clean and suggested tenderness.

On a bench across the way a little to the north of him sat two girls. One was knitting. It was a very small garment, but she was forever counting the rows of stitches and holding it up before her to measure it. Junior perceived that she had a wedding ring and that also every time she held up the unfinished jacket—of a beautiful pale-blue worsted—she smiled tenderly. A beautiful girl! He was certain that she habitually spoke in a low, sweet voice.

Beside her sat a girl of seventeen, who was reading fast, and she often opened her lips and gasped as if to catch her breath after the sprint. Once the knitter had to speak to her three times, to make her hear.

He could see that they were sisters. The older knit pensively; the younger read away, from time to time catching her breath with that entrancing little gasp; she was particularly flowerlike, and had small feet and trim ankles and silken hose and ——

Junior suddenly blinked his eyes; he did not wish to see them, remembering other ankles!

He did not cease to frown until a gray squirrel came to ask him in vain for peanuts and, disappointed, rushed to tell a colleague all about it. The second squirrel didn't

(Continued on Page 24)

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELLS SOUPS

Do you relish good beans?

Beans that are hearty and rich and tasty? Beans made all the more delicious by their tomato sauce, right from the heart of the luscious, red fruit plucked in sunny Jersey fields? If you enjoy such beans, sit down today to a heaping plateful of Campbell's Beans. A real treat is in store for you!

12 cents a can

Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

Campbells' BEANS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 22)

care to listen and ran up an oak tree, followed by the first, which was much the larger and fiercer. The fugitive climbed as high as it could and chattered with terror. Escape being impossible it awaited death, trembling.

Junior stood up to stop the massacre, when the pursued suddenly rushed down the tree past the pursuer. Then it stupidly stood on its hind legs and waited at the foot of the tree.

"Run, you little beggar!" shouted Junior.

The two girls on the opposite bench turned, looked at him, followed his gaze and watched the squirrels.

Junior turned red. He had mistaken the squirrels' honeymoon for a feud! Junior turned his eyes away from the newly wed squirrels and felt lonesome.

An old man on the next bench to the left was reading a newspaper. He was gray-haired and had heavy gray mustaches. His pipe had gone out. Beside him sat an old woman. Both were plainly dressed. She said something to him. No answer. She spoke again. He stopped reading, put down the paper, listened, nodded, and took her right hand in his left.

Both of them were smiling broadly. They were looking at a pair of sparrows. The mother bird was all for building the nest, and father was all for putting it off until he could prove to his own satisfaction how much he really cared for her. She remonstrated—a purely perfunctory "Don't, dear." But he chirruped away earnestly, swearing she was the only one he ever really cared for, though he had imagined when he was very young —— She flew away in search of building material, and he flew with her, telling her there was plenty of time. A human being of that sex, Junior thought, would have been annoyed, but Mrs. Sparrow was a good-tempered thing and coaxed until her husband darted away and came back with one horsehair. He looked rushed to death.

"Oh, you regular man, you!" cried the old woman. And her husband nodded and squeezed her hand; and Junior turned away his head.

A boy of sixteen sat beside a girl of not over fourteen. He was talking animatedly and she was listening rapturously. From time to time she nodded, in hearty agreement with every single one of his fourteen points. Presently his hand sneaked toward hers and rested on it—accidentally. And it stayed—accidentally. She was utterly unaware of it. Then there was no more make-believe. He resolutely took her hand in his and slid toward her. She slid toward him. They sat so close to each other that Junior smiled. If you had watched young Major Jones' smile you would have seen amusement shade into approval until the approval was tinged quite distinctly with envy.

The sky overhead was so blue that Junior, becoming aware of it, marveled. He felt that he would like not to rise but to sink upward into the azure abyss. The light would then fill his system and he up there would look down upon green grass—an emerald rug for somebody's feet. He would like to see the trees waving when the breeze kissed them. This matter of kissing ——

"Great Scott!" cried Junior, and jumped to his feet. Then: "I beg your pardon!" he said to the woman he nearly had knocked down.

She dropped a sketchbook and many of the leaves fell out. He picked them up, one by one, chasing them madly as the kissing breeze scattered them. He recovered all but one and hurriedly returned them to their owner. There was a flash that made him see blue skies, summer seas, gems, velvets, ripe fruit and sunbeams all in one. Then he dashed after the last fluttering vagrant, which eluded the benchers who tried to seize it. It swerved sharply to the right, mindful of the curious American rules of the road, and lodged in some shrubs. It happened to be a clump of lilac bushes in full bloom. He captured the errant sheet and looked toward the owner. She was fully a hundred yards away, but he could tell!

He gazed quickly, alertly, all about him. Nary a cop in sight! He broke off a sprig of lilac and returned to her.

He was not aware that he was walking. If somebody had told him that the ground slid toward him with her on it, on the endless-belt principle, he would not have denied it.

All of her came toward him. She was smiling eagerly. He never before had seen lips in his life; nor teeth, nor cheeks, nor eyes, nor hair, nor the most wonderful everything in the world. Never!

He tingled. He was thinking—a million a minute. Oh, no, not thoughts. Any idiot can do that. But wishes! A poet astride a hurricane on the way to heaven!

It was in his heart and in his soul and in his blood and in his head. It got into his larynx.

"We both thank you, miss," he said, bowing, and gave her the vagrant sheet and the sprig of lilac.

"It was not worth so much trouble," she said, and poured an ocean of it into his soul, using her two eyes as spouts.

"Oh, we felt so grateful that I forgot to apologize for my stupidity. I did not see you. If I had I—we—would not have been able to thank you for the privilege."

"We?" she echoed.

"The lilac bush and I—ah—Miss —— Please, will you—ah—sit down? Here is a very nice place."

"I do not understand," she asserted, no longer smiling.

"I—I am afraid some of the leaves may be missing. I am sure they are valuable. Please sit down while you look. You must not think I mean—I am —— Oh, I'm talking like an ass!"

She laughed. "No, you're not," she said. "But I am sure there's none missing."

"I—I really—please look again and—then please allow me to say something."

"I am sure all the sketches are here."

"But you haven't counted them."

"I saw you pick up every one of them."

"That being the case, won't you sit down?"

His voice trembled because he was looking at her. Her eyes were steady, frank, clean—the sky on those rare days when there cannot be the slightest doubt about the kindness of the Sky Maker.

"Why should I sit down?" she asked.

"Why should you sit down?" he echoed, and wondered that she did not know.

But she persisted, "Yes. Why?"

"So that I could ask you a question."

"Why should you ask me a question?"

"So that I can hear the answer. Will you not be good enough to sit down?"

"Will that be being good enough?"

"It cannot be possible that you mistake me for—for—the kind of man that my kind of man does not allow to annoy your kind of girl. I—I—merely wish to ask ——"

"Ask!" she said unsmilingly.

"Not standing. I couldn't!"

"You must be much younger than you look," she said, and sat down. "Are you?"

"I think I am about three minutes of age. I never knew I was living until —— Please!" he said hastily, seeing her frown. "Let me ask my question."

"I told you to ask it," she said coldly.

It upset him so that he did not know what he should ask her in lieu of the original question, which he now was afraid to ask. He looked about, happened to see the old couple on the next bench and then: "Ah, do you think they have been married over forty years?"

She followed his gaze, saw the couple, turned to him and said, "How should I know?"

"You see," he explained desperately—"er—they seem very happy. I have watched them all morning. I—I was very lonesome and it made me feel ——"

He did not think he could go on while she looked at him; but he did:

"The question I really was going to ask was whether you were an artist. And then I thought it was too personal and it wasn't any of my business anyway, and—and I was afraid. And—and that's all."

He looked at her, frankly penitent.

She smiled slightly, ceased to smile and answered pleasantly: "I hope to be an artist some day. These are

(Continued on Page 26)

"About What Your Eyes Put a Man in Mind Of. It Isn't Skies; It's Wells"

Now Ready

A handy box of 5 Robt. Burns Invincibles (foil wrapped) for 75c

Try this New way

of carrying a pocket full of Robt. Burns Cigars

HERE IS A NEW and special packing of Robt. Burns Cigars (Invincible size—individually foil wrapped). This stout, handy box of 5 is just the right size to slip into your coat pocket.

For golf, motoring, the baseball game or any other outing, this handy package is a perfect and convenient way of carrying Robt. Burns.

Robt. Burns Invincible is a handsome, full-size cigar—filled from end to end with Havana leaf of the highest quality.

If you cannot secure this package from your dealer kindly send us his name and address on the coupon at the right (together with 75c) and we will mail you one of these packages. We will then see that your dealer is supplied to meet your future requirements.

General Cigar Co., INC.
NATIONAL BRANDS
NEW YORK CITY

GENERAL CIGAR CO., Inc
119 West 40th St.,
New York City

My dealer's name and address is

_____

_____

He does not yet carry Robt. Burns Invincibles in the box of 5. I enclose 75c. Please send me one of these handy packages.

Name _____

Address _____

_____ SEP

Robt. Burns Cigar

(Continued from Page 24)

only sketches of certain objects in the Metropolitan Museum."

"Do you sketch all the time?" he asked.

"Every morning from ten to twelve," she answered.

Knowing now what to do, he said in his best business voice, "That is a much better occupation than—than others."

"Well, as a matter of fact it is really a gamble with me," she said.

"A gamble!" he echoed delightedly. That was the kind of girl he thought she might be.

"I think so. But I will not bore you any longer, Mr.——"

"Jones," he said eagerly.

Her face instantly changed.

"I have no desire," she said coldly, "to know your real—any of your names, Mr. Jones."

She walked away from him quickly.

James J. Jones Junior took three steps after her before he decided that he could not follow to explain to her.

On the next day she would probably pass by. No! It would be, alas, Sunday. But surely on Monday. And if on Tuesday he did not see her he would go to the Metropolitan Museum Wednesday morning before the doors were open and sit on the steps to wait for her to appear. He would compel her to listen to his explanation.

"Systematic work is the only winner," he said to himself. From ten to twelve at the museum. Every day!

He regretted mildly that he did not know her name; but what particularly exasperated him was that he no longer remembered her features in detail. It was very curious! All that remained of her with him was the consciousness that she was the most beautiful girl in the world.

Suddenly the sky ceased to be blue, and all the people, young and old, married and single, vanished.

Junior was alone in Central Park!

In Timallenville the extinguisher of the sun was raising Cain with a lot of chaps who, being gentlemen, doubtless cursed the fact that she was a woman and could not have her block knocked off.

"Why couldn't I meet this one before I made an ass of myself?" asked Junior.

Of the countless thousands who have asked that question since the world began, not one has ever stopped to listen to any other answer than his own remarks. And since the world began, those remarks have never been fit to print.

VII

AT BREAKFAST on Monday morning Mr. Jones asked Junior, "Have you heard from Sarah?"

"Who, me?" asked Junior, using the detected husband's usual verbal maneuver to gain time.

"Yes, you!"

"Why should I hear from her?"

"Why shouldn't you hear from your wife?"

Junior stood up, his face hot and red. Then he sat down and stared at the huge moose antlers on the opposite wall. He had shot it when he was barely nineteen. He remembered Bob Edmunds, the guide, and the advice: "Don't get het up and don't get no cold feet. Take a long, deep breath and just think of what's going to happin when you're good an' ready."

He took a long, deep breath; then he said: "Dad, I think you and I have made the worst mistake of our lives. Sarah is not my wife and she never will be."

"You shouldn't say that."

"Why not?"

"No gentleman ever wishes. Moreover, never is a long time."

"I did not mean never," acknowledged Junior; "I really meant only as long as I live."

"I can stand much but I don't think I could bear to see you change into a whiner." Mr. Jones spoke almost glacially.

"There are men who have committed murder rather than whine," observed Junior pensively. For some reason or other he saw the girl in the park and her eyes, and he went on, "I am systematically considering a—er—ah—situation!"

"You are what?" frowned Mr. Jones.

"Considering a situation."

"You talk like a chambermaid thinking of making a change."

"Making a change!" repeated Junior, thrilled by the vision of the swap. "I wish I could!"

"I trust you do not mean ——" began Mr. Jones, so seriously that Junior quickly cut in, "I know! I know!"

Mr. Jones hesitated. Then he spoke wistfully:

"Son, I wish you had gone with Sarah. She—she really needs help."

"I thought she was so efficient."

"She is. But she's alone. She has a right to expect ——"

"Look here, dad," interrupted Junior sharply.

He thought of the veiled woman's fight against whiners and cowards, ignorance and greed, and of the need of a strong man and a square man and an able man and a young man and—and he did not finish. Mr. Jones hesitated and also changed his mind.

"Good morning, son," he said, and walked away quickly.

In order not to think of his grievances as he himself saw them, or of his duty as his father perceived it, Junior remained in the dining room reading the morning papers. He was conscientiously reading an article about the reason why the price of silver bullion had risen to a point where it paid the thrifty citizen to melt silver dollars in order to get more than one dollar for each dollar, when Bob the butler walked in and said, "I beg pardon, major, but there is a telephone call for Mr. Jones."

"Me or my father?"

"I asked, and Central said if a man by the name of Jones lived here that was the man wanted."

Junior went to the telephone.

"Jones speaking."

It was too late to retreat when the one voice that he could never fail to recognize said, "Is that you, Uncle James?"

"He's gone to the bank."

"Hold on!" she cried before he could hang up the receiver.

"Yes! Yes!"

"On my desk in my room upstairs there is a little red-leather memorandum book. Please put it in an envelope—not a package, a stamped envelope!—and also put a special-delivery stamp on it. Mail it to me here. If you hurry you can make the noon mail. Send the butler to the Grand Central Station. Tell him to drop it in the train-mail chute. If he can't find it let him ask one of the station men. Thank you. Good-by."

She hung up. Junior rose, walked slowly to the next floor and opened the door of his wife's room and walked in. Her bedroom! There was a certain primness about the furniture that impressed him disagreeably. It was as if the arrangement had been conducted by a mathematician working with a foot rule in his hand, and in his heart a passion for equal spacing.

There was no desk in sight. He opened the door that led into the front room, which, he assumed, was her dressing room. He passed through the short closet-lined corridor that connected the two rooms. His wife's dressing room was an office! There were filing cabinets with initials on the drawers, a bookcase and a long table, on which were neatly piled catalogues and printed circulars, a scratch pad, a half dozen sharpened pencils and a pencil sharpener. On stands near by were a typewriter and a dictation machine.

By the window was a flat desk, where the dressing table should have been. He saw a calendar—with the date of three days before. That would have irked her orderly soul. Before he knew it he tore off the useless dates—and smiled when he thought of what he had done. Then he saw the little red memorandum book. He picked it up.

It opened of its own accord. He saw shorthand signs and figures, most of the latter preceded by dollar signs.

He opened the top drawer on one side of the desk and found stamped envelopes, marked:

After five days return to
Henderson Mfg. Co.
Timallenville, Conn.

and below that, rubber-stamped in red:

PRESIDENT'S OFFICE

He sat down to address the envelope. He was in doubt whether to send it to the company or to her. Then he wrote slowly:

Mrs. James J. Jones, Jr.,
Henderson Manufacturing Co.,
Timallenville, Conn.

It was as though by writing that name he had acknowledged and subtly strengthened her right to make him unhappy!

His wife!

He thought. Then, unaware that he was thinking aloud, he said, "I'll say I was!"

He frowned, put the book in the envelope, sealed it and left the room.

"Bob," he called from the head of the stairs.

"Yes, sir."

"Take this to Grand Central Station and drop it in the letter box that says 'Train mail.' Before you do it put a special-delivery stamp on it. Please go right away."

"Yes, sir." Bob came quickly after the letter and the half dollar. He asked, "Will you be at home for luncheon, sir?"

"Yes. I shall go out now, but I shall be back in time."

"Very well, sir."

Junior walked out of the house toward the park. The trees always attracted him.

He thought of himself. He therefore thought of his wife. That inevitably made him think of his asininity, which made him think of his hard luck, which made him think of the lilac girl.

Every day she went to the Metropolitan Museum and gambled!

She probably meant she was painting something that she hoped to sell. It made him uncomfortable to think of the lilac girl starving to death.

He walked briskly toward the bench from which he had watched the sparrows and the squirrels and the two girls and the old couple and the kids. He looked at his watch. It lacked twenty minutes of ten o'clock, but that was no reason why he should slacken his gait.

His bench was occupied by an elderly man who was reading the Staats-Zeitung. His impulse was to tell the man to get out of there. But that would not do. The scoundrel had made himself too old to strike; however, go he must. How?

Junior sat down beside the German and drummed meditatively on the bench. The man looked up, frowned racially, glared, and turned his back on the noise maker.

James J. Jones Junior shrilly whistled Turkey in the Straw and drummed with both hands on the bench while one of his feet beat rhythmically and loudly on the hard asphalt path.

The German rose and moved away. One hand held the Staats-Zeitung and the other was clenched tight.

Junior resumed his nature studies in silence.

It was another wonderful day. The sparrows had settled down to house building, friend husband no longer seeking to distract his spouse. The squirrels were not visible. The air was much warmer and the leaves seemed to be growing larger by the second. The breeze was blowing toward him from the lilac bushes. It brought the scent of the blossoms to him, and that brought the recollection of the girl to whom he had given a sprig.

Now that he remembered the girl's face and thought of the park ordinance that he had broken when he had given her that sprig, he was not only astonished but annoyed at his moderation.

He quickly turned his head toward the south. Nobody was in sight. Somebody must soon come in sight. He was willing to wait.

He observed that the clouds were few and high—a fine day for flying. He never before had noticed that the sky was the second-bluest thing in the world. He thought of a parachute. Then he thought that to drop into the bluer sky of her eyes he would not want a parachute. He would fall miles and miles kerflop into her heart and, sinking up to the neck in sheer bliss, he would ——

"I'll be damned!" said James J. Jones Junior aloud to himself, and began to laugh. His neighbors on the other benches, recognizing the symptom, turned their eyes toward him, then toward the south, and nodded understandingly.

There she was! Junior half rose to his feet, then sat down again and looked unconcerned. He wondered what he should say to her in a most respectful tone of voice.

It was not she! It was an infernal hag of nearly thirty. Brown-eyed idiot! She had plagiarized smooth pink cheeks and a springy step.

Other women came up that path exclusively to annoy him. It was 10:45; and no blue-eyed gambler who made him think of lilacs and other things! He grew despondent. She did not go every day to the Metropolitan Museum. Still, he looked again.

No! That could not be she! However, it must be a pretty one, because she walked so gracefully and easily—a self-reliant stride, elastic with youth. The figure—in dark blue—was charming. But the face

(Continued on Page 28)

YOU'LL notice that the Hupmobile 'gets away' ahead of the crowd as easily and surely as it settles down to a long, lugging pull.

Hupmobile owners get so much more in pick-up and power that it's no wonder they are enthusiasts—especially when you stop to think that they invariably pay less for gas and oil and repairs.

(Continued from Page 26)

could not possibly be so lovely as the face of the lilac girl. In all Central Park and the rest of the world there was only one such face—and this was it!

He rose and raised his hat politely. She looked quickly at him—surprised, annoyed.

"Good morning, miss. I—I have waited here since day before yesterday to—to apologize to you."

She looked at him, slightly puzzled.

"My name is Jones," he said.

She nodded the merest nod and was about to move on when he said desperately, "One moment, please! I—I—you have made it impossible for me to go to the Metropolitan to—to study the—ah—paintings. On your account!"

"On my account?" she frowned.

"Yes, because if I should accidentally run across you you would think I—I was doing it to—to annoy you. I am dreadfully fond of art."

"I don't work in the picture galleries, so you can go as often as you wish."

"Please don't be offended, miss, but it comes kind of hard after having so many pals around you in France—and in Poland ——"

"Oh, were you in the service?"

He nodded. The reason he didn't answer with words was that she was looking at him with sympathetic eyes.

"What branch?"

"Air."

"Oh, did you—er—fly?"

James J. Jones Junior, American ace, instead of philosophizing on fame, nodded guiltily.

"A—a little."

"Were you in an actual fight?"

"Yes, ma'am!"

"Tell me about it," she said eagerly and sat down. "Sit down."

He did—on his last vertebra.

"Tell me all about it," she said again.

He turned as red as a beet. He didn't dare! Then he quite cold-bloodedly asked, "All about what?"

"Your experiences. I am sure you must have medals and crosses." Her eyes sparkled so that the sky positively made him sick. Copy cat!

"Well, you see," he answered uncomfortably, "some of the fellows were lucky and others were not."

"I am sure you deserved them," she told him.

If sympathy and patriotism together with that face and that figure did not constitute perfection, what in blazes did?

He shook his head. He meant that the combination could not be beaten.

She misunderstood the shake and said softly, "Never you mind. What counts is doing one's duty for the sake of doing it."

It was all he could do to nod.

"You're a Westerner, of course," she said.

He hesitated. He wished to please her, but also he wished to tell her the truth—always!

"I—I lived on a ranch, ma'am," he truthfully told her. Five weeks, when he was sixteen. He continued to tell the truth: "I broke horses." So he had. Two. The second one threw him and they shipped him back home in splints.

"Are you going to stay in New York?"

"I—I don't rightly know, ma'am."

The part of an embarrassed Westerner came easy to him. He felt there was something wrong somewhere, but he didn't have the time to localize the trouble.

"Are you employed here?" she asked.

He looked away. He was ashamed to tell her he was a regular loafer.

"Are you?" she persisted softly.

He shook his head slowly and would not look at her.

"Poor boy!" she murmured. Then, indignantly, "You'd think they'd do more by a real man than by a slacker." She meant the criminal employers.

"I—I haven't really begun to look for anything," he told her with a burning face. "You see, day before yesterday was the first time I was out of the house since—since I got ——." He caught himself in time

"Were you gassed?" she asked quickly.

"No, ma'am. I was—er—wounded."

"But are you entirely well now?"

Her sympathetic voice made him think both quickly and accurately

"I have to come here to the park regularly every morning for two hours. I—I—I think that possibly week after next I can start looking for something."

"Have you any friends here?" Her hand groped in her pocketbook.

"Oh, yes, ma'am," he said quickly. "I'm all right. I don't want for anything—for nothing," he corrected himself.

For the first time since they began talking she took her eyes off his face and scrutinized the rest of him.

"You don't look poverty-stricken," she confirmed coldly.

"I—I can't tell you how much you have cheered me, ma'am. I felt pretty blue. I don't want you to think that I ——" He paused.

"I don't," she said shortly.

"If I only knew somebody that you know I'd like to be introduced to you so you would know I was not ——"

"Oh, I'm not afraid of you," she said.

"Well, then, ma'am, miss ——"

He paused and looked at her inquiringly. She returned his look. They were beautiful eyes, intelligent, kindly, fearless.

"You say your name is Jones?" Her lovely eyebrows were slightly raised.

"My name is Jones," he said firmly.

"Well, then, so is mine!" And she smiled mischievously. "Isn't it nice!"

"Yes, it is," he agreed without enthusiasm.

"Well, I must hurry along. Good morning, Mr. Jones."

"Good-by, Miss—er—Miss Jones," he said and rose, his hat in his hand.

She laughed and walked away. He frowned. She turned and waved her hand at him. He laughed. She disappeared around the bend. He frowned.

Twenty-four hours was a long time to wait!

VIII

MR. JONES dined at his club that night and Junior ate alone. It was not a cheerful meal. After dinner he tried reading the evening papers and found them so uninteresting that he went up on the roof, unfolded the steamer chair and sat down.

The breeze came up from the south in a series of great warm puffs—the coming summer's somewhat premature sighs. The reddish glare of the great city's vast illumination had something sinister about it that made him dislike to see it. He looked up to get away from it.

All the stars were out, as if the beauty of the night had tempted them outdoors after a long spell of staying at home on account of the wet spring. Wonderful things, the stars! They made him think wonderful thoughts. He was not surprised that so much poetry had been written about them. He did not remember any of it, but some of it was great!

And the sky! It was always there. It would always be there—through the ages, through all space. There might be a stupendous system of skies—sky after sky repeated a million million times. Never before had he felt a sense of kinship with infinity. As a matter of fact, he had never known himself until now.

Where was the lilac girl? He knew her only in the morning light. How would her voice sound in the night air, under the friendly stars? He tried to hear it. He tried to see her face.

At ten minutes to ten he yawned. It was his first. At five minutes after one he woke up and went downstairs.

He beat his father to the breakfast table. While waiting for the tardy one he tried to read the papers. But he really did not care anything about the news.

"What?" exclaimed the astonished Mr. Jones from the door.

"Good morning, dad. You're late."

"Am I?" Mr. Jones looked at his watch in alarm. Then the banker, accused of the worst of crimes, denied indignantly, "No, I'm not. You're early."

"Very well," said Junior pacifically. "I waited for you, hungry as I was."

"Did you, son?" And Father Jones smiled gratefully. Of course Junior should have been his only daughter; but Mr. Jones did not even suspect it.

While at his grapefruit Mr. Jones asked casually, "Did you know that Sarah got back last night?"

"I'm glad to hear it," said Junior impulsively. He was glad of everything on this morning.

Mr. Jones looked quickly at his son. Then he said portentously, "I am very glad to hear what you have just said, son." Mr. Jones said it so solemnly that Junior felt sorry that he had said it.

"Yes; but ask him why he's glad," said the hated voice

Junior rose to his feet. "Good morning," he said, but without turning his head.

"I've still got my veil on," she assured him.

"That's good," he said cheerfully, and held a chair for her to sit down.

"I've had my breakfast," she announced unforgivingly.

"Good morning, my dear," said Mr. Jones pacifyingly. "I hope you had a good trip."

"I put three women in places hitherto occupied by men," she said. "The business is going to the dogs. The men all told me so. They agreed it was only what you should expect from having a woman try to do what Nature didn't intend her to do. But I'll bet I have stopped three leaks that were letting fifteen thousand dollars a year run into the Farmington River without particular benefit to that noble stream."

Junior thought that the nasal complacency of the veiled figure justified a mild wish—say, the sleeping sickness.

Mr. Jones looked as if he expected further speech from his daughter-in-law. Presently Junior heard her say, "I arranged for the bond on the Wilkinson contract. I added 10 per cent to the price for eliminating the strike clause."

"My dear, are you sure you can avert a strike?"

"No; I rather figured on one, but if we don't have one it will mean a clear profit of sixty thousand dollars. It was a good business risk. Besides, it makes it worth while. The only fun there is to business is taking chances."

This was a phase of commercial life unknown to Junior. It put a different aspect on the matter of running a factory. He looked interestedly in the direction of the brown veil, regretting that a good-looking Joan of Arc had not fallen to his lot.

He heard the catarrhal voice say, "Don't worry, my boy; I've arranged for that."

"For what?" smiled Mr. Jones, anxious to avert a battle.

"For my untimely demise. Robert!"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Go to my room and fetch me the brown-leather portfolio. It is on the long table."

"Yes, ma'am."

Bob presently returned with the portfolio.

She did not thank him, but said, "Uncle James, I have made my will and I have named the trust department of your justly famous institution my executor. I will read it to you. Please give it to Mr. Murphy for safe-keeping, with my other papers."

"My dear child!" expostulated Uncle James.

"Why that voice? I propose to live as long as the Lord and my loving husband let me."

"Sarah," said Uncle James quietly, "I think your nerves must be overwrought. I suggest a rest, my dear. Junior has said nothing to deserve the incessant—er ——"

"I would not hurt your son's feelings for anything. As a matter of fact, I have left to him everything of which I shall die possessed."

She turned to the butler and said, "I will ring when I need you."

Then she spoke to Mr. Jones. "I have left a few hundred to some of my poor relatives. They do not expect anything at all now that I am happily married."

"There you go again," remonstrated Mr. Jones rather sternly.

"I take it back. Now that I am not happily married. No, that's wrong also. Now that I have a husband. However little my relatives get now, they will be more grateful than if I had died single and left every dollar to them. Then they would have thought it merely their own returning home after a criminal delay in my safe-deposit box."

"Are they female relatives?" inquired Junior politely.

"And male. Oh, I know them. Here is the clause that follows the minor bequests."

She read:

> The residue of my estate, real and personal, I give, bequeath and devise to my husband James J. Jones Junior, to have and to hold forever unless he shall marry again, in which event two-thirds of said residue shall go to his wife as my gift to her, with the prayer that she shall be a good wife to him and never allow him to engage in work of a mercantile, financial, industrial, professional, intellectual or manual character whatsoever since said work might impair his health, and health is God's best gift to modern man. In the event of his engaging in any business having pecuniary gain for its object he shall forfeit this bequest.

She ceased to read and raised her head. Junior was again made conscious of her gaze. It was as if an invisible ray came through the veil and set something within him vibrating unpleasantly.

"My dear Sarah!" said Mr. Jones in his expostulating voice.

"My dear Uncle James," she said, "I want my husband to do what he wishes."

"I don't have to accept your bequest if I don't want to, do I?"

Junior did not like to admit to himself that the personality behind the veil now interested him. In fact, he went so far as to wonder anew whether it was really as bad as Bob the butler had intimated.

"No," she acquiesced; "but you won't be able to prevent reporters from publishing the will."

Mr. Jones Senior flushed and compressed his lips determinedly. Junior, seeing his father's face, said to him, "Do whatever Sarah wishes, dad."

"I wish you to take the will and give it to Mr. Murphy for safe-keeping," she said.

"Very well," said Mr. Jones, "but I tell you frankly that I am not happy about it."

"I'm sorry," she said in an unconvincing voice. "Here it is. Tell him I'll see him in a few days."

Mr. Jones nodded and went out.

Junior hesitated. Then he said, "You'll have to excuse me. I—er—I have a job; regular hours."

"What?"

"Yes. It's only in the forenoon, but I hope to be put on full time later. I am going about it quite systematically."

"Where is the office—in the billiard room of your club?"

"Oh, no. It's outdoor work. Excuse me, but I don't wish to be late. Good morning."

He was not quite sure, but he thought that just as he left the room she said, "I don't believe a word of it."

Perhaps she did not say it. But he was certain if she said anything at all, that was what she would say.

IX

JUNIOR went straight to the park. Two middle-aged spinsters dressed in mourning sat on the bench. It was 9:45. There was no time to lose. He sat down beside them and began to talk to himself.

"I'll just say to him, 'You're a piece of cheese, and if you open your mouth I'll cram your hat down your throat.'"

As though the vision he had conjured tickled him Junior began to laugh loudly.

A sparrow came hopping toward some crumbs intentionally scattered near the bench by Junior's predecessor. It wasn't sure of the friendliness of the new crowd and perched its head to one side inquiringly. Instead of feeling pity for the hungry bird Junior began to meow. The ladies rose precipitately and fled up the path. He saw them stop to talk to a bored policeman, who nodded respectfully, looked at Junior and again nodded at them reassuringly. The moment the two women in black moved on the policeman began to talk to a nursemaid whose sense of duty made her keep one loyal foot between the spokes of one of the wheels of the perambulator.

The cop looked about him and sat down beside her. He was a versatile chap, for he began to read her palm; and a kindly one, for she began to smile gratefully. Junior could not distinguish her features but he knew she was pretty, for he got the message of her beauty when it bounced off the policeman's face like a psychic rubber ball.

Junior turned and looked southward enviously. Nothing! The same old blue sky and the same old buildings and the same old sunlight and the same old trees. No lilac girl!

The cop sauntered by and gave Junior a sharp look.

"Officer" — and Junior looked him straight in the eye—"does that nurse girl come to this spot every day at the same hour?"

"No," said the policeman. "She skips Sundays." He looked keenly at Junior.

"I know you, sir," he said. "You are ——" He frowned, because he could not remember the name of the man whose face was so familiar to him.

"You can't place me, can you? Well, if you should remember you don't have to tell my name to anybody. Ah—good morning, officer."

Junior had seen the lilac girl. She was still fifty yards away when he rose to his feet. The policeman looked at him, looked at the girl, looked at Junior again, and began to laugh fraternally.

(Continued on Page 30)

The Good Maxwell

Families in every community now think of the good Maxwell in terms of a household necessity. Its new goodness is revealed in the real savings it makes and the efficient way it serves.

MAXWELL MOTOR CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICH.
MAXWELL MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD., WINDSOR, ONTARIO

MAXWELL

Jim Henry's Column

The Truth

I suppose the reason people are so discreet in telling the truth is because it is usually the part of a statement which is most doubted.

A man wrote me the other day that he believed everything else I had ever said about Mennen Shaving Cream because he had proved it, but that he nevertheless still rates me a first-class liar because I keep insisting that Mennen's works as well with cold water as with hot. He said he hadn't tried it and wasn't going to, but it didn't stand to reason that a cold water shave could satisfy.

No doubt thousands of men refuse to take my word for it that Mennen's does not have to be rubbed in with fingers—shouldn't be rubbed in—is actually less efficient when rubbed in.

Just because of their skepticism these men go on, morning after morning, mussing themselves all up, getting pajama sleeves full of lather and irritating their skins with finger friction, when a single trial would convince them that Mennen brush-built lather will so prostrate a beard that a heavy duty razor actually loses traction and skids.

While we are on this subject of truth in advertising I want to express an abstract thought: What chance would I have to get away with claims for imaginary virtues of Mennen's? Advertising doesn't hypnotize your beard nor anæsthetize your hide.

As a matter of fact, any favorable impression which my moderate statements may have established in your mind will seem almost negative compared with the actualities of your first joyous shave with Mennen's.

and afterwards— Mennen Talcum for Men —it doesn't show

As children say, I haven't told you the half of it. Why not send 15 cents for my demonstrator tube and end the suspense?

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

(Continued from Page 28)

The same old sky became the same great jewel seen through a golden haze—as though a huge mill were grinding gold into the finest of flour and clouds of the dust had drifted with the breeze into the park.

Junior looked for an answering smile on her face, but she was looking straight ahead. When she came within hailing distance he said, "Good morning, Miss—er—Jones."

"Oh, good morning!" she said, beholding him for the first time.

Queer birds, these artists!

He walked toward her. By looking straight into his eyes she did not have to see his outstretched hand; and therefore she did not have to take it; and therefore she was not put on the defensive. He perceived all this in one-tenth of a second.

It made him say respectfully, "I should like to ask you a question—er—about artists."

"What is it?"

"Do you think that sketching inanimate objects indoors is as beneficial to the education of an earnest art student as working outdoors on a day like this?"

"I do not exactly get that," she said perplexedly.

"I mean, would not your—er—sense of color develop more quickly by studying the—ah—shadows under those trees, as seen from this bench?"

"The sense of color might," she admitted.

"Does that mean that you will sit down?"

"Does it?"

"I am respectfully asking you," he said.

"You are," she said unsmilingly, "the most respectful Jones I ever listened to."

"Such being the case," he said, "could I still respectfully ask you another question?"

She laughed and sat down.

"It is a wonderful thing," he said earnestly, "that you should be so kind and at the same time so"—he saw the look on her face in time and dexterously proceeded with scarcely a pause—"so devoted to your work. I wish I were an artist!" He looked to see if she believed it.

"Have you an aunt?" she asked.

"An aunt?" he echoed.

"Yes, an aunt. A sister of your father's or of your mother's."

"No," he said; "I have no aunt."

"Then you couldn't be the kind of artist that I am, no matter how much you wished it."

"I don't understand that," he said.

"I am sorry, but it is a fact. I am only a student, you know."

After this confession she looked at him. He looked at her.

They were perfectly wonderful! A year's sinking, and then death by drowning in fluid sapphires!

"I did not know," he said gravely.

"Yes," she assured him. "I am. My aunt gives me an allowance of twenty dollars a week. Of course it is only a loan. She—she wasn't very pleasant about it."

"She wasn't?" His voice expressed horror.

"No, she wasn't. She thinks I ought to have brains enough to learn all that there is to be learned in six lessons."

"She does?"

"Yes," she said.

He shook his head. The Lord doubtless made aunts for some good purpose, but it was not ascertainable by human wisdom.

"But I am going to surprise her," she went on with a determination in which there was a suggestion of vindictiveness. "I have a stunning idea. So in the morning I go to the museum. That leaves me the afternoon free for the League. Of course I ought to change about, on account of the light, but in the morning the museum is deserted, so I go there first."

She stared at him meditatively. He felt that speech was demanded of him. To prove that he had listened with his very soul he repeated, slowly, to emphasize the significance of each word, "In the morning the museum is deserted."

"Precisely."

He bowed his head gratefully and said, "And the character of the work—er—Miss Jones? You know, you said it was a stunning idea."

"Don't you think so too?" she asked eagerly. "Really and truly, don't you?"

"I really and truly do," he assured her. She frowned and he went on hastily, "Of course, not knowing what the idea is, I could not swear to it. But I know that you are no idiot ——"

"Oh, do you?"

"I mean, if you said it was a stunning idea it must be. Won't you please tell me a little more about it?"

"Do you ask merely to be ——"

"Oh, no! I am interested. Really!"

"You see," she explained, "there really is no new thing under the sun. So I decided to use the old things in a new way ——"

"I call that a stunning idea!" he burst out irrepressibly.

"But you did not let me finish."

"I beg your pardon," he said contritely. Then he reflected, "I ought to use my bean!" But the words had come out of themselves, for it was not he who was doing the talking but something or somebody who had taken charge of the vocal apparatus and used it without consulting the calm judgment of James J. Jones Junior. Fortunately she was interested exclusively in her own devices.

She elucidated earnestly, "For instance, there is the electric toaster. The Romans did not have any ——"

"They sure didn't," he agreed heartily.

"—— but in Pompeii they dug up the stunningest little bronze ——"

"Oh, I see. You adapt them to modern usage."

"Precisely!"

"And of course you pick out the most artistic antique—er—objects and —— It certainly is a bully notion!"

"I thought it was. Take curlers. The whole thing is in the handles. Well, there were bodkins ——"

"Fine!" he exclaimed.

His sincerity was its own reward, for she asked him, "Would you like to see some of my sketches?"

"Would I?" he said in a voice tremulous with excitement.

She opened her sketchbook and began to show him.

"Here is an Egyptian fillet. I put a bottom on it and a top, and it is a face-powder box. The motif can be used for the entire toilet set. These are lachrymal vases. Scent bottles is what I see in them, in iridescent glass. This amphora ——"

"They're well drawn, I think," he said, coldly critical.

"N-no, I wouldn't call them so," she said truthfully.

"I would," he asserted.

"This is a French Renaissance mantel," she went on quickly, "from the Château de Blois. Of course the architects know all about it, but none ever thought of applying it as I have."

"They didn't have the brains," he interjected.

"Are you making fun of me?" she asked suspiciously.

"Certainly not!" he answered terror-strickenly.

"Then why did you talk that way?"

"But I meant it. Now, what are you going to do with this mantelpiece?" He looked at her anxiously.

"Guess!" she dared him.

He began to think, his eyes unblinkingly fixed on her beautiful young face.

Time disappeared from his calculations but not from hers, for presently she asked, "Well, can't you guess?"

He shook his head hopelessly and then said, "I give it up."

"A gas heater!" she said triumphantly. "Cast iron instead of Caen stone. Of course you can't see all the detail but ——"

"Yes, I can," he assured her quickly.

"I mean," she explained, "that they'd have to have working drawings made. Of course I only sell them the idea ——"

"And the drawings too," he insisted. "Why should you make them a present of them?"

"I haven't sold them yet," she reminded him with a smile. Then she sighed.

"Have you tried?"

"Oh, no. I haven't had to yet. It's only in case my aunt stops ——" She was silent.

"I understand," he said with a frown.

He wished to add something, but no man can do two things at once and do both well. He could not synchronously look and talk, so he decided to look, because he was sure he could do that one thing well.

"Why do you look at me like that?" she asked, and frowned.

"I beg your pardon! I was thinking how different you are from every other woman in the wide world."

"Do you think it's a compliment to call me a freak?" She brought her eyebrows a little closer together, more in sorrow than in anger.

"I didn't call you a freak. I said there was no other woman living who was like you. Perhaps one existed at some time or other but she isn't here now. That leaves you in a class by yourself; not because I say so but because that is what ——"

She interrupted to ask solicitously, "Do you often have these attacks?" It was plain that she was speaking to a case of shell shock.

"This is my first," he confessed. "I think I could do much better with a little practice. For instance, if you were to ask me every day what it made me think to look at you as I am doing now, I could tell you and never repeat myself in ten years running."

"You are a great poet, aren't you?"

"Yes, I am," he admitted. "I did not suspect it until I took a good look. That's my idea of the perfect job; to tell you every day ——"

"I couldn't afford to hire you," she interjected.

"I would make very reasonable rates for wholesale lots of—er—descriptions. For instance, do you know what your eyes put a man in mind of?"

"Yes, I know; the sky."

"No." He shook his head reprovingly. "You're looking up. Bad business. Unpractical. I was thinking of terra firma."

"What are you talking about?"

"About what your eyes put a man in mind of. It isn't skies; it's wells. Very deep, full of melted sapphires, so that when a man fell in and sank a mile or two ——"

"How did you come to think of all this?" she asked, calmly curious.

"Would you really and truly like to know?"

"Yes, I would."

But there was a subtle menace in her voice and a determination, as of preparing to repel boarders, that astutely made him say in a matter-of-fact tone, "I'll tell you. I looked at your eyes and then I thought of how when we were expecting submarine attacks going over we used to comfort one another by saying that death by drowning was a very nice death. And so of course I could not help thinking of—very deep wells. I may as well confess that I never was taken this way before in my life."

"Yes. I have noticed that it takes you soldiers a long time to recover. You all talk much the same way. No, don't think I'm angry. But if you wish me to listen to this kind of talk ——"

"Will you believe me when I tell you that I really was saying it to myself?"

Junior looked at her so seriously and so frankly that she hesitated and presently said, "I—er—I believe you, Mr. Jones."

He nodded gratefully. She looked at her plain little silver wrist watch.

"Good gracious, I am dreadfully late!" And she jumped to her feet.

"Couldn't you — —"

"No," she said. "Good morning."

"Good morning. You—er—will come—er—go to the museum as usual to-morrow morning?"

"Why, yes."

"Thanks."

"What are you thanking me for?"

"For that."

She looked into his eyes. He saw that hers had become deeper, darker.

"What will you do," she asked abruptly, "when you feel well enough to go to work?"

He flushed. He never had felt so well, so exceptionally well, as at that very moment.

"When I do I'll do it, that's all," he answered simply.

She did not realize the Homeric grandeur of that phrase from his lips, but nodded brightly and walked away to the north, in the direction of the fortunate museum.

Junior sat down and looked at the sky.

Wonderful! It suggested an inverted abyss. It would be some job to fall from earth upward into the air—to fall, and at the end be entirely surrounded by her.

Well, he might as well get some lunch.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

ARMCO
TRADE MARK
INGOT IRON
For Washing Machines

But in America we are doing it differently

In Mexico, women wash clothes by beating them with flat stones. In France, they use wooden paddles to beat out the dirt. Italian women, in many towns, cleanse their linen at public fountains. In India, clothes are washed in the rivers. And in England, many women still use the old-fashioned corrugated metal washboard for rubbing clothes.

Here we are washing clothes in a different way. Wherever possible, modern American women use washing machines that provide a quick, easy way of washing out the dirt without hurting the clothes.

And many of these machines are made from "Armco" Ingot Iron, because its purity and density insure maximum resistance to the corrosive action of soaps, washing powders and alkaline waters.

"Armco" Ingot Iron takes a galvanized coat *and holds it.* This is due to its purity, obtained by special processes of manufacture. Because its first cost is higher than others, only manufacturers of good, worthy washing machines can afford to use "Armco" Ingot Iron. Therefore, when you buy a washing machine with the blue and gold Armco label on it, you can be sure that the machine is of the highest quality and workmanship.

For full information regarding washing machines made from "Armco" Ingot Iron, write.

THE AMERICAN ROLLING MILL CO.
Dept. A, Middletown, Ohio

Look for this Blue and Gold Armco Label on Washing Machines, Stoves, Ranges, Refrigerators, Enamel Table Tops and other household and commercial utilities. It carries with it the assurance of the quality and solid worth of the sheet metal parts of articles that bear it.

MADE FROM ARMCO RESISTS RUST INGOT IRON

Absolute Certainty

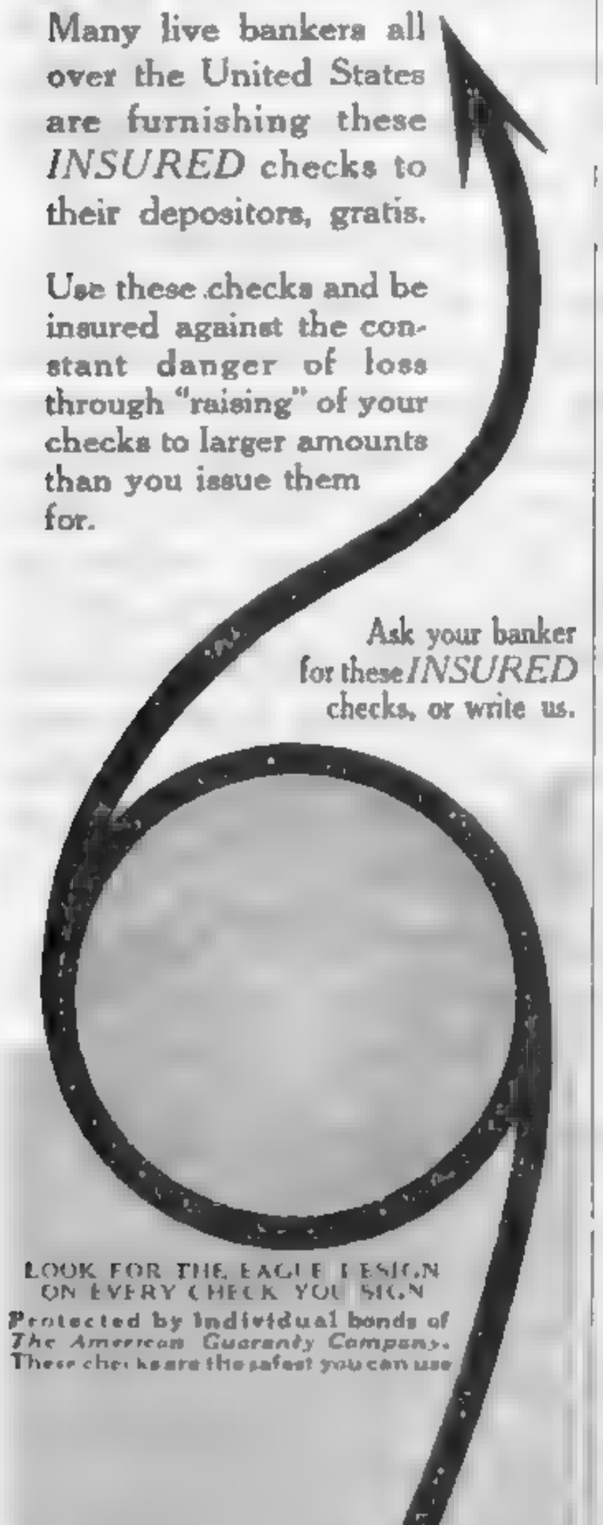
"It is foolish for any man to accept less" —says a big banker.

Insurance of $1,000.00 against fraudulent alterations, without any cost to you, is yours for the asking.

Many live bankers all over the United States are furnishing these *INSURED* checks to their depositors, gratis.

Use these checks and be insured against the constant danger of loss through "raising" of your checks to larger amounts than you issue them for.

Ask your banker for these *INSURED* checks, or write us.



LOOK FOR THE EAGLE DESIGN ON EVERY CHECK YOU SIGN

Protected by individual bonds of *The American Guaranty Company*. These checks are the safest you can use

$1,000.00 of check insurance against fraudulent alterations, issued without charge, covers each user against loss.

The Bankers Supply Company

The Largest Manufacturers of Bank Checks in the World

NEW YORK CHICAGO DENVER

ATLANTA DES MOINES SAN FRANCISCO

MOB OF THREE

(Continued from Page 5)

It's a shame about that little girl. What will become of her when he dies—*quién sabe?*"

We got up from the fallen tree on which we had been sitting, waiting for the carriers to overtake us with their loads, and moved on. In another hour or so we were in Pichucalco.

It was a wretched, dirty little Indian village, stuck down there in a hole cut out of the jungle, a damp, steamy, hot and smelly place. A score of palm-thatched huts filled the small clearing, sorry makeshifts of human habitation, erected without any semblance of order or arrangement. I saw Indian men and women moving about among the huts, and I saw an unbelievably large number of children of all ages playing about the clearing. There were half-starved mangy dogs by dozens. From one of the palm-thatched huts a man stepped, stood in the shadow of the building, watching us for a moment, then advanced slowly to meet us.

"There's Labo," Scrobe said to me.

He was a short, squat man, this Labo, bald of head, hairy of face and arms—the latter were bare to the elbows—and where his shirt fell open in front, exposing his breast, I saw little whorls and knots of black hair in profusion. His skin was so dark that before Scrobe had spoken I believed him a negro. I judged him to be of an age with Scrobe, a few years older perhaps—nearer forty than thirty-five. He was much dirtier than Scrobe, and his clothes were filthy, but I did not forget the fact that Scrobe was dressed and groomed for outside traveling, while he, Labo, was *chez lui en déshabillé*. In a day or two, I told myself, Scrobe would no doubt return to his customary home habits, and then I would be able to judge correctly which of the two was more repulsive in habits and looks. So sensitive was I at that susceptible period of my life to things unclean, especially to physical uncleanliness in persons; and as I watched the approaching man I was wondering, shuddering, if I, too, might come to copy the customs of these two fellows.

There was unlimited curiosity in the man's cold hard eyes as they looked me over from head to foot in the little moment of silence we stood facing each other, and as I put out my hand to take his, which he extended as Scrobe made the introductions, I saw a question framing itself on his thick lips. But Scrobe had spoken before it came.

"My new bookkeeper, private secretary and stenographer," he laughed.

Labo gave a snort of amusement. "Pretty work!" he chuckled.

"Well, we'll go on to the hut—we're pretty well tired out," said Scrobe. "Come over in an hour or two, after I've had a nap, and I'll open the packs and get out the stuff I brought in for you."

"All right."

Labo turned and went back to the hut from which I had seen him come, while we continued on to the farther side of the clearing to a hut slightly larger than any other there.

"Evidently they don't know we're coming," said Scrobe as we neared the building toward which we had turned, which seemed silent and deserted. "Sit down here a minute until I go in and break the news of my safe arrival home."

He pointed to a crude bench that had been hewed from a great log of mahogany, which was standing just outside the opening to the hut. I dropped down upon the thick rough board and he passed on inside.

I heard a woman's voice, a cry of surprise, a laugh, and then a babbling in Spanish, none of which I understood except the word "*Señor! Señor!*" repeated over and over. I could hear Scrobe's coarser voice answering the softer one, the flow of conversation continuing for several minutes, when Scrobe came to the opening and asked me to come in.

As I entered the hut I saw the woman whose voice I had heard. In spite of the cheap and shapeless garment of cotton she was wearing; in spite of the fact that we had taken her unaware, giving her no opportunity to arrange her undressed hair and to remove the marks of the unclean work in which she had been engaged, her beauty was so striking it was presented to my eyes with such startling unexpectedness that I stopped and stared at her, stared in undisguised admiration. Never before had I beheld a face whose loveliness so appealed to me. It was the face of Murillo's most perfect Madonna; it was the face of a hundred beautiful women I had seen, with but the most exquisite little portion of the beauty of each chosen for this face before me; it was the face that I, youth, had how many times gazed upon in dreams! I was looking at a rich olive complexion and at cheeks as flushed as unfaded roses; at ripe full lips; at great masses of uncoifed night-black hair piled upon a shapely head; at lustrous eyes, soft and melting eyes. I was staring at the woman before me like a fool, when I realized that Scrobe was introducing her to me, for she bowed and smiled and murmured something I could not understand.

"This is Martina Vasquez," said Scrobe, turning to me. "She bids you welcome here, expresses her good wishes concerning your health, and hopes you will find happiness with us."

I bowed to her and thanked her, and then added a few further words which Scrobe translated to her, when she smiled at me again in a friendly way.

"There's a lean-to outside here that we must offer to you—our one and only guest chamber," laughed Scrobe. "Don't expect anything de luxe."

I murmured "Of course not," picked up my suitcase, which one of the carriers had just brought in, and followed him to the rear of the hut.

"Lord knows our manner of living out here is rough enough," he said as we stood looking about the bare pen, for it was little more than a pen—split saplings stuck into the ground making the walls, cleverly laid palm leaves the roof, the uncovered hard-beaten earth the floor. "But I suppose you can endure it for two or three months, eh?"

"Oh, to be sure—it's a lark!" I laughed. "Is the young lady ——" I began, and stopped suddenly, confused; and that I showed my confusion I do not doubt. I was going to ask who that young woman was, for she was young, much younger than Scrobe, not a great deal older than myself.

Scrobe looked at me curiously, and I felt my cheeks flushing. The idiocy of that initiated question!

"She's my—housekeeper. What do you think of her?"

"I never saw a more beautiful face!"

"H'm! Well, lie down and take a nap and get rested—that's what I'm going to do." And the man left me.

In the days that followed I saw much of Scrobe and Labo, and much of Martina Vasquez. The extreme beauty of the girl—I could not think of her but as a girl, so youthful and fresh and unlined was her face, though I discovered she was the mother of two children—the beauty of this woman hypnotized me into boorish stupid staring when I was in her presence, haunted me in vivid visualization when I was absent from her. This boorishness of mine, this rudeness, she did not seem to notice, but Scrobe did, though without apparent resentfulness.

"You think she's good-looking, eh?" he said to me one day as Martina left the room where we sat smoking and my eyes went running after her.

"Yes, indeed, I do!" I replied, reddening.

Scrobe chuckled and said nothing more at the time.

There was much card playing and much drinking done by the two men in the days following my coming to Pichucalco; mostly at Labo's hut and at the *cantina* that was run by a noisy, drunken Mexican; a few times at Scrobe's. I was invited once or twice—but not urged—to sit in at the games and the drinking bouts, but I hated the smells of the liquors they imbibed, I loathed the dirtiness and the slovenliness of the two men, cards had never interested me, and I asked them to excuse me. So I saw more and more of the woman, Martina Vasquez, for I would sit about Scrobe's hut or lie on my cot in the lean-to, smoking, scribbling in my diary, reading some ancient magazines and old books which I had uncovered there in a box in the hut, killing time.

If I could have spoken Spanish or the woman English we should have hurried on our acquaintance to a greater intimacy, I do not doubt; but I could understand nothing she said to me, she nothing I would say to her in those first days. Yet did we come to know each other pleasantly enough; we were quickly good friends, and I was soon acquiring imperfect Spanish under her tutelage, while she was learning poor English from me.

As the days ran on I could not but wonder why Scrobe had brought me there, for he said nothing whatever about the work he had in mind for me to take up. We went together to his rubber plantation a few times, where he had a number of Indians at work, but I saw there nothing to be done in the doing of which I might be employed. One day I asked him what there was for me and when I could set to work; my enforced idleness was beginning to irk me sorely.

"Oh, this is the dull season with us just now," he replied. "You'll have to loaf a while longer. By the way," he went on after a moment's silence, "I'm leaving here tomorrow to be gone a week or two. There's a plantation down country that I wish to visit, and I must go after new seed and plant stock too. I hope you won't find life unbearably dull while I'm away."

"Perhaps I should go over to Labo's and stay there while you are absent," I said.

"Eh? Why, certainly not! Stay where you are! Martina will cook and wash for you and take care of you properly. Aren't you and she on very friendly terms?"

"But ——"

"Stay where you are! There's no room at Labo's for you; he has his huts filled with his women and his children, and he wouldn't want you anyway."

"If I knew Puysegur ——"

"Eh? Puysegur? Why, go over and call on him if you like, if time hangs too heavily on your hands—but I don't think it will. He won't be glad to see you, I imagine. Still, he plays chess, I've heard. Maybe you'll get a game out of him. But I don't think you'll go." And he chuckled as he said this—almost laughed. I wondered why.

But I did go to visit Puysegur three days later. Labo gave me directions for coming to his plantation, though warning me at the same time that I would find the fellow a Tartar, and I walked the twelve or fifteen kilometers between Pichucalco and his place.

I was not anticipant of any great pleasure from the call I was about to make on this man of whom I had heard so many hard and wretched and ugly reports—from Scrobe and Labo. What a sour, surly brute of a fellow he must be; the very personification, as I had drawn from their description of him, of all that was vile, evil, unprincipled, repellent! But I was sick for a new face, sick for a new theme of conversation from new lips, sick of the dirt and squalor and monotonous wretchedness of Pichucalco. I loathed Labo—he was so repulsively unclean; and long before this period when I was left alone with him I had pumped him dry of the little knowledge he possessed that interested me. And I had wearied of gazing at the exquisitely beautiful Spanish face of Martina Vasquez; I found myself picking out flaws in that matchless face, finding fault with the woman for not dressing her masses of night-black hair occasionally, for not washing her perfect teeth, for not scrubbing her shapely neck with soap and water. Her slovenliness was annoying to me; I was disenchanted. Pichucalco held not a thing that interested me, not a thing that did not disgust me. So I went to see Puysegur.

I found him sitting in the shade of a large rubber tree at the rear of his palm-thatched hut, smoking a cigar and reading from a small, thin, leather-bound book. His greeting to me was not uncivil, neither was it cordial.

"Yes, I heard you were at Pichucalco," he said in English that bore no trace of a foreign accent, when I introduced myself and told him whence I came. "Sit down—there's a stool yonder."

I fetched the crude little stool he indicated and sat down, and we fell into desultory conversation. I could not rid myself of the feeling that had come over me at his first words that I was *persona non grata*. I was very certain he would rather I were not there, and I resolved to make my call a short one.

I looked sharply at him as we talked—this man of whom I had heard so many evil reports from Labo and Scrobe. I could look

(Continued on Page 35)

THE GREAT THINGS OF LIFE—HOME

The eighth of a series, illustrating "The Great Things of Life." Painted by Charles E. Chambers. © E.L.W. of G.E.Co.

The magic that makes houses homes

ONCE there was a house that was only a house. And the house became a home.

Once there was a boy whose parents were only parents. And the parents became his pals.

And if you want to know what the magic is that makes houses homes and parents pals, ask the man who sells Edison MAZDA Lamps in your town. He'll tell you that a cheerful, well-lighted living room can't do it all; but it certainly can help.

GO over your house critically this month and ask yourself what better lighting would do. And then ask your dealer not for "bulbs" or for "lamps"; ask for Edison MAZDA Lamps. By so doing you make sure of the best lamp that science has thus far produced; and when MAZDA Service, centered in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company, develops a better lamp, that, too, will be an Edison MAZDA lamp.

EDISON

MAZDA LAMPS

EDISON LAMP WORKS OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

Barrett Everlastic Roofings

Distinction—The Gift of a Handsome Roof

"It's the roof that catches the first glow of the morning sun—the roof that holds the last truant ray when night descends."

In point of beauty the home owes much to its roof. And today at an outlay no greater than for commonplace materials, any steep-roofed dwelling, little or big, may enjoy the distinction which only a handsome colorful roof can give.

The beautiful Barrett Everlastic Shingles provide such roofs. Surfaced with real crushed slate in the rich, natural colors—warm red or cool green—they are surprisingly low in cost. They are also fire-resistant, and remarkably durable. Upon their thoroughgoing goodness, The Barrett Company stakes its 60-year-old reputation for dependability.

In addition to the Shingles, there are two roll roofings—one slate-surfaced in red or green, and the other the ever-popular plain-surfaced Everlastic "Rubber" Roofing.

All these four styles are just as suitable for re-roofing as for new construction. They can be laid right over the old roofing—an important economy.

For new buildings or old, be sure you get Everlastic.

Illustrated booklets, describing the four styles of Everlastic, sent free on request.

Your Choice of Four Styles

***Everlastic Multi-Shingles**—four shingles in one.* Made of high grade waterproofing materials and surfaced with crushed slate, red or green. When laid they look exactly like individual shingles and make a roof worthy of the finest buildings. Fire-resisting. Need no painting.

Everlastic Single Shingles. Same material and art-finish (red or green) as the Multi-Shingles, but made in single shingles, size 8 x 12¾ inches. A finished roof of Everlastic Single Shingles is far more beautiful than an ordinary shingle roof and costs less per year of service.

Everlastic Slate-Surfaced Roofing. The most beautiful and enduring roll roofing made. Surfaced with crushed slate in art-shades of red or green. Very durable; requires no painting. Nails and cement in each roll

Everlastic "Rubber" Roofing. Thousands upon thousands of buildings all over the country are protected from wind and weather by Everlastic "Rubber" Roofing. It is tough, pliable, elastic, durable and very low in price. It is easy to lay; no skilled labor required. Nails and cement included in each roll.

The Barrett Company

New York	Chicago	Philadelphia	Boston
St. Louis	Cleveland	Cincinnati	Pittsburgh
Detroit	New Orleans	Birmingham	Kansas City
Minneapolis	Dallas	Nashville	Syracuse
Seattle	Peoria	Atlanta	Duluth
Salt Lake City	Bangor	Washington	Johnstown
Lebanon	Youngstown	Milwaukee	Toledo
Columbus	Richmond	Latrobe	Bethlehem
Elizabeth	Buffalo	Baltimore	Omaha
Houston	Denver	Jacksonville	

THE BARRETT COMPANY, Limited: Montreal Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S.

(Continued from Page 32)

at him closely without embarrassment, for he seemed to find in me nothing to interest him; he was more attentive to the end of his cigar than he was to me. I judged him to be considerably younger than either of the two men at Pichucalco, though his physique was of that excellent kind which carries concealed the marks of years. He was of huge proportions, a very giant of a man, as I could well see, though he had remained seated and I must guess at his towering height. Scrobe and Labo had spoken to me of his prodigious strength, and they had described some of the muscular feats they had seen him perform; and as I looked at the big bony hands resting on the closed volume that lay on his knees—he was sitting hunched forward—and observed the thick heavy forearms, I could easily believe their stories now, though at the time of their telling I had found them incredible. He was a blond, clean-shaven, of bronze-colored hair, of blue eyes—and harder, colder, icier eyes I thought I had never looked into. I did not like him.

I did not like him—he made me stir uneasily with his great bulk; with his bulgy muscles, covered but not concealed by the thin garments he was wearing; with those icy eyes. And I had heard wicked stories about him. But one quality I perceived was his that drew me to him—personal cleanliness. He was clean—that I had noticed at first glance. He had shaved that morning and his full cheeks showed the ruddy flush that comes from friction-filled capillaries of the skin; his bronze-colored hair was barbered not badly, and I wondered if he could have done so good a job himself; the nails of his big powerful hands were evenly trimmed and free from dirt; the linen suit he wore was white, white as if laundered yesterday. He was the first clean man I had seen since leaving Coatzacoalcos.

Impressed though I was by this personal cleanliness of the man, it did not of itself suffice to free me from the feeling of uneasiness I was experiencing in his presence. I could not like him, for I had heard too much about him from Labo and Scrobe. The hackneyed wheeze that cleanliness is akin to godliness had no measure of truth in it for me as I sat there regarding Puysegur in those first few moments of our meeting, for I knew what manner of man he was; Scrobe and Labo had told me. And as I looked at him, immaculately garbed and groomed, I thought of Lattman, the Boston murderer, and his fifty suits of clothes, of whom I had read so much; and of the fastidious Hemanier, the Parisian throttler, whom I had seen going to his trial in Paris.

The shade of the rubber tree shifted as we talked, and the tropical sun struck down upon us. Puysegur rose.

"We'll go inside," he said.

The book he had been reading slipped from his grasp and fell to the ground, open. I stooped and picked it up, and as I did so I read the title page.

"Wherever did you get it—down here?" I asked, holding it and looking at it in surprise.

It was a copy of Stephen Phillips' Paolo and Francesca. At its issue from the press the book I held had been, as I could see, a dainty and de luxe volume, but it was now maculated and stained, as if it might have been lying in water.

He smiled slightly at my question. "You know it?" he asked.

"Yes, I read it before I left college. I liked it immensely."

"I found the thing," he said, taking the book from me. "Picked it up a hundred kilometers from here, lying by the tracks of the Isthmian Railroad. Someone, I suppose, had had enough of it and had tossed it out of a car window. If I were traveling to some point where I could get hold of a London Times or a Paris Temps or a New York Tribune that's just what I'd do with it—throw it away." As he finished the words he tossed the little volume from him. It went flying through the air and fell into a thicket of weeds and bushes. "Sorry stuff, I call it. I'm hungry for something to read."

I made no further comment touching on the book. His words, "I call it sorry stuff," and his throwing the volume from him had angered me. I followed him into the hut and took the chair which he designated mine with a wave of his hand.

"You are with Labo and Scrobe, are you?" he asked. And I fancied I detected the faintest hint of a sneer in his question.

"With Scrobe," I replied, and I was glad he did not speak further of the two men.

I had sat down near a makeshift table, and as I now turned toward it I saw a chessboard with the pieces on it arranged in place. It was a beautifully carved set, the black pieces cut from hard close-grained wood not unlike ebony, the white pieces from bone, but from bone of such quality—or perhaps it had been very cleverly treated—that it closely resembled ivory. An exclamation of admiration fell from my lips as my eyes lighted upon the set, and I rose and stepped to the table to examine it.

"A beautiful set!" I cried. "Where did you get it?"

"I made it," he replied quietly.

"You—you carved these?" I had picked up a black knight and was holding it in my hand. My eyes left it to look at him in surprise.

"Yes. Do you play?"

"Oh, yes."

"Good! We'll have a game."

We played. Before I had pushed forward my first pawn I had resolved that I would not with this man make the *faux pas* I had made with Captain Churn; I would not beat Puysegur at the game. I did not care to rouse his anger, to have him vent his rage upon me, for Scrobe and Labo had told me it was maniacal in its ferocity and unreasonableness. But before many moves had been made I knew I was not playing with another Captain Churn; I was pitted against a near if not a professional player. But I did not play my best—far from it—and he took the game.

"You know chess," he said as we set up the pieces, "and I'm pretty certain you can play a better game than that, and I almost believe you saw the false move I made with my rook and the opening I gave you. Don't spare me—that isn't chess."

"I'm afraid you rate my ability too high," I returned. But in our second game I mated him so quickly and with so little effort that he swore.

"I thought so," he muttered.

The third game went slowly; it was long and it was difficult. In the intensity of my concentration upon it I quite completely forgot the man across the table from me, forgot it was Puysegur who sat there, forgot all that I had heard against him, forgot that instinctively I disliked him, distrusted him, feared him. I was in the grip of the game.

We left off play once to partake of the food which an Indian woman brought in and placed on one end of the table at which we sat. We ate hurriedly, with scarcely a word between us. Then we returned to our places at the chessboard and sat in silence the game through. The shadows were long in the clearing before I finally mated him, and I was tired, very tired. I had labored hard. I rose to my feet, and glancing at my watch I was dismayed at the lateness of the hour.

"I must start back at once," I said, picking up my hat. "It will be dark before I can get to Pichucalco, and this is my first trip over the trail."

He did not ask me to remain the night with him, and I was well enough pleased he did not; I should have refused the invitation had it been tendered. With my quitting the chessboard there had returned to me that uneasiness I had felt in his presence at first.

"You play a superior game of chess," he remarked, lighting a cigar as he spoke. And that was all he said to me.

At the edge of the clearing, just before I stepped into the forest, I turned and looked back. He stood in the doorway of his hut, gazing after me.

I never went to his house again; I did not care to meet him again. Twice thereafter I saw him at Pichucalco, whither he had come looking for a runaway field hand, but he gave me no more than a curt nod, saying nothing.

I had not yet seen Simon, of whom Scrobe had told me something on our way in from Coatzacoalcos. Now and then I had caught distant glimpses of his daughter—I supposed it was she whom I saw moving about their hut—but I had not been taken there to be introduced to them. That Scrobe had not offered to do this puzzled me, for with but four Americans besides myself in the dreary isolated little settlement it seemed strange that in the lengthened time I had been there I had not come to know each of those four. I asked Scrobe one day why he did not take me to see Simon.

BRAKES
On Pike's Peak Road:
In the hills or in the city—
Johns-Manville Non-Burn for safety's sake.
JOHNS-MANVILLE
A question of brakes? The answer can be found in this little book. Yours for the asking.
The Care of Automobile Brakes
Through—
Asbestos
and its allied products
JOHNS-MANVILLE
Service in Conservation
Heat Insulations, High Temperature Cements, Asbestos Roofings, Packings, Brake Linings, Fire Prevention Products
JOHNS-MANVILLE
Brake Lining

No. 1555. (Illustrated) Length 17 in. 3-jaw chuck for round shank drills up to ½ inch.

No. 555 Length 17½ in 2-jaw chuck for round or square shank drills up to ½ inch

"Takes half the time with a Double-ratchet drill"

"Drilling a hole in the cam shaft bushing of this airplane motor is a simple matter with a 'Yankee' Ratchet Breast Drill.

"Not enough room to make a complete turn of the crank; and an ordinary ratchet drill wastes half the effort; so I use a 'Yankee' Ratchet Breast Drill on the double ratchet.

"The slightest movement of the crank—back and forth—causes the drill to cut continuously. Every movement of the hand performs work. It means speedier work and less fatigue.

"Dozens of times a day, on all kinds of jobs, this 'Yankee' Ratchet Drill comes into use because of its remarkable DOUBLE Ratchet movement.

"By a mere touch of the ratchet shifter, on the cylinder between the two central gears, the *action can be changed* to Plain Drill, Left-hand Drill, Right-hand Drill, DOUBLE Ratchet, and in the last position the gears are locked for changing drills.

"No other drill has these ratchet movements, so no other drill can do what the 'Yankee' Ratchet Drill does.

"By shifting the little lever at the hub of the crank, the speed is instantly changed without removing the drill from the work."

Some Other "YANKEE" Tools

Spiral Screw-drivers
Quick Return Spiral Screw-drivers
Ratchet Screw-drivers
Plain Screw-drivers, 1½ to 30 inch blades
Ratchet Hand Drills
Ratchet Bench Drills
Ratchet Chain Drills
Automatic Push Drills
Ratchet Tap Wrenches
Bench Vises, removable base

This interesting book mailed you FREE

Illustrated with over a hundred cuts showing "Impossible" jobs *being done*. WRITE TODAY for your copy.

Dealers everywhere sell "YANKEE" Tools.

NORTH BROS. MFG. CO.
Philadelphia

"YANKEE" TOOLS
Make Better Mechanics

"Why, the old man is continuously in a drunken stupor, soaked in *aguardiente;* he wouldn't and couldn't talk intelligently to you if I did take you to see him; he probably wouldn't be aware of your presence, and wouldn't acknowledge it even if he was. As for the girl—well, as I told you, she is a deaf mute and decidedly queer. I don't imagine you would find her very entertaining company."

I accepted the explanation and thought little more about the matter, and as the hut occupied by the two exiles stood at the farther end of the clearing, in which direction I seldom had occasion to go, I all but forgot the existence of the drunkard and his afflicted daughter, and my first wish to meet them became no more than a sometime wondering curiosity as to what manner of folk they might be.

But before Scrobe returned I had met them, had been to their hut, had communicated with both of them—and under most unpleasant circumstances. The meeting came about in this way:

One morning two or three days after my visit to Puysegur I lay on my cot in the lean-to, smoking, scribbling in my diary, trying to read, battling flies and mosquitoes and other insects, cursing my lot, wallowing deep in physical and mental misery. Why hadn't I stayed in the seaport town, to starve there, to rot there, rather than come to this hell's edge of a hole? Why had I become panicky, frightened, lost my courage, lost my nerve at the sight of my empty purse, and weakened at that first sting of the nipping pains of hunger? Why had I listened to Scrobe? Hang the fellow and his ferretlike eyes, his dirty face and hands and neck and ears, his yellow fangy teeth, with the foul alcoholic odor that was ever floating about him! And why, for what purpose, had he brought me there? Work? There was no work there for me to do! What would be the outcome of this insane venture of mine? How would I free myself from the trap into which I had set my foolish foot? And I swore the mild unseasoned oaths that youth essays in times of trouble.

Labo had gone early to his plantation that morning; Martina Vasquez was busy with her work in another room of the hut; the noisy meaningless prattle of her children—Scrobe's children—as they played outside came irritatingly to my ears; I heard the rattling of the holding chain of a captive black monkey kept behind the hut, and in the adjoining room the raucous squawking of a caged macaw rasped my frayed and ragged nerves until I could have cried aloud in my torment. I buried my face in the blanket of my cot, stuck tips of fingers into my ears, but still must I hear—the torturing noises struck through all barriers.

Then another sound came to me, the sound of hurrying footsteps just outside, running footsteps just outside, coming toward my lean-to. I sat up and turned toward the doorway, and in that moment a girl stepped into the opening.

I knew who it was—Simon's daughter. I had never seen her face before but I recognized the slight figure there before me as the one I had seen moving about the hut of Simon. And, anyway, who else could it be if not she? There was no one else.

We stared at each other for an instant, just an instant, yet in that little interval of time I had taken in every detail of that white, frightened, terror-stricken face. I saw great brown eyes looking at me fearfully; I saw pale cheeks, pale as the cheeks of death; I saw tightened, unattractive lips, colorless and all a-tremble. And the thick coming and going of her breath told further of the strain under which she was struggling.

"How little she is, how frail, how fragile! What a helpless thing she appears to be!" The thought shot through my brain in that little instant of our staring. And I recalled, too, in that flash of thinking Scrobe's words to me—"She's a pretty little thing, that girl." But she wasn't a girl. She was a woman, matured, older somewhat, but not much, than myself, I guessed. And pretty? I did not think her pretty. What an ordinary face it was. What a common, nondistinctive type, compared with that gloriously beautiful face of Martina Vasquez! No doubt the slightness of her figure had caused Scrobe to think of her as a girl, and he was perhaps contrasting her pale dollish face with the heavy dark face of Martina when he had spoken of her as being beautiful. But to me the impression of helplessness I received in that first glimpse of her—she was so white, so slender, so fragile, so pathetic a sight—that was what touched me, aroused all my sympathy, awoke all my pity, caused me to leap to my feet and step toward her.

"Are you in trouble? Can I help you?" I asked. And before the words had run from my lips I had remembered—she was deaf and she was dumb!

She had a pad of paper and a pencil in her hand, and as I spoke she raised them and wrote rapidly on the pad and handed it to me.

"Help me—my father," I read.

She turned about in the doorway to leave, and I moved quickly to follow her. Behind me I heard a mutter, a word snarled out in Spanish, the ugly meaning of which I knew. I looked back. Martina stood in the opening between my lean-to and the main room of our hut. Her great dark lustrous eyes were flashing hate and loathing, and her thick sensuous lips were curling in an expression that bespoke something worse than hate burning in her heart.

Astonished at what I saw in the woman's face I momentarily checked my going, but in the same moment I moved on, to follow the little figure ahead of me.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

DEAD TIMBER

(Continued from Page 21)

controlled it indicated that he was regarded as at least a fair-sized post if not a pillar of the institution. His complacency was also increased by the fact that his town property, located in a city which was experiencing a phenomenal industrial boom, had about doubled in value.

Under these pleasant reflections this salesman decided that he was entitled to have comforts and luxuries which he had denied himself in his younger years of struggle. He built a new house on a vacant lot which he owned. Believing that he could make a saving by carrying the contract himself he engaged a builder who was a close personal friend. Although offered a tempting sum for the house which he was to vacate he decided not to sell—on the ground that the industrial development of the city had only begun and that he could get the benefit of the further advance in the value of his property by holding it and renting for a figure which seemed absurdly high.

Yes; after years of hard fighting he had come into his own and could take a little comfort and live like other men of his kind. He felt that he was fixed for life, and acted on this conviction by buying a high-powered motor car. He had to hit the open road from week-end to week-end—why shouldn't he do it in a car that turned this steady driving from a punishment to a pleasure?

Incidentally, supervising the building of a house is quite an absorbing pastime—especially when done on the day-labor plan. Overseeing the operation of a farm located fifteen miles distant is also quite intriguing. Also he found that the ownership of a real aristocrat of the road was a constant temptation to evening pleasure drives with his wife, his two granddaughters and their friends.

Before the new house was half built its owner had doubled the top cost of the builder's estimate. But it had to be finished because the old house was rented and tenants were insistent. However, so he reasoned, cost what it would, the new house would justify its expense because the industrial expansion of the city was exceeding the dreams of its wildest boomers and was gathering momentum from day to day! The value would be in the house next year or the year after.

When the decorators were done the house had cost almost three times what its owner had expected.

Then dawned a morning when a sudden and uncanny silence fell upon the wonder city; the great works were deserted by the construction gangs. Next came a falling

(Continued on Page 38)

LINCOLN

MOTOR CARS

The ENCLOSED TYPES

THE first thing that impresses you about LINCOLN Enclosed Cars is their rich and dignified bearing, which naturally appeals to the more discerning types of citizens, and which in turn bespeaks the substantial type of owner.

LINCOLN Eight-Cylinder Enclosed Cars comprise eight styles, in standard and custom-built bodies, owner and chauffeur driven, and having accommodations for from four to seven persons.

Each is a model of its type, fashioned not merely to emulate fine creations with which you may be familiar, but rather to anticipate your ideals of a truly sumptuous car, and to enable you to realize those ideals in so far as it is humanly possible.

The ideals pictured were ideals of atmosphere and environment, emphasized and made more appealing by a mode of travel possessing even greater charm than motordom has been accustomed to experience.

The LINCOLN SEDAN

Seating five persons, and with Emergency seats for two

LELAND-BUILT

LINCOLN MOTOR COMPANY
DETROIT, MICH.

Win Boys

to the love of oats

That is important, as you know.

As food for growth and as vim-food the oat holds sovereign place.

Make every dish delightful.

We flake Quaker Oats from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats.

We get but ten pounds from a bushel, for all the puny grains are discarded.

The result is a flavor which makes Quaker Oats supreme. Among oat lovers all the world over this is the favorite brand.

Millions have been won by its quality.

Yet your grocer supplies it at a little price if you simply say Quaker Oats.

Remember how much that means.

Quaker Oats

With the flavor that won the world

Packed in sealed round packages with removable cover

Quaker Macaroons

An oat-flake confection

1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 eggs, 2½ cups Quaker Oats, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Cream butter and sugar. Add yolks of eggs. Add Quaker Oats, to which baking powder has been added, and add vanilla. Beat whites of eggs stiff and add last. Drop on buttered tins with teaspoon, but very few on each tin, as they spread. Bake in slow oven. Makes about 65 cookies.

(Continued from Page 36)

market for the commodities in this salesman's line—together with sickening losses on certain heavy staples which he had to share with the house.

Selling goods on a rapidly falling market, when customers not only suspend buying but cancel outstanding orders and harden their hearts by figuring losses on goods already in stock, is a decided change from having those same retailers beg for delayed shipments and order double quantities in order to insure an apportionment partially sufficient for their needs. This salesman found it like a leap from a steam room into an ice bath. His faculties were numbed by the shock.

He must sell—for his building bills, automobile and household bills were coming in like a flood! And with the bottom out of the industrial and building boom, borrowing was daily becoming more difficult. There was only one thing to do, as he saw it, and that was to get business and let the bills take care of themselves until he could lift the load of inertia which had fallen upon his trade.

He worked wildly to loosen customers from their frozen fear of buying. It seemed to him that they were in a nightmare and that if they could once be aroused and induced to exercise their buying faculties again they would soon come to their senses. Get them started—that was the thing! To do this he made concessions which cut his profits and those of the house down to shadows—concessions which he would not have been tempted to make under normal conditions. Competing salesmen, as able as himself, were meeting the situation with the same tactics and his hand was forced! His justification was necessity.

The fact that the prices of farm products were first to take the high dive and hit the stony bottom and that farm values inevitably followed was no less depressing to his share tenant than to himself. This depression was instantly reflected in the tenant's work. From being a substantial earner and an anchor to windward, the farm was suddenly changed into an avenue of current loss and another millstone to drag him down. The tenant lost heart and took to home brew, with the result that the farm and the livestock suffered materially from neglect. In his frantic effort to arouse his trade out of its anti-buying lethargy the owner of the farm was able to give it only scant attention.

After receiving the ultimatum of the general manager of his house this salesman sought the advice, or rather the sympathy, of an intimate friend.

"How much do you owe?" bluntly inquired this friend.

The Ghosts of Vague Debts

"I don't know—that is, exactly. Of course I can tell you the main amounts, the sums unpaid on the farm, the new house and the old one—but I've rather lost track of the smaller things, the personal and household bills. Since the slump came I've been too busy fighting for trade to waste any time fussing with bills. The struggle is mighty depressing at best and I need all the courage I can get to retain my grasp on my territory. Besides, what good would it do, anyhow? I wouldn't owe any less or have any more by the mere act of entering the items on paper. In a general way my wife knows that we are in bad shape and she isn't spending money for anything which we can go without. She is very economical and so am I."

"Do you ever wonder," asked the friend, "just exactly how bad off you are, right down to the dollar?"

"Lord, yes!" exclaimed the salesman. "I wake up in the middle of the night and the thing fairly gets me by the throat. Then I begin to plan about how I'll go after my trade when daylight comes."

"Look here, old man!" replied his friend. "The hardest things in the world to fight are ghosts—for the man who believes in them can't escape them. You're trying to dodge ghosts instead of facing tangible, material facts. It's a losing game. You'll never win out that way in the world. Your only hope is to take a lead pencil and a sheet of paper and put down in black and white every dollar that you owe, get the total and then look it full in the face. That is the only way by which you can possibly lay your ghosts.

"I'm not offering this fine advice from theory but from experience. Temperamentally we are as alike as two peas. Until I faced the same situation a few years ago which you are facing to-day and came to a showdown with it, I didn't know where I was at any more than you do; I was fooling myself with the same sort of cowardly reasoning with which you are drugging yourself right now; my nights were haunted with the ghosts of indefinite debts which I didn't dare face. I told myself that to know the worst would take all the fight out of me and destroy my ability to produce. In other words, I was staking all my chances to dig out of the hole on increasing my income. Curtailing outgo seemed futile and ineffective.

"Of course I practiced some economies; I thought I was denying myself most everything which did not minister directly to my earning power. Then came a day when I really woke up and reached for my lead pencil. It was the last day of a certain month and I figured out to a dollar just how much I owed. The hardest part of it was to break the news to my wife, for I had been holding out all this sort of information from her and giving her reason to believe that things were going well with us. However, I found that I hadn't been fooling her at all; she knew that the family ship was drifting without rudder or compass and that I was not playing the partnership game with her on the square."

A Monthly Showdown

"From that moment we settled into the harness and began to cut down expenses, a game in which she could beat me to a frazzle. But the one thing which enabled me to make real progress was the definite monthly showdown. From that time there was not a month in which I was not able to slice at least something from the total of my indebtedness. Another thing which helped mightily was the surprising fact that I was no longer facing ghosts. Under the spell of specific figures they vanished into thin air. I knew the worst and was ready to meet it.

"Take it from me, I got more uplift and inspiration from facing my financial situation like a grown-up man than from all the sermons I ever heard. Going after my debts and my expenses in a two-fisted way and with both eyes open was a workout which did more to reduce my mental and moral flabbiness than anything else I had ever experienced. I discovered that it gave a glow of satisfaction which I had never been able to get out of the childish game of playing ostrich and thinking I was hid from my debts and their consequences simply because I had my head buried in the sand. If you'll take my medicine and do as I did you'll win out. Now go to it. Tackle the fight with the courage of a good sport!"

That fight is still going on. To some extent the advice of this outspoken friend has been acted upon. There has been a distinct improvement in the man's salesmanship; he is not only getting more business but getting it on a sounder basis. The customers to whom he granted unbusinesslike concessions have discovered that he isn't going into the business of buying their orders; that he will get their trade on a sound basis or go without it; that he is showing something of the backbone which he displayed in his earlier years on the territory, and something of his old-time energy and application too.

He is able to banish the beaten, discouraged look from his face while he is talking with his customers, at least—which is a decided gain.

But he is still having a hard time with his slack, easy-going and evasive tendencies. A disposition to dodge disagreeable things is not easily overcome by a man of settled habits. It can be beaten—and in a quick, decisive engagement, too—but it takes a profound conviction of its necessity in order to do it. He will not be in a position to score a real victory until he reaches an acute realization that he cannot hang the blame for his pathetic crisis on the period of deflation, on the general economic pressure for readjustment, on the collapse of the industrial boom in his city or on the drop of farm prices and farm values; not until he sees and admits that he must charge the major part of his troubles to his failure to face disagreeable things, to look ahead and cut his garment according to his cloth, to get a firm grasp on his personal affairs—will he pull out of his hole.

The head of a large industry lately remarked to me: "I doubt if 25 per cent of the individuals of this country could tell

(Continued on Page 41)

PLANTERS 5¢
PENNANT
BRAND
SALTED PEANUTS
MR. PEANUT REGISTERED
Have Some!
In Glass Jars for Home Use
Everywhere in the
5¢ Glassine Bag
Planters Pennant
PLANTERS NUT & CHOCOLATE CO., WILKES-BARRE, PA. SUFFOLK, VA. NEW YORK, CHICAGO, BOSTON.

Friction—
the unseen enemy of production
in your plant

600-W

A world-wide friend of production

"Lubricating with tallow is good enough for me."
"Don't tell us that dark oil can be really CLEAN."
"This 600-W may be all right, but I can't use it in my lubricators."

BACK in the early 80's when Gargoyle Cylinder Oil 600-W came to revolutionize steam cylinder lubrication, it took faith to meet the chorus of "conscientious objectors."

Tradition died hard.

A dark colored mineral oil had come to supplant beef-and-mutton tallow lubrication. Lubricators that fed tallow would not properly feed oil. New methods had to be devised and adopted—new lubricators invented and used.

But everywhere that this new oil—with its queer sounding name—was given a fair chance, friction met a new master, and Production Profit a new friend.

Time went on. Imitators sprang up. Failing to duplicate 600-W, efforts were even made to imitate the name.

Today Gargoyle Cylinder Oil 600-W reduces oil consumption, protects cylinders, and increases power the world over. Its outstanding ability to safeguard steady, full production is accepted without debate.

In later years we added other cylinder oils to correctly meet special new needs which developed.

If you are not lubricating your steam cylinders with the correct grade of Gargoyle Cylinder Oils, you are probably paying for it—paying in power loss, paying in production loss, paying in profit loss.

For over half a century, we have pioneered in helping power, production and profit—through correct lubrication.

Today we stand ready to introduce the full economies of correct lubrication into your entire plant.

We recommend that you get in touch with our nearest branch. Stocks are carried in principal cities throughout the country.

For Lower Production Costs

Steam Cylinders

Gargoyle Steam Cylinder Oils minimize power losses and undue wear in steam cylinders the world over. No other steam cylinder oils are so widely endorsed by engine builders.

The well-known Gargoyle Cylinder Oil 600-W and several other Gargoyle Lubricating Oils are specially manufactured for cylinder and valve lubrication to meet conditions in all types of Steam Engines, Steam Pumps, Steam-driven Compressors, Locomotives, etc.

Turbines

A worry of every turbine operator is sludge. Gargoyle D. T. E. Oils are manufactured and especially treated to meet the exacting requirements of turbine lubrication. These oils separate readily from moisture and impurities and thus provide remarkable freedom from sludge.

Internal Combustion Engines

The severe lubricating requirements of gas engines, Diesel engines and oil engines are scientifically met by Gargoyle D. T. E. Oils.

Compressors and Vacuum Pumps

Correct lubrication is of unusual importance in compressor work. Carbon in the air cylinder has sometimes caused explosion. Gargoyle D. T. E. Oil Heavy Medium is made especially to minimize carbonization. It is correct for air or gas compressors and vacuum pumps.

Bearings

A wide range of Gargoyle Bearing Oils is provided to meet all specific operating conditions of engines and machines involving size, speed, pressure, temperature and lubricating methods.

* * *

THROUGH our nearest branch or distributor, we shall be glad to assist you in selecting the correct Gargoyle Lubricating Oils for use throughout your entire plant.

Stocks are carried in principal cities throughout the country.

Domestic Branches:

New York *(Main Office)*	Chicago
Boston	Indianapolis
Philadelphia	Minneapolis
Detroit	Des Moines
Pittsburgh	Kansas City, Kan.
Buffalo	Dallas
Rochester	Albany

GARGOYLE

Lubricating Oils

A grade for each type of service

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

(Continued from Page 38)

just where they are at financially. Of course it's different with firms and corporations. They have to know—at least theoretically. Those men who can give their financial latitude and longitude are the very rich and the very poor. The great mass of men between these two extremes have been drifting and are still drifting. The period of war inflation has greatly stimulated this habit of reckless financial driving. With wages and salaries going up and easy money within reach on the side millions fell into the way of watching income with fascinated eyes and giving only a careless and occasional glance at the column of outgo.

"This has become a national habit. We're going to have a harder time living it down than industry is having to throw off the poison of the cost-plus plan. But business is not going to quit staggering until the individuals of this nation—the majority of the men and women who vote and pay taxes—get a firm grip on their personal affairs, know where they're at, sail by chart and compass, plan their expenditures to fit their incomes and their obligations, and fight their way back, by sane and careful living, to a position of financial soundness.

"Of course there are several million wage workers who have a sharp and hungry realization that we're now paying for our great spending spree—but there are surprisingly few persons of moderate income who have yet discovered in a practical way that the war is over and settlement day at hand. You may wonder how they could be so blind to a fact which is so painfully obvious to any thoughtful person—but they are. There are millions of them—still drifting and hugging the hope that they will get past somehow; that some beneficent force is going to rescue them without waking them from their jazz dream."

A banker whose institution is a favorite with the small depositor remarks: "A day at our tellers' windows will drive home to any man the fact that the dominating thought in the mind of the average salaried man to-day is 'Where and how can I borrow?' It is the age of debt. We hear so much about the national debt, the state debt, the municipal debt, the school debt and the corporation debt that we forget the individual debt. Taxes are being heaped upon taxes to pay interest on governmental debts and great and rich corporations are paying high interest to get enough money to carry their obligations and meet their expenses.

"The fabric of debt is being woven to-day with a fury which the world has never known before.

"This passion of borrowing is in the blood of the individual. He would rather borrow than cut his expenses, than reduce his scale of living. You would be astonished to know how many families are living without any knowledge of their finances and without any plan for their expenditures. They simply drift until they find themselves in a hole. Millions of persons, my observation as a banker convinces me, live in utter disregard of insurance day and tax day. They know that these payments must be made sometime but they are genuinely surprised when the demands for payment appear. They suddenly realize that they must borrow—from banks if they can, from friends if they must."

Unfounded Optimism

"Some of them make sporadic and half-hearted attempts to economize; but they put far more pep and punch into their attempts to borrow than into their efforts to save. They read those writers and listen to those speakers who are in the business of handing out predigested cheer and prepared hope. They clip from the papers statements from alleged financial medicine men to the effect that business is going to pick up in the fall; that things are going to be all right again at some joyous date in the not distant future. They remind me of an experience of my boyhood. I lived in a village which had several families of a sect who believed that on a certain day set by their prophet the world would come to an end and they would ascend to heaven. As that day approached they sold their belongings and spent their money for white raiment and for railroad tickets to the central point where all the faithful of that region were to gather for the Ascension. Efforts to arouse them to an attitude of worldly prudence were of no avail. Why take thought of the morrow and its mercenary needs when the morrow was going to open the doors of paradise to them?

"There are several million spenders who are to-day showing almost as much faith in prophecy and almost as little regard for prudence as those misguided and pathetic people. All the paradise they ask for is to keep up the scale of jazz living to which they have become accustomed in wartime expansion. And their prophets assure them that everything is going to be all right again in the fall. Therefore the only problem is to borrow enough money to tide them over to the date of the restoration of their spenders' paradise! It is anything to avoid cutting down on their scale of living, to dodge unsparing retrenchment, to sidestep facing their affairs and living within a greatly reduced income!

"Of course they're finally going to be forced into doing this, but without the advantages of coming to it early and of their own accord—and those advantages are great! They spell the difference between victory and defeat, between abject failure and triumph over adverse circumstances which will save their reputation if not their pride. Personally I believe that there will be some improvement in general business conditions in the late fall—but that improvement will not in my opinion be marked enough to bring any joy to the jazz dancers. The only ones who will be able to get any nourishment out of it will be those who take a firm grip on the tiller of their affairs right now, put the prow of their craft straight into the wind and steer with their eyes wide open, shaping their course clear of the rocks of debt."

Bad Times for Easy Resigners

The present is about the poorest time this country has ever seen for those men—and their name is legion—who are senaitive and touchy as to the treatment which they receive from their employers and business associates. In this class are many men of marked ability who have been accustomed to high pay. The percentage of producers in this group is high and it includes a large number of men of brilliant talents. Under normal conditions they are not only able to deliver the goods but to change from one position or line to another with acrobatic agility and poise. As a result they have acquired the conviction that they can quit any position at the drop of the hat, step into a better one and make good.

This conviction has almost invariably fostered an attitude of independence which makes them touchy as yoke mates, resentful of supervision, intolerant of criticism and temperamentally unfitted for plodding teamwork when the pull on the neck yoke is hard and steady. The favorite phrases in their vocabulary are: "I'm not treated right" and "I'll not stand for it!"

In the employ of a certain large railroad is a man of this type. He holds an executive position of considerable importance and is therefore not under the jurisdiction of the national agreements and is unaffected by the pay cut ordered by the Labor Board. But it was intimated to him that it would be necessary for the executive force of the road to make a salary cut.

His instant answer to this suggestion was: "I'll not stand for it. I haven't been getting what I'm worth. I've stuck with the road when I could have got more elsewhere. But when it comes to taking a cut—never!"

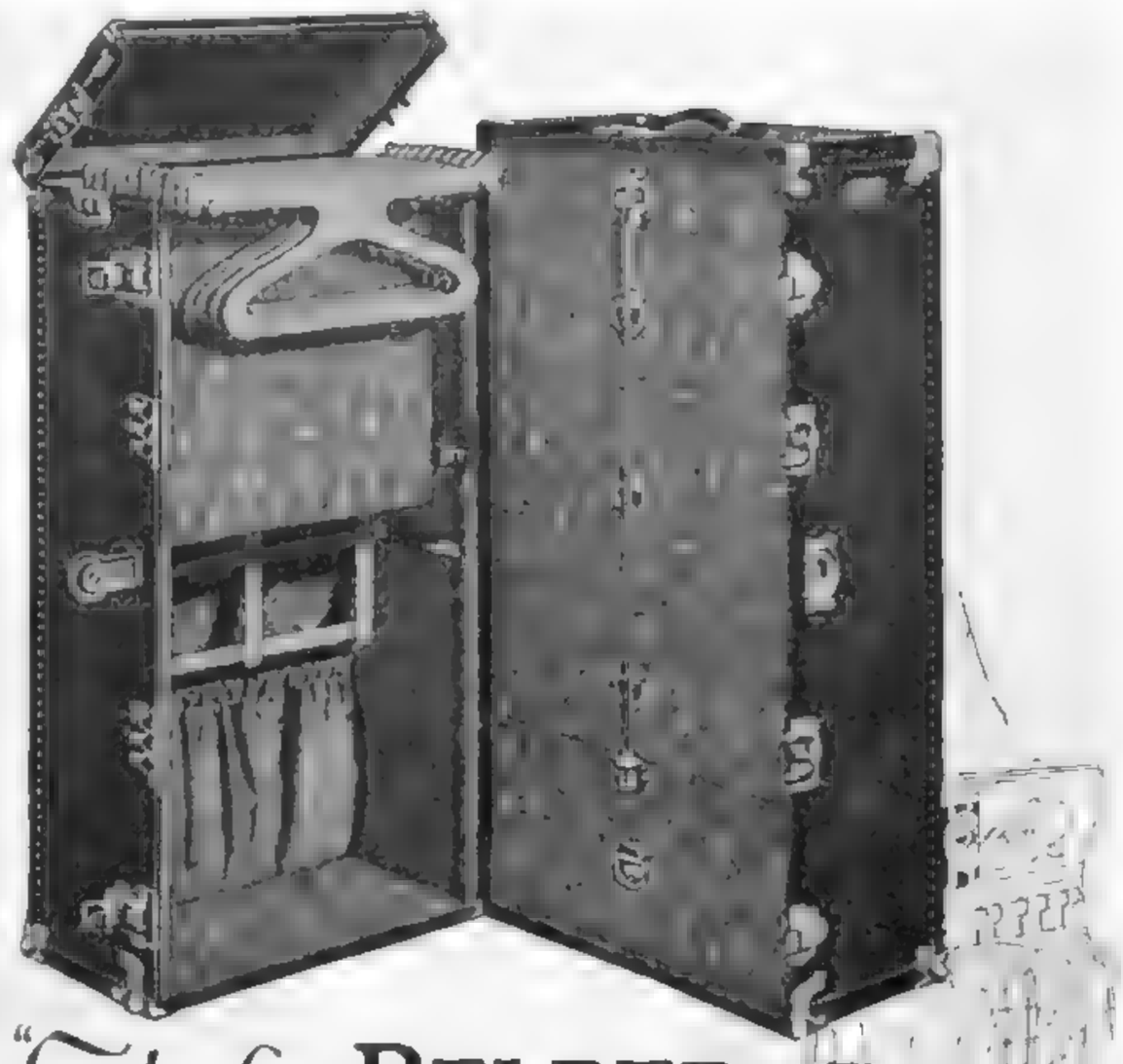
Though this man has not yet resigned he shows all the symptoms of being about to do so. His record as an easy resigner is high, and he is able to prove that with one or two possible exceptions he has bettered himself at every move.

"But this time," remarked a friend, "he's going to jump from the frying pan into the fire unless he acts upon the advice which his truest friends are offering him. For one thing, he forgets that he is considerably older than he was when he made his last change; that he has passed the point when an addition to his age counts as an advantage."

It is scarcely possible to exaggerate the happy-go-lucky state of unpreparedness into which the average man has fallen during the period of pay-envelope expansion. Recently in a large railroad town in the Middle West occurred an incident which is representative of what has been taking place all over the country.

A man of middle age entered a bank and awkwardly made his way to the private office of the manager in the rear of the

(Continued on Page 43)



"Look for BELBER *values in practical trunks"—*

ONE place where a BELBER WARDROBE TRUNK shows up for all the splendid convenience and *wear* there is in it—is in *service* to the girl or boy going away to school.

No. 999—A *new* model

$50.00

A practical trunk for anyone—fine appearance—built to withstand hard knocks.

With a BELBER you can literally "live in your trunk"!

Room to keep coats, suits, hats, shoes, underwear—anything you want *packed* away, yet easily got out at a moment's notice.

Your BELBER is good for a whole school career and for years after. It *keeps* its fine appearance. Built of high-grade materials inside and out. Built to *wear*.

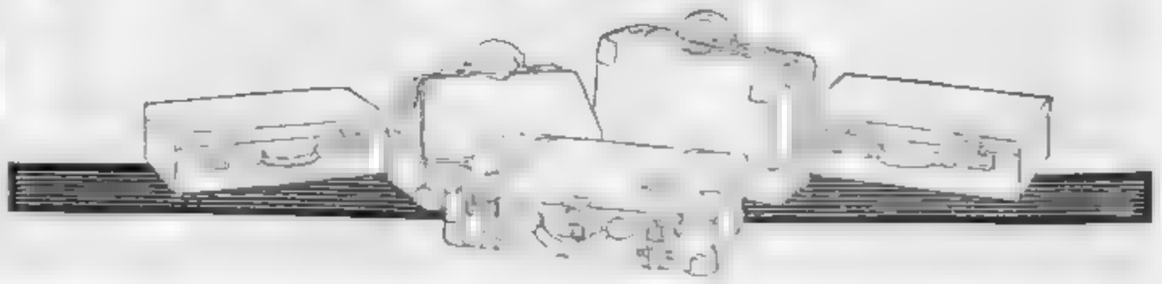
Look for the BELBER Trade name—the sign of *high-grade, practical* luggage.

The BELBER TRUNK & BAG COMPANY
Philadelphia, Pa.

If your dealer cannot supply you this Trunk, send your check or money order to US. We will arrange to have the trunk delivered to you.

Other models from $35 to $250

Belber
TRAVELING GOODS



Settle the Problem of This Winter's Heat!

Every condition favors immediate attention to the matter of your new heating plant. The rush season is imminent with its necessarily hurried installations and delays. And new building already has caused a dearth of Round Oak heating systems in many localities.

The price situation need occasion no concern; a Round Oak Guarantee Bond amply protects your investment; deferred payments may be arranged. What, then, is the advantage of waiting until cold weather descends?

Upon you rests the degree of satisfaction, health and comfort that your family is to derive from their home, new or old, this next generation. Adequately safeguard their welfare by reserving, now, a Round Oak Pipeless Furnace.

Installed as our heating engineers dictate, following a study of your home, an abundance of healthful warmth—always clean, pure and invigoratingly moist—will thereafter circulate throughout every room from surprisingly little coal, wood or gas.

Trust to the fifty-year reputation of the Round Oak Folks in this important respect; your confidence will be rewarded. Write for fully descriptive book.

THE BECKWITH COMPANY, Dowagiac, Michigan
"Round Oak Folks" *Established 1871*

ROUND OAK

PIPELESS FURNACE

Just one good store in a city or town handles genuine Round Oak products, all of which embody traditional Round Oak quality and patented exclusive features: Round Oak Chief Range; Round Oak Ironbilt Cast Range; Original Round Oak Heating Stoves; Round Oak Three-Fuel Range; Round Oak Copperoid Chief Range; Round Oak Moistair Heating System; Round Oak Ironbilt Furnace—for pipe installation. Write for literature on any of these products, whose satisfied purchasers now exceed two million and a quarter

Copyright 1921, The Beckwith Co.

The Round Oak Folks Make Good Goods Only

(Continued from Page 41)

tellers' cages. He was not a depositor but he had a speaking acquaintance with the banker, who knew him as a foreman of long service and good standing in the big railroad shops.

They had come into familiar contact in the course of the Liberty Loan drive among the shop workers.

"I'm up against it," declared the foreman, "and I want to borrow a couple of hundred to get my wife out of the hospital, where she's had an operation. I don't mind letting the doctors wait a while for their pay—but when it comes to the hospital bill, that's different. I just haven't the nerve to stave that off."

"What pay do you get?" casually inquired the banker.

"Two hundred and seventy-five a month," answered his caller.

"And you've been getting that for how long?"

"About three years."

"Do you mean to tell me that for three years you've been drawing two hundred and seventy-five dollars a month and that you haven't anything put aside to take care of an emergency of this sort?"

"That's about the size of it," confessed the foreman in a tone that implied a touch of resentment at the manner in which the question was shot at him.

"Seems to me," resumed the banker, "I've seen you driving about in an automobile."

"Yes, we've got a car," admitted the candidate for a loan. "Nearly all our neighbors have their automobiles. I didn't get one until a lot of the men working under me had bought cars. My wife wanted one and it seemed to me that she was as much entitled to that comfort as ——"

"Don't shift the blame to your wife's shoulders," interrupted the banker. "Be honest enough to admit that you were as crazy for a car as she was. Besides, I met her once when we were on the Red Cross drive and she looked to me like a sensible woman. Of course there are a lot of extravagant wives, but as a rule women are more careful than men in family expenditures—that's my observation."

"But how about the loan?" cut in the foreman, who was growing restive. "I'm getting good pay and I can take up the note when it comes due."

Sound Advice From a Banker

"Yes, you can," replied the banker, "but the question is Will you? There's nothing in the way in which you have handled your affairs thus far to indicate that you will be in any better position to pay your note at maturity than you are now to settle your hospital bill. You're simply drifting. You admit that you owe a doctor's bill—which is probably larger than your hospital bill. The chances are that you're also behind with your grocer and other merchants.

"If you had come in here and told me that you'd just awakened to the fact that you'd been a fool; that you were scared stiff at your situation and that you were going to sell your car and get down to bed rock in your expenses in order to pull out of the hole, I would not hesitate an instant about lending you two hundred or more. In fact I'd lend you the money if you were to say to me now that you saw where you were heading for and that you were going to walk out of here and sell your car."

"Well, I'm not going t' sell the car," retorted the foreman. "Not yet, anyhow. I'll wiggle through somehow. When my wife gets out of the hospital she's going to enjoy that car more than ever before—and she's going to have it, too, somehow."

"All right," responded the banker. "Then you don't get the loan from me. I'm human enough to realize that what you say about your wife's enjoyment of the car while she's getting her strength back is true—but if she's the woman I think she is she would get a lot more strength and hope from seeing her husband wake up to the situation which confronts his family than from all the automobile rides she could possibly take.

"Why, man, can't you see that if you'd looked ahead a little and put aside even twenty-five dollars a month out of your two hundred and seventy-five dollars, you wouldn't be in this hole now? You could have done that without feeling it. In fact you could have saved seventy-five a month with very little forethought and sacrifice. Then there's another matter which you've neglected to mention—the fact that hereafter you're not going to get two hundred and seventy-five dollars a month -not by considerable! And the fact that your high wages couldn't continue long after the close of the war was as inevitable to any man of ordinary foresight the day you received your big raise as it is now.

"Probably you'll be able to get a loan elsewhere and keep your car—for a while. But the relief will be only temporary. The only thing which will really put you on your feet and prevent you from being knocked out financially is to do your thinking beforehand. This country never saw the day when there was as much painful afterthought as right now—and it's about the most futile kind of mental disturbance a man can have. Pulling oneself and one's affairs together in advance isn't half as painful either."

The foreman went out of the banker's private office without an admission of the soundness of the talk which he had received. The fact that he did not return, confess that he had seen the light and announce that he had sold his car is accepted by the banker as evidence that his attitude has remained unchanged.

In these days of financial pressure the attitude of the man who has found himself in a hole in a large measure determines the attitude of those to whom he is indebted and the measure of consideration which he will receive. Of course this has always been true to a certain extent—but never before has it been so conspicuous and outstanding a credit principle as to-day.

"Let me show you how it works in actual practice," said a large retail grocer in a city of forty thousand inhabitants. "I noticed that a certain shop worker was falling behind in his account—getting in a little deeper each month. We wrote him a mild letter for a settlement. He came in promptly. His face showed that he had been doing some mighty serious thinking.

"'I've just come out of a trance,' he announced. 'Haven't quite figured out yet how I fell into it—but I think I'm awake now. When war work put my wages up to a point I never dreamed they'd reach it went to my head, I guess. It seemed to me we could have a lot of things we needed and had never been able to afford. My wife had always been a very careful woman in money matters, but the change in my pay envelope seemed to affect her as it did me. Anyhow she began to dress the children and herself better than ever before. I was glad to see that; they had it coming to them! And she set a better table and began to buy better things for the house.

"'Because I didn't dive into the silk-shirt class like my shop mates I thought I was holding down the lid in good shape. Rather patted myself on the back for my moderation. But where I slipped a cog was in not keeping as keen an eye on outgo as on income. In spite of all the talk put up by the spokesmen of labor and the newspapers about the increased cost of living I didn't get the truth of the thing into my system. Every dollar in my pay envelope was just the same old dollar that it used to be—or at least about the same. Anyhow, I couldn't see 60 per cent water in any of them. We didn't run wild in our spending like a lot of those about us did. I felt that we were almost models of economy—until work began to slow down and my trade had to take a wage cut. Then I found out that I'd been a fool along with the rest.'"

Character as a Credit Risk

"'That happened toward the close of month before last. At first I didn't realize quite what had happened. But when I got last month's bills I began to come to—and your letter did the rest. I owe you more than a hundred and, all told, I'm in the mud to the tune of about three hundred. I'm awake now and realize that I ought to have saved several hundred out of those fat war wages instead of acquiring a taste for better living and a burden of debt.

"'But we've started in on a new program at our house. My wife's right with me on that deal. To-day I'm making the rounds of everybody I owe and putting all the cards on the table—same as I have with you. If they'll all agree to it I'm going to treat 'em all alike in the payments I make. That seems the square way to go about the job of digging out. In the meantime I've got to live, and that means I must have a reasonable amount of credit.'

"So far as having any property backing is concerned this man is about the poorest risk on my books, but I consider that I'm taking fewer chances with him than with a lot of those who have property. I not only told him to go ahead on the basis he had outlined but that I'd talk with any other merchant to whom he was indebted if he thought it would help him any. He's a good credit risk because he has character enough to realize his situation, see the folly of drifting, and make a plan by which to work out of his predicament. He's learned the lesson of the necessity of living within his income and of planning for the future. I've discussed his case with the other merchants at our meetings and they agree that those who have arrived at this man's attitude are the ones who should be given every possible consideration, every help. This is the general attitude of merchants and business men throughout the country—there is not the least doubt about that."

The best advice which can be given any man who has fallen behind and found himself caught in the mesh of debt is: Go and see the men you owe—and see them often. Let them understand that you take your obligations seriously, that you abhor debt, that you are on the job of living inside your income and that you are making your payments and your current expenditures according to a carefully framed plan. Don't hesitate to admit that you've been something of a fool in a period of almost universal folly; but make it clear that you know where you're at and that you're running on a schedule of preparedness.

Tax-Day Borrowers

"You would be surprised," recently remarked a banker, "at the number of leading business men who fail to put aside money with which to meet inevitable annual expenses like taxes. The result is that when tax time comes they are forced to borrow. Every banker knows that in the last days of grace for the payment of taxes a line of anxious candidates for loans is sure to form in front of the discount desk. But the character of the men in those lines often gives the note tellers a jolt of surprise. This was especially true last year. Executives of big corporations and individuals of wealth by the thousands had to borrow to pay their income taxes. They had neglected to set aside a sum each month to meet this fixed and inevitable outgo. In fact, many were unable to borrow enough to meet this demand.

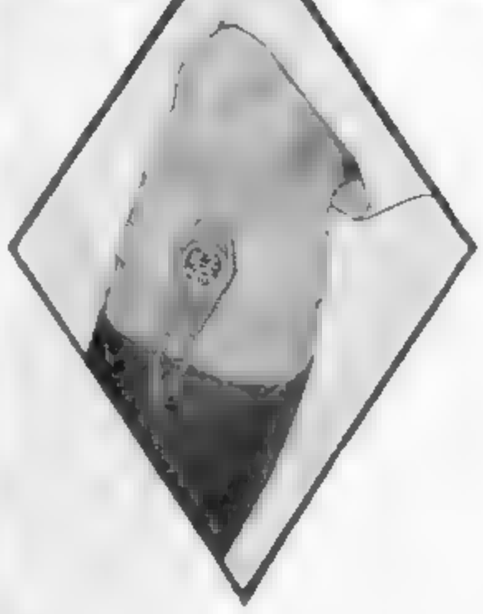
"I know of a man whose income tax for 1920 was about twenty-five thousand dollars. By the time this was to be paid he had as little chance of paying it as I have of paying the national debt. He lived and spent on the basis that his profits were his to have and to hold and that the income tax was a disagreeable myth. Another man made an income of one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars because a big army camp was located in his territory. Probably the net income from his business in any previous year had not exceeded twenty-five thousand dollars. He was hilarious and began to spend proportionately. I tried to show him, early that year, that he was riding for a fall unless he deducted each month a twelfth of the sum which would be required for his income tax and put it into a separate fund for tax day. But this didn't appeal to him. He'd cross that bridge when he came to it! Well, he contrived to get past until the tax day of the year following the close of the war. Then he did some of the liveliest squirming a man ever did.

"There are thousands of men like this one who make no provision for fixed expenditures—who deliberately and stubbornly shut their eyes to inevitable expenditures which they know must come at a certain time. With small business men and all who are in relatively restricted circumstances this unpreparedness is not so surprising. The greater part of humanity lives with less forethought for the future than lots of animals and insects. But the extent to which this happy-go-lucky practice prevails among keen business men who are supposed to conduct their affairs according to a fixed and orderly plan is astonishing. The intimate insight into the business affairs of men in this class which naturally comes to a banker is depressing. It sometimes makes him question the accepted theory that man is a reasoning creature."

Many workers in industry now out of jobs are apparently puzzled to know why

(Continued on Page 46)

E.Z.
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
GARTER



Basic patents baffle imitation

SIX YEARS AGO the Thos. P. Taylor Co. patented and marketed the first wide-web garter.

The great success of the E. Z. Garter has finally led to its being imitated, but it is important for you to know that it cannot be *equalled*—the basic patents prevent that.

Note particularly that no adjustments or metal slides are needed to keep the E. Z. Garter in place—because the perfect-fitting, soft wide webbing conforms with the natural shape of the leg and yields to every movement, yet holds the sock neatly and firmly. (And no amount of time-consuming adjustments can get further wear from an old, rotting garter that has once started to sag.)

So when you buy a garter remember there is but one genuine E. Z. Accept no wide-web garter unless it bears the E. Z. trade-mark, or you may be disappointed in your quest of *real garter comfort.*

Sold by 10,000 dealers everywhere, in single grip and the "E. Z. 2-Grip," at 35c to $1.

The E. Z. Garter is made solely by The Thos. P. Taylor Co., Bridgeport, Ct.

OKUMA
former Premier of Japan

WU-TING-FANG
former Chinese Minister to the U.S.

These four world authorities on diplomacy and the limitation of armaments are on the editorial staff of the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

PUBLIC
PHILADELPHIA

COL. HOUSE
former American Delegate to Peace Conference

VIVIANI
former Premier of France

WHAT the Far East is thinking, and what France is thinking, will be the two most important factors in the conference of the allied powers called by President Harding to consider the limitation of armaments and the Pacific Ocean problems.

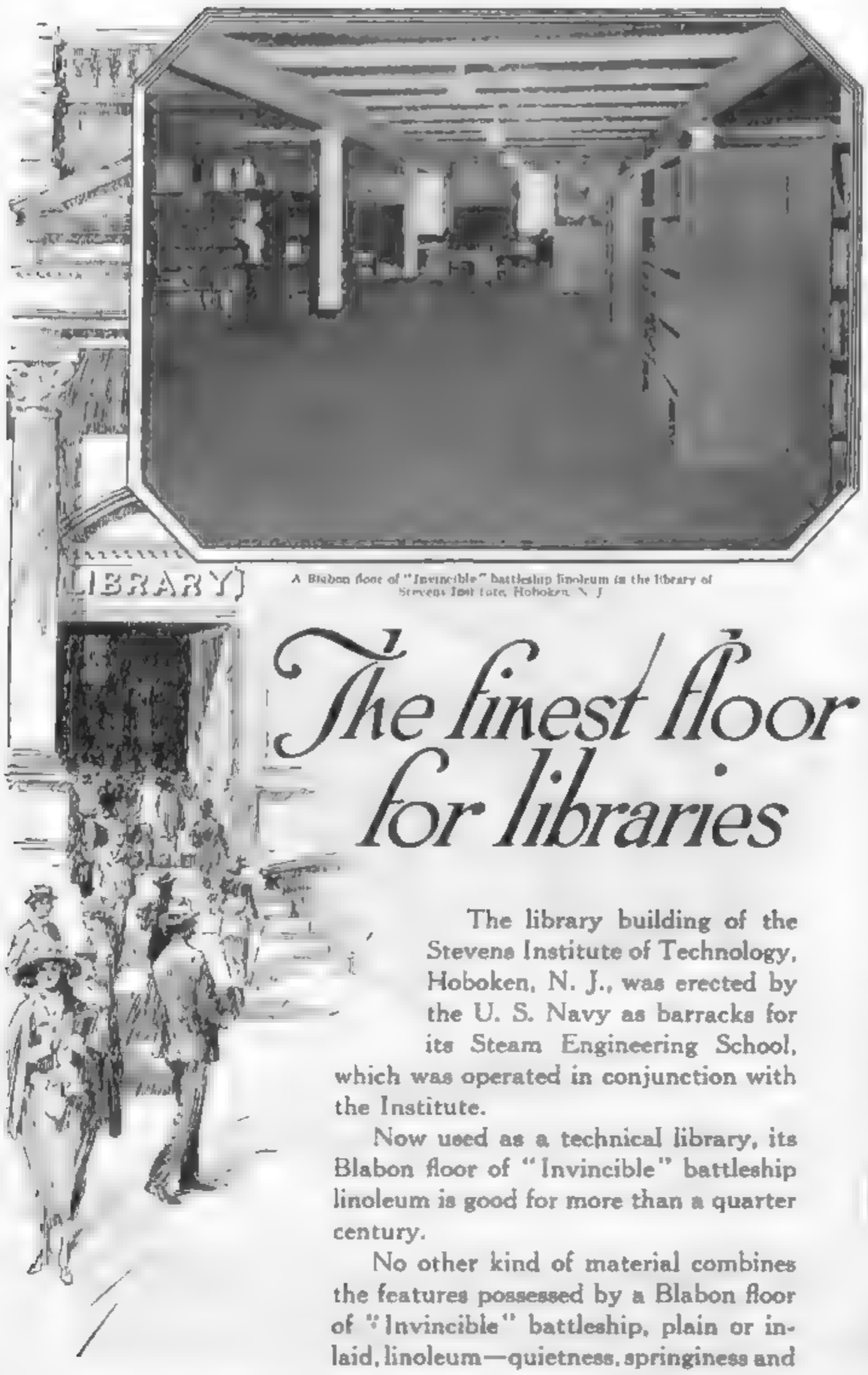
The four men who best know the mind of Europe and the Orient are writing on these subjects regularly for the Public Ledger.

Wu-Ting-Fang, Okuma, Viviani and House are members of the editorial staff of the Public Ledger.

And their dispatches are syndicated to many other newspapers throughout the United States by the Ledger Syndicate.

Find out whether there is a newspaper in your city which publishes Public Ledger Foreign News by arrangement with the Ledger Syndicate.

LEDGER
PHILADELPHIA



A Blabon floor of "Invincible" battleship linoleum in the library of Stevens Inst tute, Hoboken, N. J.

The finest floor for libraries

The library building of the Stevens Institute of Technology, Hoboken, N. J., was erected by the U. S. Navy as barracks for its Steam Engineering School, which was operated in conjunction with the Institute.

Now used as a technical library, its Blabon floor of "Invincible" battleship linoleum is good for more than a quarter century.

No other kind of material combines the features possessed by a Blabon floor of "Invincible" battleship, plain or inlaid, linoleum—quietness, springiness and comfort to the tread, beauty that endures, durability, sanitary quality, ease in keeping clean, and economy of maintenance.

And no other excels a Blabon floor for auditoriums, public buildings, churches, schools, business offices, or the home.

For genuine linoleum look for the name Blabon. Write for illustrated booklet.

Blabon Rugs of genuine linoleum have the soft rich colorings of costlier rugs at a fraction of their cost. Mothproof, sanitary, durable. Ask your dealer for them.

Look for this label on all Blabon Art Linoleums

Important Notice: Floor coverings (including rugs) made upon a felt paper base are not linoleum, and to describe, advertise or sell them as linoleum is a violation of the law. Felt paper floor coverings have a black interior which is easily detected upon examining the edge.

The George W. Blabon Company, Philadelphia
Established 70 years

BLABON ART Linoleums

(Continued from Page 43)

they have been let out and others who are perhaps not as skillful retained. Here is a hint which may help them to solve the problem. Lately I entered the general offices of a large plant engaged in the manufacture of heavy machinery. The place was as quiet as the silence room of a library.

The general manager remarked: "All the officers are either on the golf links or taking vacations. Might as well do that as stick around here. We're keeping about half our men. They're mainly on repair and construction work—doing the work on the plant and equipment that we could not take time to do when the war pressure was on. Then we're getting ready for the time when business comes back to normal. This is America, and the present condition cannot and will not continue indefinitely. The resources and the opportunities of this country are too great to permit of that. Besides, we're going to go the limit to keep our men going."

"But," I interrupted, "I'd like to get at the line which you drew in separating the men who were to be let out from those to be retained."

"That's easy," was the quick reply of this executive. "Drawing this line was my own particular job. In one group I put those who in wartime told us to go to hell if we asked them to do their work differently, to be a little more reasonable about loafing on the job or to work overtime; in the other group I placed those who were decent and reasonable at the time when the wage worker was in the saddle and the boss was on his knees. So far as I'm informed this is what is taking place throughout industry. This line of separation almost automatically fires the inefficient, the drifters and trouble-makers, and retains the efficient, the loyal and the stickers. It leaves with us the men who have grown up with the concern."

One of the foremost financiers of America recently remarked to me: "The financier who doesn't take into account the kinks and quirks of human nature when trying to analyze a nationwide business situation is overlooking an important element. Take the present situation of overspending on the part of the average family; a very large percentage of it comes from plain masculine pride. There are several million husbands in this country who haven't had the nerve to say to their wives that expenses must be cut to the bone and a lower scale of family living established. They wanted to be sure that their incomes were not going to pick up again before they took this disagreeable step, which they felt would somehow reflect upon their ability as family providers. This has been the situation in hundreds of thousands of families. It is one of the main reasons why so many families are in the hole so deep that they're going to have a mighty hard time digging out.

"Of course there are many wives who cannot or will not economize—who are born spenders and who have reduced the extraction of money from their husbands to a fine art. But they are the exception, not the rule. The average wife in this country is quite as sensible in money matters as the average husband—perhaps more so. She is just as keen to protect the future of the family partnership as is her husband. I'm inclined to think that the average wife is more willing to practice economy and retrenchment than the average husband. As a rule, women are better able to economize than men because they naturally deal with the details of any problem—and retrenching family expenses is a job in handling small details if ever there was one!

"Broadly speaking, if the men of America had generally taken their wives into their confidence just as soon as retrenchment became necessary, the great task of readjustment would have been easier and more quickly accomplished. This observation may not appeal to some salesmen and merchants who hold that the country is suffering from a buying strike; that people generally are now as extreme in antibuying as they were a short time ago in spending. Those who indulge this kind of reasoning shut their eyes to the fact that the ideal customer is the one who is always able to pay for what he buys; that the ideal trade is one which spends within its income; and that human nature has within itself a natural urge toward spending. This spontaneous pressure may be depended upon to keep the volume of trade up to what the incomes of the spenders will stand. Our appetites for the pleasures and luxuries of life have been liberally educated during the past few years and may be relied upon to function to the full extent to which they can secure financial support. When retailers, like the manufacturers and wholesalers, reach bed rock in their readjustment to the afterwar situation they will find that consumers have no permanent paralysis of the buying nerves.

"No doubt many consumers are not now buying normally—and by that I mean not buying what they need and can afford—but that condition generally prevails on a declining market and is bound to right itself before long. But these are greatly outnumbered by those consumers who have spent lavishly, lived beyond their incomes, and are now facing the pains of compulsory retrenchment. When the individuals, the families, which make up this nation, get their feet on the ground and cut their garments according to their cloth the general business conditions of the country will be mightily improved. Personal and family thrift is the basis of national prosperity."

Sense and Nonsense

An Unconventional Surrender

THE history class in a Long Island public school had finished a chapter dealing with the surrender of Gen. Robert E. Lee to Gen. U. S. Grant, much detail having been given to the contrast in the dress of the two generals.

"Now," asked the teacher at the oral review, "can any of you tell me just how the two great generals were dressed at this important ceremony?"

A little fellow held up his hand.

"Why," he said, "General Lee was dressed up. He had on a full-dress Confederate suit with gold buttons, and he gave General Grant a jeweled sword."

"But how was General Grant dressed?" she asked.

"Oh, he was in a hurry and just had on an old Union suit."

A Good Reason Why

POLICE officials in a well-known Western city had special cause recently to be exercised over the modern woman's fad for abbreviated skirts. Their concern is not particularly with the moral bearings, but rather with certain very practical phases of the question. But they really feel that if the present upward tendency continues something must be done about it.

The other day a tearful little girl about five years old was found wandering upon the streets, and a big policeman escorted her into headquarters. The kind-hearted chief of detectives interrogated her.

"What is the matter, little girl?"

"I want to find my muvver," she wailed.

"Did you run away from home, little girl?"

"No; I came downtown with muvver and got losted."

"Why didn't you hold on to her skirts?" she was playfully asked.

"Couldn't reach 'em," was the little tot's reply.

Grateful Appreciation

WHEN Whistler, the famous artist, was living in London he was annoyed not a little by a bumptious Englishman who always persisted in accosting him familiarly in public places.

"Hello, Whistler," exclaimed the pest as they met one afternoon in a club. "Hello, Whistler, I passed your house to-day."

"Thank you," retorted the artist fervently.

Her Maternal Instinct

BRYN MAWR COLLEGE girls are given at stated intervals examinations designed to reveal the scope of their general information. At a recent test of the sort the students were asked to name five musical instruments used by symphony orchestras.

One sweet young thing is said to have given the following list: Violin, cello, oboe, clarinet and bassinet.

BUY LESS FUEL AND MORE COMFORT

CALORIC

PIPELESS FURNACE

The CaloriC gives you two overwhelming advantages—*more comfort*—*at lower cost.*

More comfort because it heats by *circulation*—and circulation takes the cool air out of the building—thus allowing the warm air to flow freely to every part of every room without resistance.

CaloriC circulating heat means *uniform heat*—as much warmth at windows of far-off rooms as near the register, as the thermometer will show.

Lower cost because scientific pipeless construction and patented triple-casing insulation deliver practically all the heat from the fuel directly into the rooms through the one register.

CALORIC PREPARE *for* WINTER WEEK IN U.S. and CANADA—SEPTEMBER 3rd TO 10th

Thousands of CaloriC dealers in every locality will hold special Prepare-for-Winter demonstrations daily from Saturday, September 3, to Saturday, September 10, inclusive. Visit the nearest dealer's store and learn about this wonderful heating plant that more than 125,000 users have found pays for itself in the fuel it saves.

Branch Addresses
Atlanta, Ga., 31 South Broad St
New York City 132 West 42nd St
Omaha, Neb 409 Terminal Warehouse Bldg.
St Paul, Minn., 2218 University Ave
Spokane, Wash., 810 North Monroe St

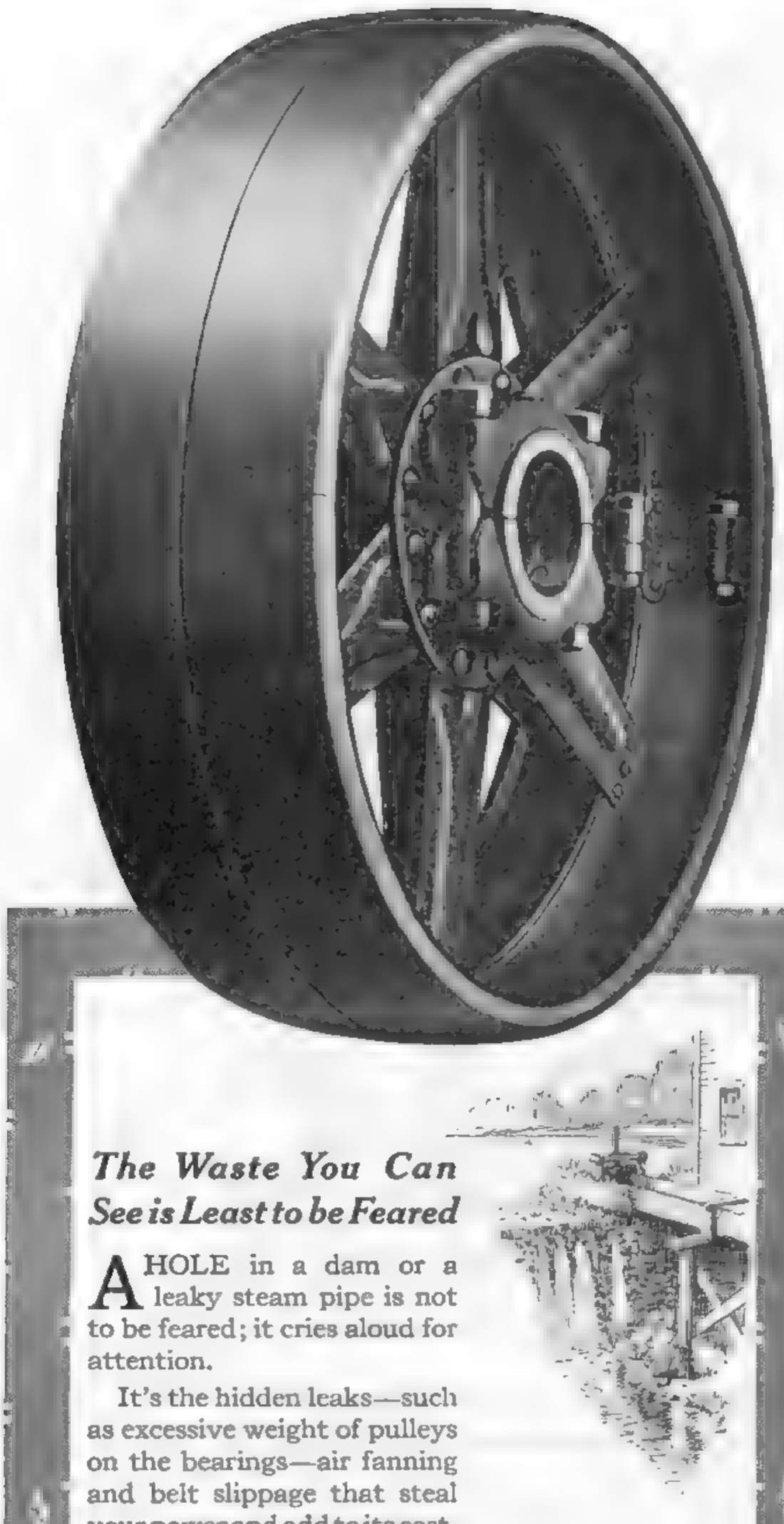
Canadian Address
THE MONITOR STOVE CO., LIMITED
205 Hobberlin Office Bldg
Toronto, Ontario

The Monitor Stove Company
(The Monitor Family)
102 Years in Business
111 Woodrow St., Cincinnati, Ohio

OUR SOLE CALORIC FURNACE PRODUCT

The Monitor Stove Company,
111 Woodrow St., Cincinnati, O
Gentlemen—Please send me your free CaloriC Book, which tells about the modern heat that pays for itself.
Name
Address

LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF WARM-AIR FURNACES IN THE WORLD



The Waste You Can See is Least to be Feared

A HOLE in a dam or a leaky steam pipe is not to be feared; it cries aloud for attention.

It's the hidden leaks—such as excessive weight of pulleys on the bearings—air fanning and belt slippage that steal your power and add to its cost.

How to overcome these losses is explained in our book, "Getting Maximum Pulley Efficiency." Yours for the asking.

The American Pulley Co.
Philadelphia, Pa.

AMERICAN
STEEL SPLIT
PULLEYS

MANSLAUGHTER

(Continued from Page 19)

be admitted that this question was like asking a lion if it could use a lamb. The organization, like all others of its type, needed devotion, needed workers, needed money, and was not averse to a little discreet publicity. All these Lydia offered. Mrs. Galton smiled.

"Yes," she said. The monosyllable was expressive.

The older woman, with forty years of executive work behind her, divided all workers roughly into two classes: The amiable idealists who created no antagonism and accomplished nothing, and the effective workers who accomplished marvels and stirred up endless quarrels. She—except in her very weakest moments—preferred the latter, though they disrupted her office force and gave her nervous indigestion. She recognized Lydia as belonging to this class.

And presently, being a wise and experienced woman, she recognized another fact: That she was probably in the presence of her successor. A pang shot through her. She was seventy and keener than ever about the work to which she had given all her life. If she kept this girl out she would hold office longer than if she let her in. If she let her in it would vivify the whole organization. She might become the ideal leader; at least she could be made so—youth, beauty, money, experience of prison conditions and the romance of her story to capture public imagination.

Lydia, with her acute sense of her own unworthiness, was dimly aware of some hesitation, and supposed that she was being weighed in the balance. She had no suspicion that a struggle, somewhat like her own struggle, was going on in the honest, philanthropic breast before her. A few minutes afterwards Mrs. Galton offered her the treasurership. Lydia was overcome by the honor.

"But I thought you had a treasurer already," she murmured. "If I could be her assistant ——"

"Oh, no doubt she will be glad to resign," said the president with a calmness that suggested that glad or not the resignation would be forthcoming.

The two women went out to lunch together. More and more, as they talked, Lydia saw that this was just what she wanted. This would be her salvation. After they were back in the office again she spoke of Evans. What could she do? What must be done?

"Let me see," said Mrs. Galton. "You were the complaining witness against her, I suppose. Well, you must see the judge and the district attorney who tried the case."

Lydia gave a funny little sound, half exclamation, half moan.

"O'Bannon!" she said.

No, Mrs. Galton thought that wasn't the name of the district attorney of Princess County. She rang her bell and told her secretary to look it up, while she went on calmly discussing the details of the procedure. Presently the secretary returned with a book. John J. Hillyer was district attorney.

"Are you sure?" Lydia asked. "I thought Mr. O'Bannon was."

The secretary said, consulting her book, that he had resigned almost two years before.

"But we'd have to have his signature, wouldn't we?" said Mrs. Galton.

She and the secretary talked of it, back and forth, not knowing that they were setting an impossible condition for Lydia. She couldn't ask O'Bannon. All her interest in the prospect of this new work had withered at the name. She felt a profound discouragement. It was terrible to find she would rather leave Evans in prison than ask O'Bannon to help get her out; terrible to find that man like a barrier across every path she tried to follow in order to escape from him. She thanked them for the trouble they had taken and rose to go. It was arranged that she was to come and begin work on the following Monday.

It was almost tea time when she reached home. Bobby was there, and the Piers, and presently May Swayne came in with her coal baron. Lydia's first emotion on seeing them was a warm, welcoming gladness, but she soon found to her surprise that she had very little to say to them.

The truth was that she had lost the trick of meeting her fellow beings in a purely social relation, and the conscious effort to adapt herself, her words, her attention to them exhausted her. She looked back with wonder to the old days, when she had done nothing else all day long.

Miss Bennett soon began to notice that she was looking like a little piece of carved ivory, with eyes of the blackest jet. When at last her visitors had all gone she went straight to bed.

The next day she had herself driven down to Wide Plains, so that she could see Judge Homans. Court was still in session when she got there, and she was shown to the judge's little book-lined room and left to wait. She had expected her first view of the wide main street, of Mr. Wooley's shop, of the columned courthouse to be intensely painful to her, but it wasn't. The tall attendant who ushered her in greeted her warmly. She remembered him clearly leaning against the double doors of the court room to prevent anyone leaving during the judge's charge.

Presently the judge came in, just as he had come in every day to her trial, his hands folded, his robes flowing about him. Lydia rose. Her name apparently had not been given to him, for he looked at her in surprise. Then his face lit up.

"My dear Miss Thorne," he said, "when did you get out?"

It was the first perfectly natural, spontaneous reference to her imprisonment that she had heard since she left prison. It did away with all constraint and awkwardness, to be taken as a matter of course. Criminals were no novelty in the judge's life. He sat down, waved her into a chair opposite, put his elbows on the arms of his swinging chair and locked his knuckles together.

"I'm very glad to see you—very glad indeed," he said.

But he wasn't at all surprised that she had come. It was not unusual, evidently, for the first visit of a released convict to be paid to the judge. He began to question her rather as if she were a child home for the holidays:

"And what did you learn? Baking? Now that's interesting, isn't it? And sewing? Well, well!"

He treated her so simply that Lydia found herself speaking to him with more freedom about the whole experience of prison than she had been able to speak to anyone. The reason was, she thought, that she did not need to explain to him that she was not a tragic exception, a special case. To him she was just one of a long series of lawbreakers.

They talked for an hour. She noted that the judge still enjoyed talking, still insisted on rounding out his sentences; but she felt now no impatience. His reminiscences interested her. Before long she found herself consulting him about a subject that had long preyed on her mind—Alma Wooley.

She wanted to do something for Alma Wooley, yet she supposed the girl would utterly reject anything coming from the woman who had ——

The judge put his hand on her arm.

"Now don't you worry a mite about Alma," he said. "Alma married a nice young fellow out of the district attorney's office—name of Foster—and now they have a baby, a nice little baby. I was saying to her father only yesterday that Foster is a much better man for her ——"

While the judge was launched on his speech to Mr. Wooley, Lydia's mind went back to Foster—Foster waiting and watching for O'Bannon like a puppy for its supper. Well, she could forgive him even his admiration for that man since he had made Alma Wooley happy. A weight was lifted from her conscience.

Finally, with some embarrassment, she told the judge the object of her visit—a pardon for Evans. She was prepared to have him remind her, as O'Bannon had once done, that it was a matter which had been in her own hands, in that in this very room in which she was now sitting she had virtually refused to help Evans. But Judge Homans, if he remembered, made no reference to the past.

"Yes, yes," he said. "Now let me see. It must have been O'Bannon tried that case, wasn't it?" Lydia nodded, and he went on, "Poor O'Bannon! I miss him very much. He resigned, you know, about the time that Mrs. O'Bannon died."

(Continued on Page 51)

His Best Friend in the Woods.

Put a Plumb axe in the woodsman's hand and watch him smile. He knows by its "heft" and the clean taper of its blade that he has a perfect chopping tool.

With a brawny woodsman, an axe must stand up under terrific usage: chop through the hardest wood at twenty below zero; stay sharp.

We studied axe-making from woodsmen's requirements. Plumb experts lived with these men for years, testing steel, temper and grinding of the "bit."

To get the best axe, we revolutionized axe making—forged each axe from one piece of high grade steel.

Labor cost is saved—the value is all in the axe itself. The eye will not buckle nor spread—the "bit" will not crack—repeated grindings will not soften it. No welding of a hard "bit" to a soft body with the resulting weaknesses of the ordinary axe.

Instead, we have a cutting, chopping tool every ounce of which is full of "spring" and life, everlastingly tough and hard; that is ideal for the woodsman—for the farmer—the "back lot" man—for you.

Plumb axes are automatically ground to gauged designs developed from our Lumber Camp researches—blades tapered by experts to give "clearance"—patterns absolutely uniform.

Plumb axes have handsome hand-forged finish. Handles beautifully mahoganized. Axemen everywhere say "They're Worth More." Sold by hardware dealers everywhere.

A Better Hammer

Pulls a nail better because of the grip of its nipper-like claws—strikes more accurately because of its broad face—sends its force home more solidly because of the weight in a chunk right back of the face.

Price, $1.75

PLUMB

Hammers Hatchets Sledges and Axes

FAYETTE R. PLUMB, Inc., Philadelphia, U. S. A.

Factories, Philadelphia and St. Louis — Established 1856

Foreign Branches and Representatives:

Sydney, Wellington, Melbourne, Brisbane, Manila, Johannesburg, Sao Paulo, Montevideo, Santiago, Buenos Aires

TAILORED AT FASHION PARK

T U R O L E

A THOROUGHLY PRACTICAL IDEA OF TAILORING A COAT. IT GIVES PLIANCY TO THE FRONT, PERMITTING IT TO BUTTON OR ROLL BACK GRACEFULLY.

THE TUROLE TYPE OF GARMENT FOLLOWS THE CUSTOMARY FASHION PARK STANDARD OF DEVELOPMENT. ACCREDITED AGENTS ALWAYS HAVE IT.

CUSTOM SERVICE WITHOUT
THE ANNOYANCE OF A TRY-ON
READY-TO-PUT-ON

FASHION PARK

Rochester, New York

(Continued from Page 48)

"He was married?" asked Lydia, and even in her own ears her voice sounded unnaturally loud.

No, the judge said, it was the old lady, his mother; and he went on telling Lydia what a fine fellow the former district attorney had been—a good man and a good lawyer.

"The two are not always combined," the judge said with a chuckle, feeling something cold in his auditor's attention.

Lydia rose to her feet. She was sorry, she said, that she really must be going home. The judge found his soft black hat and accompanied her to her car.

"Don't drive yourself?" he asked.

She shook her head. She would never drive a car again. The judge patted her hand—told her to come and see him again—let him know how she was getting on. She promised. She saw that in some way an unbreakable human bond had been established between them by the fact that she had committed a crime and he had sentenced her to state's prison for it.

She went home feeling encouraged. Not only had she managed to get him to agree to enlist O'Bannon's help in the matter of Evans' pardon, but she herself had borne the mention of O'Bannon's name with something that was almost calm.

XVII

IT WAS noticeable—though no one noticed it—that a month after Lydia went to work in Mrs. Galton's organization everyone in her immediate circle was doing something for released convicts. Bobby, Miss Bennett, Eleanor, Wiley, all suddenly began to think that the problem of the criminal was the most important, the most vital, the most interesting problem in the world. The explanation was simple: A will like Lydia's, harnessed to a constructive purpose, was far more irresistible than in the old days when it had been selfish, spasmodic and undisciplined.

She was given a little office, like Mrs. Galton's, and she was in it every morning at nine o'clock. Miss Bennett, who had worried all her life because Lydia led an irregular, aimless, idle existence, now worried even more because her working hours were long.

"Surely," she protested almost every morning, "Mrs. Galton will not care if you don't get there until half past nine or even ten. These cold days it isn't good for you ——"

Lydia explained that she was not going to the office early in order to please Mrs. Galton, who, as a matter of fact, did not arrive there until late in the morning. The organization needed money desperately, there was much to be done. But the truth was she loved the routine—the hard impersonal work. It saved her from herself. She was almost happy.

Eleanor had evidently done what she had been asked to do, for O'Bannon seemed to have dropped out of the world. His name was never mentioned, and as week after week went by it seemed to Lydia that she herself was forgetting him. Perhaps a time would come when she could even see him without wrecking her peace of soul. Her only sorrow was the delay in Evans' pardon. It didn't come. Lydia could not enjoy her liberty with Evans in prison. The forms had all been complied with, but the governor did not act. At last Mrs. Galton suggested her going to Albany; or perhaps she knew someone who would have influence with the governor. Yes, Lydia knew someone—Albee.

Albee was now senator from his own state, and a busy session in Washington had kept him there. He had been among the first to telegraph Lydia. She had found his message and his flowers in the house when she first came home. The message sounded as if it had come from a friend; but Lydia knew that it had not; that Albee had escaped from her and her influence, or thought he had. She had known it even in the days of her trial, and looking back on the facts and on herself she wondered that she had not resented it. Those were days in which she had awarded punishments readily, and Albee had really behaved badly to her. They had been very nearly engaged, and yet the instant she was in trouble he had deserted her. He had gone through all the motions of helping her, but in spirit she knew that Albee the day she killed Drummond had begun to disentangle himself. She felt not the least resentment against him; only she recognized the fact that his remoteness from her made it more difficult to make use of him for Evans, unless—the idea suddenly came to her—it might make it easier. He would avoid seeing her if he could; but if she found her way to him he might be eager to atone, to set himself right by doing her a definite favor.

The evening of the day that she saw this clearly she took a train to Washington. The next morning she was waiting in his outer office before he reached it himself. A new secretary—the old one had been promoted to some position of political prominence at home—did not know her and had not been warned against her by name. So she was sitting there when Albee came in with his old cheerful, dominating, leonine look. Just for the fraction of a second his face fell at seeing her, and then he hurried to her side as if out of all the world she was the person he most wanted to see.

It must not be supposed that Lydia had become so saintly that she had forgotten her knowledge of men. She knew now that if she were cordial to Albee she could not depend on his doing what she wanted. If on the other hand she withheld her friendship she was sure he would bid high for it. She ignored all his flustered protestations. She smiled at him, a smile a little sad, a little chilly and infinitely remote.

"I want very much to speak to you, Stephen," she said, and her tone told him that whatever she wanted to talk about had nothing whatsoever to do with themselves.

He led her into the inner office. A curious thing was happening to him. He had never been in love with Lydia. He had deliberately allowed her beauty and wealth to dazzle him; he had admired her courage, her sureness of herself, contrasting it with his own terror of giving offense to anyone; but at times he had almost hated her. If she had inspired him with one atom of tenderness he would not have deserted her. She never had. He had cut himself off from her without regret. But now as she sat there, finer and paler and more—much more—than two years older, she did inspire tenderness, tenderness of a most vivid and disturbing sort. He could not take his eyes from her face. He suddenly cut into what she was saying about Evans.

"Lydia, my dear, are you happy? Yes, yes, of course I can get from the governor anything you ask me, but tell me about yourself"

He leaned over, taking her hands in his. She rose, withdrawing them slowly as she did so.

"Not now," she answered, and moved toward the door.

"You mustn't go like that," he protested. "Just think, my dear, I have not seen you for two years—the toughest two years I ever spent! You can't just come and go like this. I must see you, talk to you"

"When you have got me Evans' pardon, Stephen—if you get it." She still spoke gently, but there was a good deal of intention behind Lydia at her gentlest.

He caught the "if"—almost an insult after his confident assertion, but he did not think of the insult. He was aware of nothing but the desire that she should smile gayly and admiringly at him again as she used to, making him feel Jovian.

"I'm going to New York on Thursday," he said. "On Friday evening you shall have the pardon. Will you be at the opera Friday evening?"

She hesitated. She had not been to the opera yet. She could not bear the publicity of that blazing circle, but she had kept her box. After all, she thought, she could sit in the back of it, and music was one of the greatest of her pleasures.

"Will you join me there?" she said.

"It will be like old times."

"Not quite," she answered.

Still with his hand on the knob of the door, as if he were just going to open it for her, he detained her, trying to make her talk, asking her about her friends, her work, her health; trying to hit upon the master key to her mind; and at last, for he was a man of long experience, he found it.

"And that damned crook who prosecuted your case," he said, "Do you ever see him?"

She shook her head.

"I prefer not even to think of him," she replied, and this time she made a gesture that he should open the door. Instead he stepped in front of it. He had waked her; he had her attention at last.

"Naturally, naturally," he said, "but I wish you would think of him for a minute. I'm in rather a fix about that fellow."

She longed to know what the fix was, but she did not dare hear. She said softly, "Please don't make me think of him, Stephen. I'd really rather not."

"But you must listen, Lydia. Help me. I don't know what I ought to do. I have it in my power to ruin that man. Shall I?"

There was a pause. Albee heard her long breaths trembling as she drew them. He thought to himself that his knowledge of her had not gone astray. She had hated that man, and whatever else had changed in her, that hadn't. She suddenly came to life and tried to open the door for herself.

"I must go," she said. He did not move.

"You know," he said, speaking quickly, "that after your trial he went to pieces, resigned his position, took to drinking again, tried to make his way in New York. He was nearly down and out for a time there."

He watched her. A smile, a terrible smile, began to curve the corners of her mouth. He went on:

"I couldn't be exactly sorry for his bad luck. In fact, to be candid, I gave him a kick or two when I had the chance. But now he's pulled himself out. He's worked like a dog, and I hear that a couple of friends of mine, of the firm of Simpson, Aspinwall & McCarter, are going to offer him a partnership. It's a big firm, particularly in the political world." There was a short silence. "Shall I let him have it, Lydia?"

She raised her shoulders scornfully.

"Could you stop his getting it, Stephen?"

"Do you doubt it?"

She turned on him. Her jaw was set and lifted as in the old days.

"Of course I do! If you could have you certainly would have without consulting me. There is a man who you know lacks all integrity and honor, and who, moreover, goes about saying that you tried to bribe him—and failed. Oh, he makes a great point of that—you failed! Would you let a man like that go into a firm of your friends if you could stop it? No, no! Not unless you have grown a good deal meeker than I remember you, Stephen."

Albee made a sweeping gesture, as expressive as a Roman emperor's thumbs down.

"He shall not have it," and he added with a smile as cruel as Lydia's own: "He believes himself absolutely sure of it."

She smiled straight into his eyes.

"Bring me that Friday night," she said. "It's more important than the pardon."

He opened the door for her and she went out.

This was Wednesday. She could hardly wait for Friday to come. This was the right way—to destroy the man first and then to forget him. She had been silly and sentimental and weak to fancy that she could have real peace in any other way, to imagine that she could go through life skulking, fearing. She was furious at herself when she remembered that she had asked Eleanor to avoid mentioning his name. She could mention his name now herself, and see him too. She would enjoy seeing him. She was hardly aware of the passage of time on her journey back to New York. She was living over a meeting between O'Bannon and herself after the partnership had been withdrawn. He must be made aware that it was her doing.

She reached home just before dinner, and found that Miss Bennett was dining out. Good! Lydia had no objection to being alone. But Benny had arranged otherwise. She had telephoned to Eleanor, and she was coming to dine. Lydia smiled. That was pleasant too.

Eleanor was an intelligent woman, but not a mind reader. She saw some change had taken place in Lydia, noticed that she ate no dinner, and came to the conclusion that something had gone wrong about Evans' pardon; that Albee had been, as usual, a weak friend. When they were alone after dinner was over she prepared herself to hear the story. Instead, Lydia said, "I'm going to the opera on Friday, Nell—Samson and Delilah. Will you come with me?"

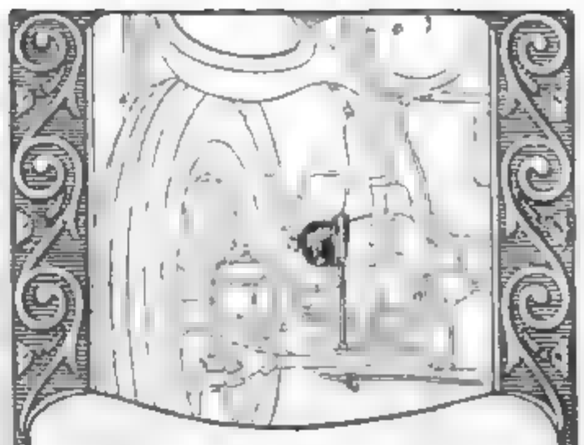
There was a little pause, a slight constraint. Then Eleanor answered that she couldn't; that she had a box of her own that someone had sent her. Lydia sprang up with a sudden short, wild laugh.

"That man's going with you!" she said.

"Mr. O'Bannon? Yes, he is." Eleanor thought a second. "I'll put him off, Lydia. I'll tell him not to come."

"You'll do nothing of the kind. It's perfect. I don't know what got into me the

(Continued on Page 54)



Comfort and Roadability with HOUDAILLES

(Say Hoo-dye)

HOUDAILLE Hydraulic Shock Absorbers add comfort and roadability to every motor car. Motorists are astonished at the easy riding qualities of the Houdaille equipped car. Rough roads are like smooth roads. No jounces, no jolts — even when the unexpected bump is hit. Traveling gracefully along, the Houdaille equipped car permits the occupants to get the utmost pleasure out of motoring.

Houdailles are simple in construction, with only one moving part operating in a glycerine filled chamber. They gently cushion the compression of the springs and check the rebound.

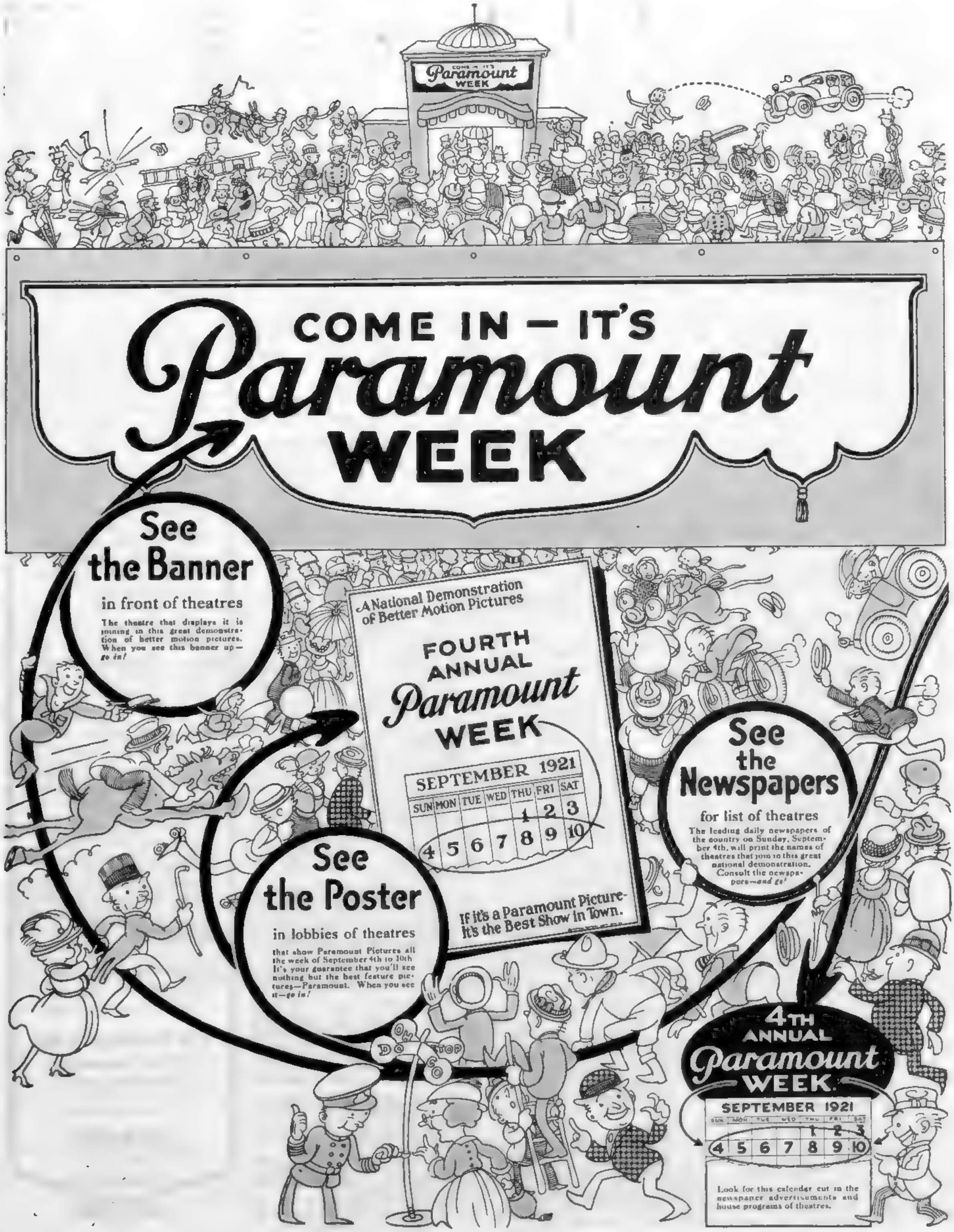
By adding to the life of the car, Houdailles soon pay for themselves. Greater speed can be made over rough roads. And unsurpassed roadability is enjoyed at all times.

Among the many well-known cars which use Houdailles as factory equipment are: The Panhard of France, Minerva of Belgium, Pic-Pic of Switzerland, Isotta Fraschini of Italy, and the American Cunningham and Duesenberg Straight "8".

Houdailles can be readily applied to your car. Let us send you a folder.

THE HOUDAILLE CO.
72 W. Chippewa St.
BUFFALO, N. Y.

Mfr'd by the Houde Eng. Corp.


COME IN — IT'S
Paramount
WEEK
See the Banner
in front of theatres
The theatre that displays it is joining in this great demonstration of better motion pictures. When you see this banner up—go in!
See the Poster
in lobbies of theatres
that show Paramount Pictures all the week of September 4th to 10th. It's your guarantee that you'll see nothing but the best feature pictures—Paramount. When you see it—go in!
A National Demonstration of Better Motion Pictures
FOURTH ANNUAL Paramount WEEK
SEPTEMBER 1921
SUN MON TUE WED THU FRI SAT
1 2 3
4 5 6 7 8 9 10
If it's a Paramount Picture—It's the Best Show in Town.
See the Newspapers
for list of theatres
The leading daily newspapers of the country on Sunday, September 4th, will print the names of theatres that join in this great national demonstration. Consult the newspapers—and go!
OH DO GO TOP
4TH ANNUAL Paramount WEEK
SEPTEMBER 1921
SUN MON TUE WED THU FRI SAT
1 2 3
4 5 6 7 8 9 10
Look for this calendar cut in the newspaper advertisements and house programs of theatres.

4th Annual Paramount WEEK

A national demonstration of the better motion pictures

September 4th to 10th

NEXT week is Paramount Week—the greatest days and nights of entertainment since the day when you saw your first circus.

It's the *fourth* annual Paramount Week at that: and when anything happens four annual times in the motion picture world you can wager there's *value there*, in thrills and laughs and all the marvelous sensations you get when you see a Paramount Picture.

Nothing less than a national screen carnival—that's what Paramount Week is!

The greatest talent of the entire world prepares it for you! Paramount's writers, actors and directors in California, New York and London—the largest organization in filmdom, which works on a scale so huge and so successful as to supply more than 11,200 theatres in U. S. A. alone with their photoplays year in, year out.

In Paramount Week you see all the best Paramount achievements of the year, the greatest to date.

But—such is the swift progress of the young art of the screen, such are the striking improvements every year, that the season 1921–22 will bring you sensational improvements in Paramount Pictures, greatly outdistancing all past efforts,

—improvements in all those vital details of a photoplay which make your breath come quicker, and your eyes shine brighter.

And you'll declare—

"*That's* the best show in town!"

That's what a Paramount Picture *always* is.

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION

Some of the Current
PARAMOUNT PICTURES

Wallace Reid in "What's Your Hurry?" by Byron Morgan.
A Cosmopolitan Production, "Humoresque," by Fannie Hurst
Thomas Meighan in "Civilian Clothes," from the play by Thompson Buchanan
George Melford's Production, "Behold My Wife," from Sir Gilbert Parker's story, "The Translation of a Savage"
William S. Hart in "The Testing Block," a William S. Hart Production
Wallace Reid in "The Charm School," by Alice Duer Miller
"The Inside of the Cup," from the novel by Winston Churchill, a Cosmopolitan Production
William DeMille's Production, "Midsummer Madness," from Cosmo Hamilton's novel, "His Friend and His Wife."
Roscoe ("Fatty") Arbuckle in "Brewster's Millions," from the novel by George Barr McCutcheon and the play by Winchell Smith
Dorothy Gish in "The Ghost in the Garret," by Wells Hastings.
Cecil B. DeMille's Production, "Forbidden Fruit," by Jeanie MacPherson
William S. Hart in "O'Malley of the Mounted," a William S. Hart Production.
Robert Z. Leonard's Production, "The Gilded Lily," with Mae Murray; by Clara Beranger.
"The Witching Hour," with Elliott Dexter, by Augustus Thomas.
Wallace Reid in "The Love Special," from Frank Spearman's story
William DeMille's Production of Sir James M. Barrie's famous play, "What Every Woman Knows"
Douglas MacLean in "The Home Stretch," a Thos. H. Ince Production
Thomas Meighan in "The City of Silent Men," from John A. Moroso's story, "The Quarry."
Paramount Special Production, "Deception."
Elsie Ferguson in "Sacred and Profane Love," by Arnold Bennett
James M. Barrie's "Sentimental Tommy"; directed by John S. Robertson
Roscoe ("Fatty") Arbuckle in "The Traveling Salesman," from James Forbes' popular farce
Thomas Meighan in "White and Unmarried," by John D. Swain.
Cosmopolitan Production, "The Woman God Changed," by Donn Byrne
Wallace Reid in "Too Much Speed," by Byron Morgan.
Thomas Meighan in "The Conquest of Canaan," by Booth Tarkington.
Ethel Clayton in "Wealth," by Cosmo Hamilton.

Some of the Coming
PARAMOUNT PICTURES

Cecil B. DeMille's "The Affairs of Anatol," by Jeanie MacPherson, suggested by Schnitzler's play; with Wallace Reid, Gloria Swanson, Elliott Dexter, Bebe Daniels, Monte Blue, Wanda Hawley, Theodore Roberts, Agnes Ayres, Theodore Kosloff, Polly Moran, Raymond Hatton and Julia Faye.
A George Fitzmaurice Production, "Experience," with Richard Barthelmess; by George Hobart
William DeMille's "After the Show," by Rita Weiman; with Lila Lee, Jack Holt and Charles Ogle
Elsie Ferguson and Wallace Reid in "Forever," an adaptation of DuMaurier's "Peter Ibbetson," a George Fitzmaurice Production, cast includes Elliott Dexter, George Fawcett and Montague Love
George Loane Tucker's "Ladies Must Live," with Betty Compson; by Alice Duer Miller
Wallace Reid, Gloria Swanson and Elliott Dexter in "Don't Tell Everything!"
"The Bride's Play," with Marion Davies; a Cosmopolitan Production, by Donn Byrne
Gloria Swanson in Elinor Glyn's "The Great Moment."
Wallace Reid in "The Hell Diggers," by Byron Morgan.
Betty Compson in "At the End of the World," by Ernst Klein; directed by Penrhyn Stanlaws.
"The Golem," a unique presentation of the famous story of ancient Prague.
Elsie Ferguson in "Footlights," by Rita Weiman; directed by John S. Robertson.
Thomas Meighan in "Cappy Ricks," by Peter B. Kyne
George Melford's "The Great Impersonation," by E. Phillips Oppenheim; cast includes James Kirkwood and Ann Forrest
Roscoe ("Fatty") Arbuckle in "Gasoline Gus," by George Pattullo
A Cosmopolitan Production, "Enchantment," with Marion Davies.
Ethel Clayton in "Beyond," by Henry Arthur Jones
Cecil B. DeMille's Production, adapted from Merrick's "The Laurels and the Lady," with Dorothy Dalton and a cast including Mildred Harris and Conrad Nagel
William S. Hart in "Three Word Brand," a William S. Hart Production
Gloria Swanson in "Under the Lash" by Edward Knoblock.
Famous Players-Lasky British Production. "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," by Ian MacLaren, a Donald Crisp Production.
James M. Barrie's "Peter Pan"
Wallace Reid in "The Champion," from the Broadway success by Thomas Louden and A. E. Thomas.
Betty Compson in James M. Barrie's "The Little Minister"; directed by Penrhyn Stanlaws.
Thomas Meighan in "A Prince There Was," George Cohan's great stage success.

Sewell Cushion Wheels

The Resiliency is Built in the Wheel.

Another Story of Repeat Orders

The Sears-Roebuck Company of Chicago has been a consistent user of Sewell Cushion Wheels since 1915. Starting in January that year with the purchase of an initial set for a mail car, there has been a constant succession of repeat orders. In October, 1915, five more sets were purchased; in 1916, two sets; in 1917, 14 sets; in 1918, eight sets, and in 1919, two sets.

The Sewell Cushion Wheel Company has developed from the earliest days of the motor truck industry. It was founded on the idea that wheels scientifically built to absorb the shocks and jars of the road lengthen the life of the truck and reduce operating costs. The progress of the Sewell Company and the wide-spread adoption of Sewell equipment prove the soundness and the economic value of the Sewell principle.

The Sewell Cushion Wheel Company
DETROIT, U. S. A.

This Is the 13th Year of Sewell Wheels

(Continued from Page 51)

other day, Eleanor. You must have despised me for such pitiful cowardice."

"No, my dear," said Eleanor slowly, but obviously relieved that the question had come up again. "But I did feel that you weren't going to work the best way to get the poison of the whole thing out of your soul."

Lydia laughed the same way again.

"Oh, don't worry about that! I shall get rid of the poison."

"How?"

"I shall make him suffer. I shall revenge myself, and then forget he exists. You can tell him so if you want."

Eleanor stared in front of her, blank and serious. Then she said, "I don't have many opportunities any more. I seldom see him."

Lydia's eyes brightened.

"Ah, you've found him out!"

"On the contrary, the longer I know him the more highly I think of him. I don't see him because he's busy. He has been having a difficult time—in business. He decided to get out of politics and go into straight law. New York is like a ferocious monster to a man beginning any profession. Dan—but it doesn't matter. His troubles are over now."

"Are they indeed?" said Lydia.

"Yes, he's had a wonderful offer of a partnership from an older man who —— Oh, Lydia, you ought to try to see that your point of view about him is a prejudiced—a natural one, but still ——"

"Is it a definite offer, Eleanor?"

"Yes, absolutely, though the papers are not to be signed for a day or so."

Lydia breathed in thoughtfully "A day or so," and Eleanor pressed on.

"It isn't that I care what you think of him or he of you. I'm past that with my friends, and, as I say, I don't see near as much of him as I used to; but ——"

"Of course you don't," answered Lydia. "He's ashamed—or, no, it's more that he can't bear to see himself in contrast with your perfect integrity, Eleanor. Did you know that he came to prison to see me, to gloat over me? Sent in for me to come to him in my prison clothes ——"

Lydia's breath quickened as she spoke of the outrage.

"He didn't come to gloat over you."

"What did he come for then?"

To her own surprise Eleanor heard her own voice saying, as if unaided it tapped some source of knowledge never before open to her, "Because you know very well, Lydia, the man's in love with you."

Lydia sprang forward like a cat.

"Never say such a thing as that again!" she said. "You don't understand, but it degrades me, it pollutes me! Love me! That man! I'd kill him if I thought he dared!"

Nothing rendered Eleanor so calm as excitement in others.

"Well," she said, "perhaps I'm mistaken," and appeared to let the matter drop; but the other would not have it.

"Of course you're mistaken! But you must have had some reason for saying such a thing. You're not the kind of person, Eleanor, who goes about having disgusting suspicions like that without a reason."

"Do you really want me to give you a reason or are you only waiting to tear me to pieces, whatever I say?"

Lydia sat down and caught her hands between her knees, determined to be good.

"I want your reason," she said.

Reasons were not so easy, Eleanor found. She spoke slowly.

"I saw all through your trial that Dan was not like himself, that he was struggling with something stronger than he. He is a man who has always had terrible weaknesses, temptations ——"

"He drinks," said Lydia, and there was a note of almost boastful triumph in her tone.

"No"—Eleanor was very firm about it—"not now."

"Very lately, Eleanor."

"He did, in a time of emotional strain. What was the emotion? You had just been sentenced. It came to me suddenly that if he were in love with you—it would explain everything."

"If he hated me—that would explain it too."

"The two emotions are pretty close, Lydia."

"Close?" Lydia exclaimed violently. "It shows that you have never felt either."

"Have you?"

"Yes, I've felt hate. It's poisoned and withered me for over two years now, and I don't mean to bear it any more. I mean to get rid of it this way—to hurt that man enough to satisfy myself."

Eleanor rose slowly, and the two women stood a little apart, looking at each other. Then Eleanor said, "You'll never get rid of it that way. Don't do it, Lydia, whatever you mean to do."

"You're pleading for that man, Nell. Don't! It's ignominious."

"I'm pleading for you, my dear."

"Don't! It's impertinent."

Worse than either, Eleanor knew it was useless. Her motor was waiting for her and she went away. For the first time she understood something that Dorset had once said to her—that Lydia in her evil moods was the most pathetic figure in the world.

XVIII

BEFORE the lights went up on the first entr'acte Lydia retreated to the little red-lined box of an anteroom and sank down on the red-silk sofa. She and Miss Bennett had come alone to the opera; but Dorset and Albee, who was committed to some sort of political dinner first, were to join them presently.

Even while the house was still in darkness Lydia had recognized the outline of O'Bannon's head in a box across the house. She had seen it before she had seen Eleanor. Miss Bennett had stayed in the front of the box. Lydia was glad she had. She wanted to be alone while she waited. She could see her between the curtains, sweeping the house with her opera glasses.

The door of the box opened and Albee came in. She did not speak, but looking up at him every muscle in her body grew tense with interest. He smiled at her and began to hang up his hat and take off his coat. She couldn't bear the suspense.

"Well?" she asked sternly.

"It's all right. The governor will sign it. It's only been pressure of business ——"

She interrupted him.

"And the other thing? Have you failed there?" Somehow she had never thought of his failing. What should she do if he had?

He made a quick pass with his right hand, indicating that O'Bannon had been obliterated.

"Our friend will never be a partner in that firm," he said.

He looked at her eagerly and got his reward. She smiled at him, slowly wagging her head at the same time, as if he were too wonderful for words.

"Stephen, you are superb," she said, and evidently felt it. "Does he know it yet?"

"No, he won't know it until he opens his mail to-morrow morning."

Lydia leaned forward and peered out into the house between the curtains. Then she turned back and smiled again, but this time with amusement.

"He's over there now with Eleanor, pleased to death with himself and thinking the world is his oyster."

Albee had been standing. Now as the lights began to sink for the opening of the second act he gave an exclamation of annoyance.

"I have something to show you," he said. He sat down beside her on the narrow little sofa, and lowering his voice to fit the lowered lights he whispered: "What would you give for a copy of Simpson's letter withdrawing his partnership offer?"

"You have it?" Her voice betrayed that she would give anything.

"What would you give me for it?" he murmured, and in the darkness he put his arms about her and tried to draw her to him.

"I won't give you a thing!" Her voice was like steel, and so was her body.

Albee's heart failed him. It seemed as if his arms were paralyzed. He did not dare do what he had imagined himself doing—crushing her to him whether she consented or not. He suddenly thought to himself that she was capable of making an outcry.

"The inhuman, unfeminine creature!" he thought, even as he still held her.

He felt her put out her hand and quietly take the letter from him. No, that was a little too much! He caught her wrist and held it firmly. Then the door opened, someone came in, Bobby's voice said, "Are you here, Lydia?"

"Yes," said Lydia in her sweetest, most natural tone. "Turn on the light, Bobby, or you'll fall over something. It's just there on your right."

It took Bobby a moment to find the switch. When he turned on the light he saw Lydia and Albee sitting side by side on the sofa. Lydia was holding a folded paper in her hand.

(Continued on Page 67)

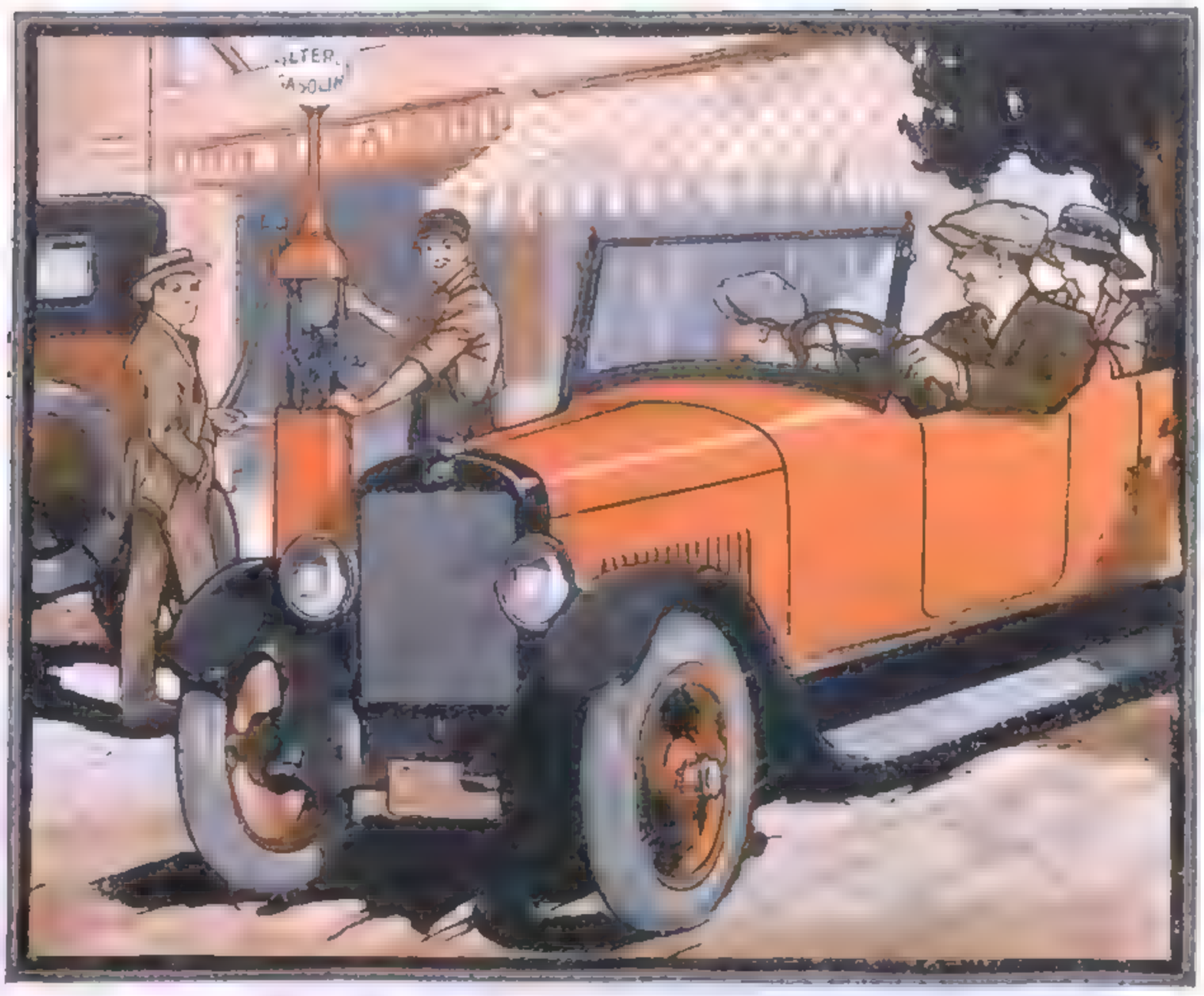
One Quality
All Flavors
5¢

For thirst
For clean teeth
For good digestion
For "nerves"
For good sleep

Select your favorite flavor from among the ADAMS brands and use that brand regularly, morning, noon and night.

McQuay-Norris Electric Metal
Makes More Efficient Piston Rings

The McQuay-Norris foundry contains the only Electric Furnace of its kind ever used for melting and refining piston ring metal. It produces a close-grained, highly refined iron of uniform texture—a vastly superior metal to any that the ordinary cupola process can make. It allows McQuay-Norris engineers to control every process of piston ring manufacture—from the slabs of crude pig iron to the accurately finished perfection of the completed product.



She's chock-full of power now

That McQuay-Norris Piston Ring Combination put new life in the old car

She's hitting on all cylinders—*just like she used to!*

When your power gets weak and carbon and oil troubles show up, it's time to put in the best piston rings that money will buy. Install the McQuay-Norris Combination.

The Supercyl Ring, in the top of each piston, keeps excess oil out of the combustion chambers.

The genuine Leak-Proof Rings, in all the lower grooves, keep gas from escaping and insure its compression into power.

In ordering, care should be taken to install the complete McQuay-Norris Combination. Then use a good grade of oil that is recommended for your particular motor, and piston ring troubles won't catch up with you for a long time to come.

Both rings in the McQuay-Norris Combination are made of Electric Metal which is melted and refined exclusively for piston ring service in the McQuay-Norris Electric Furnace. They are made in every size and over-size to fit any make or model of gas engine. Your repairman either has your size in his shop or can obtain it promptly from his nearest supply house.

If you want your car "chock full of power," install the McQuay-Norris Combination. It is a good investment in the fuel and oil it saves you.

Write for Free Booklet

"To Have and to Hold Power." It describes in clear, simple language why the McQuay-Norris Combination is such a profitable investment. Address Dept. "B."

McQuay-Norris Mfg. Co., St. Louis, U. S. A.

BRANCH OFFICES

New York	Chicago	Philadelphia	Boston	Pittsburgh
San Francisco	Kansas City	Seattle	St. Paul	Columbus
Atlanta	Memphis		Omaha	Dallas

Canadian Factory: McQuay Norris-Banfield Co., Ltd. Toronto, Canada

McQUAY-NORRIS PISTON RING EQUIPMENT

Insist on the Combination

for the low-priced field

50c

A one-piece concentric ring
with velvet finish that will seat in a jiffy.
with an improved non-butting joint.
—made of McQuay-Norris Electric Iron.

"It seats in a jiffy"

Copyright 1921, McQuay-Norris Mfg. Co

(Continued from Page 54)

"What's the point of sitting in here when the act is on?" said Bobby. "Let's go in and see her vamp the strong man."

Lydia sprang up, and looking at Albee deliberately tucked away the paper in the front of her low dress.

"Turn out the light again Bobby," she said. "It shines between the curtains and disturbs me."

All three went back to the box, where Miss Bennett had been sitting alone. It was a long time since Lydia had heard any music, and the music of the second act of Samson and Delilah, the long sweeping chords on the harp, began to trouble her, as the coming thunderstorm seemed to be troubling Delilah.

Her long abstraction from any artistic impression made her as susceptible as a child. The moonlight flooded her with a primitive glamour, her nerves crept to the music of the incredibly sweet duet; and when at last Samson followed Delilah into her house Lydia felt as if the soprano's triumph were her own.

As the storm broke Albee rose. He bent over Miss Bennett and then over Lydia.

"Good night, Delilah," he whispered.

She did not answer, but she thought, "Not to your Samson, Stephen Albee."

He was gone and she still had the letter. When the act was over she went back to the anteroom to read it. Yes, there it was on Simpson, Aspinwall & McCarter's heavy, simple stationery—clear and unequivocal. Mr. Simpson regretted so much that conditions had arisen which ——

Lydia glanced across the house and caught O'Bannon laughing at something that Eleanor was saying to him. She smiled. Whatever the joke was, she thought she knew a better one.

"How lovely you look, Lydia," said Bobby, seeing the smile. "Almost like a madonna in that white stuff—like a madonna painted by an Apache Indian."

"Have you anything that I could write on Bobby—a scrap of paper?"

Bobby tore out a page from a cherished address book and gave it to her with a gold pencil from his watch chain. She stood under the light, pressing the top of the pencil against her lips. Then she wrote rapidly:

I have something of importance to say to you. Will you meet me in the lobby on the Thirty-ninth Street side at the end of the performance and let me drive you home?

LYDIA THORNE.

She folded it and held it out.

"Will you take that to O'Bannon and get an answer from him?"

"To O'Bannon?" said Bobby. "Has anything happened?"

"Don't bother me now, Bobby, there's a dear. Just take it." She half shoved him out of the box. "And be as quick as you can," she called after him.

He really was quick. In a few seconds she saw the curtain of the opposite box pushed aside and Bobby enter. He spoke a moment to Eleanor, and then when no one else was watching she saw him speak to O'Bannon and give him her note. The two men rose and went together into the back of the box, out of her sight. What was happening? Was O'Bannon now on his way to her? There was a long delay. Miss Bennett's voice called, "Is somebody knocking?" The noise was Lydia's restless feet tapping on the floor. Just as the lights began to go down Bobby returned—alone. He handed her a note.

Dear Miss Thorne: I cannot drive home with you, but I will stop at your house for a few minutes about half past eleven or a quarter to twelve, if that is not too late. D. O'B.

Lydia smiled again. This was better still. She would have plenty of time in her own drawing-room to reveal the facts in any way she liked. She hardly heard the music of the next scene, hardly enjoyed the spectacle of Samson's degradation, so absorbed was she in the anticipation of the coming interview.

During the ballet in the last scene she saw Eleanor rise and O'Bannon follow her. She sprang up at once, though Miss Bennett faintly protested.

"Oh, aren't you going to wait to see him pull down the temple? It's such fun." Miss Bennett liked to see masculine strength conquer. Lydia shook her head, but offered no explanation.

It was almost half past eleven when they entered the house. Miss Bennett, who had been yawning on the drive home, walked straight to the staircase. Morson had delegated his duties for the evening to the parlor maid, a young Swede, and she began industriously drawing the bolts of the front door and preparing to put out the lights. Lydia stopped her.

"Get me a glass of water, will you, Freda?" she said.

"There'll be one in your room, dear," Miss Bennett called back, every inch the housekeeper. She did not stop, however, but went on up and disappeared round the turn of the stairs.

When the girl came back Lydia said: "Freda, I'm expecting a gentleman in a few minutes. After you've let him in you need not wait up. Is the fire lit in the drawing-room? Then light it, please."

She stood for a moment, sipping at the long, cool glass and listening to hear Miss Bennett's footsteps growing more and more distant; listening, too, for a footstep in the street.

In the drawing-room the firelight was already leaping up, outdoing the light of the shaded lamps. Left alone, Lydia slipped off her opera cloak very softly, as if she did not want to make the smallest noise that would interfere with her listening. The house was quiet, and even the noise of the city was beginning to die down. The steady roar of traffic returning from the theater was almost over. Now and then she could hear a Fifth Avenue bus rolling along on its heavy rubber tires; now and then the slamming of a motor door as some of her neighbors returned from an evening's amusement.

She bent over the fire trying to warm her hands. They were like ice, and it must have been from cold, not excitement, she thought, for her mind felt as calm as a well. She turned the little clock—all lilac enamel and rhinestones—so that she could watch its tiny face. It was a quarter to twelve. She clenched her hands. Did he intend to keep her waiting?

She started, for the door had softly opened. Miss Bennett entered in one of her gorgeous dressing gowns of crimson satin and bright-blue birds.

"Dear child," she said, "you ought to be in bed."

"I'm waiting for someone who's coming to see me, Benny; and as he may be here at any minute, and I don't suppose you want to be caught in your present costume ——"

Miss Bennett lifted her shoulders.

"Oh, at my age!" she said. After all, what is the use of having lovely dressing gowns if no one ever sees them?

"It's Dan O'Bannon that's coming," said Lydia, "and I want to see him alone."

Miss Bennett's eyes clung to her.

"O'Bannon coming here! But, Lydia, you can't see him alone—at this hour. Why, it's midnight!"

"Eleven minutes to," said Lydia, with her eyes on the clock. "I wish you'd go, Benny."

Miss Bennett hesitated.

"I don't think you ought to see him alone. I don't think it's quite—quite nice."

"Oh, this is going to be very nice!"

"No, I mean I don't think it's safe. Suppose anything should happen."

"Should happen?" said Lydia, and for a moment she looked like the old haughty Lydia. "What could happen?"

Miss Bennett raised both her arms and let them drop with a gesture quite French, expressing that they both knew what men were.

"He might try to make love to you," she said.

The minute she had spoken she wished she had not, for Lydia's fine dark brow contracted.

"What disgusting ideas you do have, Benny! That man!" She stopped herself. "I almost wish he would. If he did I think I should kill him."

To Miss Bennett this seemed just an expression; but to Lydia, with her eyes fixed on an enormous pair of steel-and-silver scissors that lay on the writing table, it was something more than a phrase.

Miss Bennett decided to withdraw.

"Stop in my room when you come up," she said. "I shan't close my eyes till you do." Then gathering her shining draperies about her she left the room.

Even after Miss Bennett had gone her suggestion remained with Lydia. Would that man have any such idea? Would he think her sending for him at such an hour had any flattering significance? Or would he see that it was proof of her utter contempt for him—of her belief that she was his superior, the master mind of the two, whatever their situation? As for love-making—let him try it! Her blow would be all the more effective if it could be delivered while he was on his knees.

With an absurd, hurried, tingling stroke the little clock struck midnight. Strange, she thought, that waiting for something certain stretched the nerves more than uncertainty. She knew O'Bannon would come—or did she? Would he dare do that? Let her sit waiting for him and never come at all? Undoubtedly he had taken Eleanor back to her hotel. Were they laughing together over her note?

At that instant she heard the distant buzz of the front doorbell. Every nerve in her body vibrated at the sound. Then the drawing-room door opened and closed behind O'Bannon.

The fly had walked into the parlor, she said to herself—a great big immaculately attired fly. Seeing him there before her all her nervousness passed away, and she was conscious of nothing but joy—a joy as inspiring as if it were founded on something holier than hatred; joy that at last her moment had come.

She waited a second for his apology, and then she said quite in the manner of a great lady who without complaining is conscious of what is due to her, "You're late."

"I walked up," he said. "It's a lovely night."

"You have wondered why I sent for you?"

"Of course."

She sank lazily into a chair by the fire.

"Sit down," she said graciously, as if she were according the privilege to an old servant who might hesitate otherwise.

He shook his head.

"No," he answered; "I can't stay but a minute. It's after twelve."

He leaned his elbow on the mantelpiece and took up the jade dog that stood there, examining its polished surfaces. Lydia was well content with this arrangement. It made her feel more at ease. She let a silence fall, and in the silence he raised his eyes from the dog and looked at her as if he were reluctant to do so.

He said, "I'm glad to see you here—back in your normal surroundings."

Thank heaven she did not have to be dovelike any more.

"Oh, are you?" she said derisively. "Didn't you enjoy your little visit to me in prison?"

He shook his head slowly.

"Then may I ask why you came?"

"I don't think I shall tell you that."

"Do you think I don't know?" she asked with a sudden fierceness.

"I really haven't thought whether you knew or not."

"You came to get just what you did get—the full savor of the humiliation of my position."

"And they say women have intuition!" he answered coolly.

His tone, as much as his words, irritated her, and she did not want to be irritated. She raised her chin.

"It doesn't really matter why you came, at least not to me. Let me tell you why I sent for you to-night."

But he was pursuing his own train of thought and did not seem to hear her.

"Are you able to come back into life again? Are you"—he hesitated—"are you happy?"

"No. But then I never was very happy. I can tell you this: I wouldn't exchange my prison experience for anything in my whole life. You gave me something, Mr. O'Bannon, when you sent me to prison that no one else was ever able to give me, not even my father, though he tried. I mean a sense of the consequences of my own character. That's the only aspect of punishment that is of use to people."

His eyes lit up.

"You don't mean you're grateful to me!" he said.

"No, not grateful," she answered, and a little smile began to curve the corners of her mouth. "Not grateful to you, because, you see, I am going to return the obligation—to do the same kind deed to you."

"To me? I don't believe I understand."

"I don't believe you do. But be patient. You will. During my trial, I imagine—in fact I was told by your friends—that you took the position that you were treating me as you treated any criminal whose case you prosecuted."

"What other stand could I take?"

"Oh, officially none. But in your mind you must have known you had another

(Continued on Page 60)

"for Comfort's Sake"

Do away with garter tightness around the leg by wearing adjustable Pioneer-Brighton Wide-Webs. This garter gives perfect comfort because it depends for its hold on the soft yielding wide web—and not on tightness.

Simply adjust Pioneer-Brighton to the comfort of your leg at the start. That will end all garter troubles. And Pioneer-Brighton stays comfortable because it's adjustable.

Sold in the smart blue and orange box. "For comfort's sake"—ask for Pioneer-Brighton Wide-Webs at the men's wear counter.

Pioneer Suspender Company

Philadelphia, Pa.

For 43 years manufacturers of

Pioneer Suspenders Pioneer Belts

Pioneer-Brighton Garters

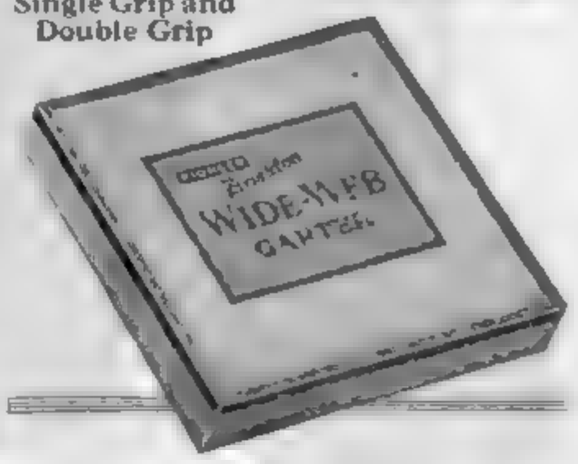
PIONEER

Brighton

WIDE-WEB GARTER

50c

Made in both Single Grip and Double Grip



IT LASTS!

These Cars and Trucks Are Equipped *by Their Makers with* Willard Threaded Rubber Batteries:

Acason	Fulton	Olympian
Ajax		Oneida
Advance-Rumely	G M C	Oshkosh
All American	Garford	Packard
Allis Chalmers	Gary	Paige
American	Gault	Panhard
American Beauty	Gale	Parker
American LaFrance	Goodman	Parrett
	Great Western	Paterson
American LaFrance of Canada	H C S	Peerless
	Hahn	Peugeot
Apex	Hanaday	Panama
Armleder	Hatfield	Pierce-Arrow
Atco	Hawkeye	Premier
Atterbury	Haynes	R & V Knight
Aubura	Henny	Rainier
Auwm	Highway	Renault
Avery	Holmes	Rex
Bacon	Hoe	Re Vere
Bell	Hoffman	Rigi
Belmont	Hupmobile	Rainier
Bessemer	Hurlburt	Robinson
Bethlehem	Huron	Rock Falls
Betz		Rowe
Biddle-Crane	Independent	Samson (Canada)
Bellefram	Indiana	Saurer
Buffalo	Jordan	Service
Canadian Briscoe		Seagrave
Cannenbam	Kissel	Shelby
Capitol	Koehler	Signal
Carroll		Southern
Case	Lancia	Standard
Chevrolet	Lauth	Standard 8
Citroen	Lewis	Stanley
Cleveland	Lewis-Hall	Stanwood
Cole	Lexington	Stewart
Corbitt	Luverne	Y. F. Stewart
Continental		Springfield
Comet	M H C	Stephenson
Commerce	Marmon	Stoughton
Commodore	Master	Sunbeam
Consolidated	McFarlan	Talbot
Corbin	McLaughlin	Thomas
Crawford	Menominee	Tiffin
Cunningham	Mercedes	Titan
Dallas	Mercer	Trebert
Dart	Meteor (Pigeon)	Transport
Day-Elder	Metz	Traylor
Dearborn	Miller	Twin City
Denby	Mitchell	Ultimate
Dependable		Union
Detroit T	Napoleon	Velie
Dixie Flyer	Nash	Vim
Dodge	Nash Six	Vulcan
Dorris	Nelson	Ward LaFrance
Dragon	Nelson & LeMoon	Ware
Elcar	Noble	Warner
Elgin	Norma	Westcott
	Northway	White
F W D	Norwalk	White Sewing Mach.
Fargo		Wilson
Ferguson	Ogren	Winther
Ferris	Old Hickory	Winton
Franklin	Oldsmobile	Wolverine

DON'T GO OUT and buy a battery by guesswork! Rather, fix your mind firmly on this KEY-FACT and let nothing swerve you from it.

When you find the battery with the longest-lasting INSULATION you have found the longest-lasting BATTERY.

For the insulation between the plates is generally the weak point! The action of the acid—the jouncing and bouncing of the car—even time itself—all tend to destroy ordinary separators.

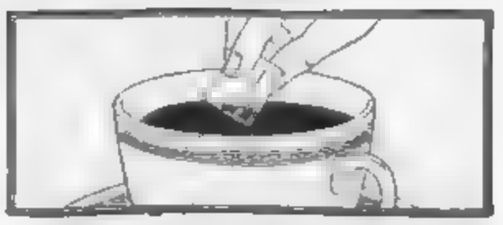
Willard Threaded Rubber Insulation is *durable*. It lasts the life of the plates. It saves reinsulation trouble and expense. It increases battery value.

The builders of 185 makes of cars and trucks—listed at the left—pay an additional price for Willard Threaded Rubber Insulation to assure to the users of their product the lowest battery cost per mile of uninterrupted service.

WILLARD STORAGE BATTERY COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO

Made in Canada by the Willard Storage Battery Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Ontario

Try This with a Lump of Sugar



JUST let a corner of the lump touch the surface of the coffee in your cup. Instantly you'll see the coffee drawn up by the grains of sugar until the lump is soaked with the liquid. It's a simple but striking example of *capillary attraction*, the principle on which the action of Willard Threaded Rubber Insulation depends.

Every Threaded Rubber Insulator is pierced by 196,000 tiny threads, and every thread is a wick soaking up battery solution in just the same way as the sugar soaks up the coffee. Thus the threads not only permit but actually help the free circulation of the battery solution. The threads make the rubber porous.

Every Willard Threaded Rubber Insulator is exactly alike—uniformly porous and long lived.

WILL

THREADED RUBBER BATTERY

Iasting

To Mothers and Fathers of School Children

DRESS your boy and girl as they want to be dressed. This year get them Patrick Mackinaws for school wear.

Healthy, active boys and girls prefer Patrick Mackinaws because of their warmth and easy comfort. You will admire their distinctive, enduring style and excellent tailoring. They are worn in every city, town and village the country over.

Patrick-Duluth cloth comes from the North. Made entirely of *highest grade virgin wool* from sheep that thrive in the snow, it is "bigger than weather." Yet neither bulky nor heavy.

Every Patrick-Duluth garment bears the famous green and black label. Look for it also on greatcoats, sweaters, robes, blankets, caps and wool hose. Sold through best dealers only. Send for the new Patrick-Duluth catalog.

PATRICK-DULUTH WOOLEN MILLS

Sole manufacturers of both cloth and garments

Duluth **Minnesota**

Pure Northern Wool from sheep that thrive in the snow

(Continued from Page 57)

motive. Some people think it was a young man's natural thirst for headlines, but I know—and I want you to know I know it—that it was your personal vindictiveness toward me."

"Don't say that!" he interrupted sharply.

"I shall say it," Lydia went on, "and to you, because you are the only person I can say it to. Oh, you knew very well how it would be! I have to sit silent while Eleanor tells me how noble your motives were in prosecuting me. You know—oh, you are so safe in knowing—that I will not tell anyone that your hatred of me goes back to that evening when I did not show myself susceptible to your fascinations when you tried to kiss me, and I ——"

"I did kiss you," said O'Bannon.

"I believe you did, but ——"

"You know I did."

She sprang up at this.

"And is that something you're proud of, something it gives you satisfaction to remember?"

"The keenest."

She stamped her foot.

"That you kissed a woman against her will? Held her in your arms because you were physically stronger? You like to remember ——"

"It was not against your will," he said.

"It was!"

"It was not!" he repeated. "Do you think I haven't been over that moment often enough to be sure of what happened? You were not angry! You were glad I took you in my arms! You would have been glad if I had done it earlier!"

"Liar!" said Lydia. "Liar and cad—to say such a thing!" She was shivering so violently that her teeth chattered like a person in an ague. "If you knew—if you could guess the repugnance, the horror of a woman embraced by a man she loathes and despises! Her flesh creeps! There are no words for it! And then—then to be told by that man's mad vanity that she liked it, that she wanted it, that she brought it on herself ——"

"Just wait a moment," he said. "I believe that you hate me now all right, whatever you felt then."

"I do, I do hate you," she answered, "and I have the power of proving it. I can do you an injury."

"You will always have the power of injuring me."

"Be sure I will use it."

"I dare say you will."

"I have. I haven't wasted any time at all"

"What is all this about? What have you done?" he asked without much interest.

She drew the letter out of the front of her dress and handed it to him with a hand that trembled so much it made the folded paper rattle.

He took it, unfolded it, read it. Watching him, she saw no change in his face until he looked up and smiled.

"Is this it?" he asked. "A lot I care about that—not to go into the Simpson firm! You don't understand your power. The things that would have made me suffer—well, if you had let prison break you, if you had given your love to that crooked politician who came down to bribe me on your behalf —— Why, when you fell at my feet in the reception room at the prison I suffered more than in all my life before or since, because I love you."

"Stop!" said Lydia. "Don't dare say that to me!"

"I love you," he said. "You don't have to go about looking for things like this," and he flicked the letter contemptuously into the fire. "You make me suffer just by existing."

"I won't listen to you!" said Lydia, and she moved away.

"Of course you'll listen to me," he answered, standing between her and the door. "There isn't one thing you've done since I first saw you that has given me the slightest pleasure or peace or happiness—nothing but unrest and pain. When you're hard and bitter I suffer, and when you're gentle and kind ——"

She gave a sort of laugh at this.

"When have you ever seen me gentle and kind?" she asked.

"Oh, I know how wonderfully you could give yourself to a man if you loved him."

"Don't say such things!" she said, actually shuddering. "It sickens me! Don't even think them!"

"Think! Good God, the things I think!"

"Don't ever think of me at all except as your relentless enemy. If it were true what you said just now, that you love me ——"

"It is true."

"I hope it is. It gives me more power to hurt you. It must make it worse for you to know how I hate, how I despise you, everything about you; your using your looks and your fine figure to hypnotize simple people like Eleanor and Miss Bennett and poor Evans; the vanity that makes you hate me for being free of your charms; and all the petty, underhanded things you did in the trial; all your sentimental buncombe with the poor little Wooley girl; and your twisting the law—the law that you are supposed to uphold—in order to get that bracelet before the jury; your mouthing and your cheap arts with the jury; and most of all your coming to the prison to feast your eyes on my humiliation. Oh, if I could forgive all the rest I could never forgive you that!"

"I'm not particularly eager that you should forgive me," he said.

To her horror she found that the breaking down of the barriers which had kept her all these months from rehearsing her grievances to anyone was breaking down her self-control. She knew she was going to cry.

"You can go now," she said. She made a sweeping gesture toward the door. Already the muscles in her throat were beginning to contract. He stood looking into the fire as if he had not heard her. She stamped her foot. "Don't you understand me?" she said. "I want you to go."

"I'm going, but there's something I want to say to you."

He was evidently trying to think something out in words.

"I shall never have anything more to say to you," she replied.

She sank down on the sofa and leaned her head back among the cushions. She closed her eyes to keep back her tears, and sat rigid with the struggle. If she did not speak again—and she wouldn't—she might get rid of him before the storm broke. He took a cigarette and lit it. Even New York was silent for a minute, and the little clock on the table succeeded in making audible its faint, quick ticking. Lydia became aware that tears were slowly forcing their way under her lids, that she was swallowing audibly. She put her hands against her mouth in the effort to keep back a sob. And O'Bannon began to speak, without looking at her.

"I don't know whether I can make you understand," he said. "I don't know that it matters whether you understand or not, but in your whole case I did exactly what a district attorney ought to do, only it is true that behind my doing it ——"

He was stopped by a sob.

"Yes, yes!" she said fiercely, her whole face distorted with emotion, "it's true I'm crying, but if you come near me I'll kill you."

"I won't," he answered. "Cry in peace"

She took him at his word. She cried, not peacefully but wildly. She flung herself face downward on the sofa and sobbed, with her head buried in the cushions, while her whole body shook. She had not cried like this since she was a little child. It was a wild, luxurious abandonment of all self-control. Once she heard O'Bannon move.

"Don't touch me!" she repeated without raising her head.

"I'm not going to," he answered.

He began to walk up and down the room—up and down the room she could hear him going. Once he went to the mantelpiece, and leaning his elbows on the shelf he put his hands over his ears. And then without warning he came and sat down beside her on the sofa and gathered her into his arms like a child.

"No, no!" she said with what little was left of her voice.

"Oh, what difference does it make?" he answered.

She made no reply. She seemed hardly aware that he had drawn her head and shoulders across his upright body so that her face was hidden in the crook of his arm. He put his hand on her heaving shoulder, looking down at the disordered knot of her black hair. A few minutes before he would have said that he could not have touched her hand without setting fire to his strong desire for her. And here she was, softly in his arms, and his only emotion was a tenderness so comprehensive

(Continued on Page 62)

AUTHORIZED Buick SERVICE
Emblem of Satisfaction

BUICK

AUTHORIZED Buick SERVICE
Emblem of Satisfaction

Anywhere, anytime, you can always depend on Buick

The Ranchman's Story

Cattle by the thousands were starving on the blizzard-swept ranges. Between them and Newcastle, Wyoming, the nearest town, lay an 80-mile trail blocked with eight-foot snow drifts. The temperature was 15 below zero.

Newcastle citizens were making an heroic effort to save the herds with a relief train of eight provision-laden trucks.

Suddenly a murmur of dismay arose. "The trail, the trail! How can we break the trail? No car that was ever built can do it." "My car can do it," said C. E. Tidd, owner of a Buick Roadster—and he did it.

Back and forth he plowed along the 80-mile trail for sixteen consecutive hours, hitting drift after drift on high gear and shifting to second the instant the car recoiled at the force of the shock. On he went, at times miles ahead of the trucks, battering down the huge drifts with the nose of his Buick, sometimes churning the snow until his car was almost out of sight. Sixteen hours later the starving cattle were munching hay.

This feat is now history among the cow men of Wyoming, who have named Tidd's Buick "The Trail Breaker."

Buick Sixes

22-Six-34 Three Passenger Roadster	*$1495*
22-Six-35 Five Passenger Touring	*1525*
22-Six-36 Three Passenger Coupé	*2135*
22-Six-37 Five Passenger Sedan	*2435*
22-Six-38 Four Passenger Coupé	*2325*
22-Six-39 Seven Passenger Touring	*1735*
22-Six-50 Seven Passenger Sedan	*2635*

Buick Fours

22-Four-34 Two Passenger Roadster	*$ 935*
22-Four-35 Five Passenger Touring	*975*
22-Four-36 Three Passenger Coupé	*1475*
22-Four-37 Five Passenger Sedan	*1650*

F. O. B. Flint, Michigan

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICH.
Division of General Motors Corporation
Pioneer Builders of Valve-in-Head Motor Cars
Branches in all Principal Cities—Dealers Everywhere

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

"WITH US... there has been no business depression"

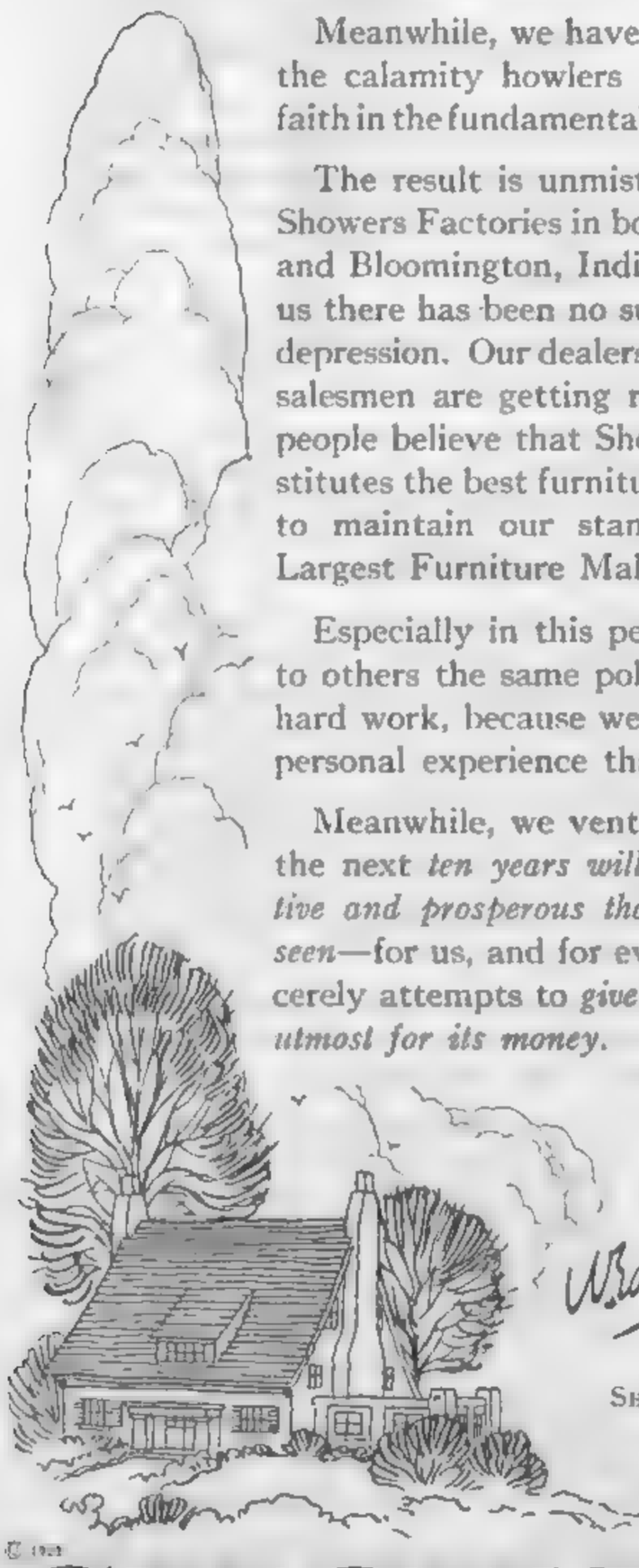
THROUGH all this talk about business depression we have kept right on trying to still further improve the style and serviceability of Showers Furniture and, by the most intensive production methods, to still further cut our manufacturing costs. This policy has greatly benefited both our dealers and our consumers.

Meanwhile, we have turned a deaf ear to the calamity howlers and have never lost faith in the fundamental integrity of America.

The result is unmistakable. Today, the Showers Factories in both Burlington, Iowa, and Bloomington, Indiana, are busy. With us there has been no such thing as business depression. Our dealers are prosperous. Our salesmen are getting results. And enough people believe that Showers Furniture constitutes the best furniture value in the world to maintain our standing as "America's Largest Furniture Makers."

Especially in this period, we recommend to others the same policy of optimism and hard work, because we know from our own personal experience that it *wins*.

Meanwhile, we venture the opinion that the next *ten years will be the most productive and prosperous that the world has ever seen*—for us, and for everyone else who sincerely attempts to *give the buying public the utmost for its money.*



W. D. W. Shaurs

President
SHOWERS BROTHERS COMPANY
BLOOMINGTON, IND.

© 1921

SHOWERS

America's Largest Furniture Makers

(Continued from Page 60)

that all desires beyond that moment were swallowed up in it.

He almost smiled to remember the futility of the explanation he had been attempting. This was the real explanation between them.

How little difference words made, he thought, and yet how we all cling to them! He took his free hand from her shoulder, and like a careful nurse he slid back a hairpin, just poised to fall, into the crisp mass of her hair.

Gradually her sobs stopped, she gave a long deep breath, and presently he saw she had fallen asleep.

There never was an hour in O'Bannon's life that he set beside that hour. He sat like a man in a trance, and yet acutely aware of everything about him: of the logs in the fire that, burning through, fell apart like a blazing drawbridge across the andirons; of an occasional footstep in the streets; and finally of the inevitable approach of the rattling milk wagon, of its stopping at the door, of the wire trays, of the raising of the Thorne basement window and the slow thump of the delivery of the allotted number of bottles.

After a long time a little frightened face stared at him round the door. Turning his head slowly, he saw Miss Bennett, her gray hair brushed straight back from her face and her eyes large and staring.

"Is she dead?" she whispered.

O'Bannon shook his head, and hardly making a sound, his lips formed the words "Go away."

Miss Bennett really couldn't do that.

"It's almost five o'clock," she said reproachfully.

He nodded.

"Go away," he said.

In her bright satin dressing gown she sat down, but he could see that she was nervous and uncertain. He summoned all the powers of will that he possessed; he fixed his eyes on her, compelling her to look at him; and when he felt he had gathered her in he raised his right hand and gently but decisively pointed to the door. She got up and went out.

The fire had burned itself completely out now, and the cold of the hours before dawn began to penetrate the room. O'Bannon began to apprehend the fact that this night must some time end—that Lydia must presently wake up. He dreaded the moment there would be more anger, more repudiation of the obvious bond between them, more torture and separation. He shivered, and leaning forward he softly drew her cloak from a neighboring chair and laid it over her, tucking it in about her shoulders. He was afraid the movement might have waked her, but she seemed to sleep on.

Again the minutes began to slip enchantedly away, and then far away in the house, in some remote upper story, he heard a footstep. Housemaids. Inwardly he called down the curse of heaven upon them. He glanced down at Lydia, and suddenly knew—how he knew it he could not say—that she had heard it too; that she had been awake a long time, since he put the cloak over her—perhaps since Miss Bennett had left the room.

Awake and content! His heart began to beat loudly, violently.

"Lydia," he said.

She did not move or answer, only he felt that her head pressed more closely into the hollow of his arm.

(THE END)

THE WHITE-COLLAR JOB AND THE BIG JOLT

(Continued from Page 9)

"Suppose you lost all your money, what would you do?" he was asked.

"I'd get a job and go to work."

"Suppose you couldn't find work?"

"I'd sell newspapers."

"Suppose you couldn't get any newspapers to sell?"

"Then I'd beg."

In the most unsettled business period through which anyone now alive has ever passed, with nearly 100 great corporations listed on the New York Stock Exchange suspending dividends, and agricultural and industrial products being sacrificed, it is a mistake for the real executive to demand a job cut to specifications. The old jobs are changing character, falling apart, while new ones are taking shape. The man who grabs hold somewhere, almost anywhere, determined to keep busy, and learn, and grow with the new order of business, will develop greater earning capacity during the next few years, and ultimately be a better man.

The shrinkage of business organizations everywhere is a favorable circumstance for the salary job hunter if he will understand what it means. Salaries are being reduced and the number of employes cut to minimum. Great business organizations are down to a skeleton. They cannot safely be cut further. To secure and keep a position in one of these skeleton organizations a man must make sacrifices and be a fighter and producer.

If he can stand the racket, however, when the times again come into joint and business begins to expand he will be a key man in a growing organization, in line for promotion and better pay.

It is commonly assumed that times like the present do not favor new business or personal enterprise, but it is a mistaken notion. Many an executive secure in a well-paid position to-day owes his advancement and security to some former depression that jogged him out of a rut and sent him adventuring. Investigation will show that many men and women are quietly striking out for themselves in new directions, some bent on personal advancement, and others taking advantage of the times to promote important business enterprises. A sales expert, for example, has put his capital of forty or fifty thousand dollars into a promising new method of distributing staple merchandise, and says that if he had money with which to hire some of the first-rate merchandising and sales ability which is temporarily idle, he could so organize this particular field that when times improve it would be very difficult and costly for competitors to displace him. A clerk who lost a $2500 job has gone into partnership in a small retail business, using his savings and credit to such advantage that he is already earning more than he ever got in a pay envelope. A young woman who lost a stenographic position is taking up the study of osteopathy, and is making excellent headway. There are men and women everywhere, often handicapped by family responsibilities, yet meeting the crisis in a spirit of adventure.

Adventure implies agility, risk, hard knocks. It is usually pleasanter to look back upon than to live through. But five or ten years from now hundreds of successful men and women will in memory see a halo around 1921, the turning point in their lives.

These are times of stress and opportunity for the man sitting behind the chief-executive desk of most business concerns. Times of stress because production and sales have shrunk, so that human organization must often be reduced to the point where disorganization begins—a costly and critical ordeal. And times of opportunity because an exceptionally high grade of human ability is floating about, available for the improvement of the organization if it can be put to work—or hired and financed until there is work.

Among business concerns it is the story of the wise and foolish virgins all over again, and about in the Bible ratio of fifty-fifty. Almost at the beginning of inflation farsighted executives set aside a percentage of earnings to take care of the deflation which they knew must inevitably come. But the unwise virgins spent their boom money in extensions of plant and personnel, fancy salaries, junkets, tax-dodging outlay, and the swollen dividends that made their shares boom in the stock market.

The principal industry in a Southern town is a cotton mill owned and managed by the founder and his sons. The founder started life on the ruins of the Civil War, and has been through more than one business hurricane.

At the very peak of prices the sons were fascinated by possibilities for expansion, but dad couldn't see any possibilities.

(Continued on Page 65)

Long-Bell TRADE MARKED LUMBER

Long-Bell

Nationally Known Products

Southern Pine Lumber and Timbers

Creosoted Lumber, Timbers Posts, Poles, Ties, Piling and Wood Blocks

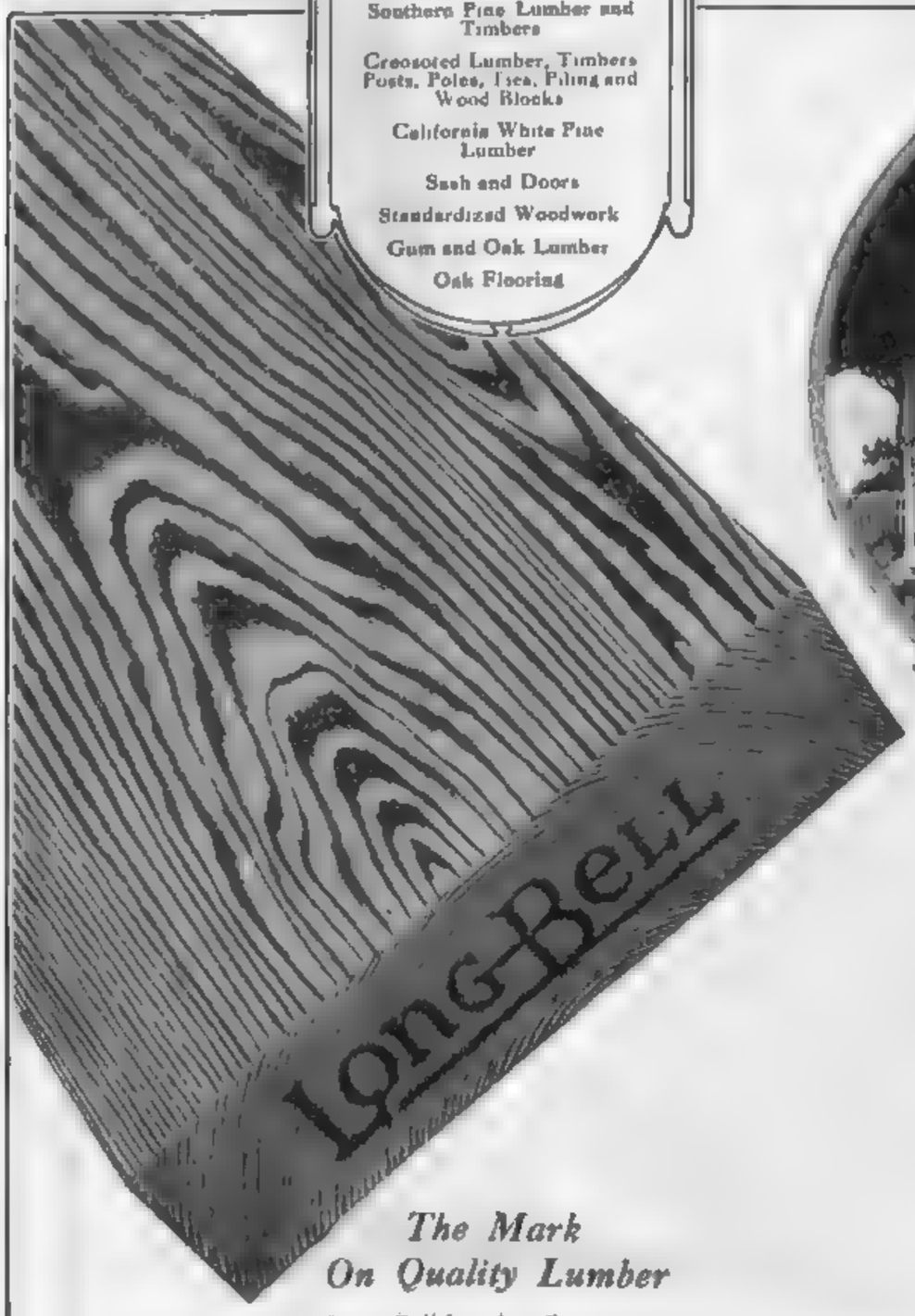
California White Pine Lumber

Sash and Doors

Standardized Woodwork

Gum and Oak Lumber

Oak Flooring



The Mark
On Quality Lumber

The Long-Bell Lumber Company puts its trade-marked name upon its lumber so that all who buy it may know who made it. This is modern merchandising—a *service* rendered both lumbermen and consumers in the form of a buying guide.

HOUSE PLANS—The small home pictured above is Long-Bell Plan No. 307. Most retail lumbermen can show you floor plans of this home or will obtain them for you.

Get the *Facts*—Not Gossip—on What It Costs to Build a Home

—There's a man in your town who knows

Here's a straight common-sense tip to all you men and women who long for a home of your very own—

Go to any lumberman in your home town. Ask him to show you some plans and pictures of homes. He has them in a variety of types—*homes to fit any purse.* Choose one that will make you and your family comfortable and then ask the lumberman to give you an estimate of the cost.

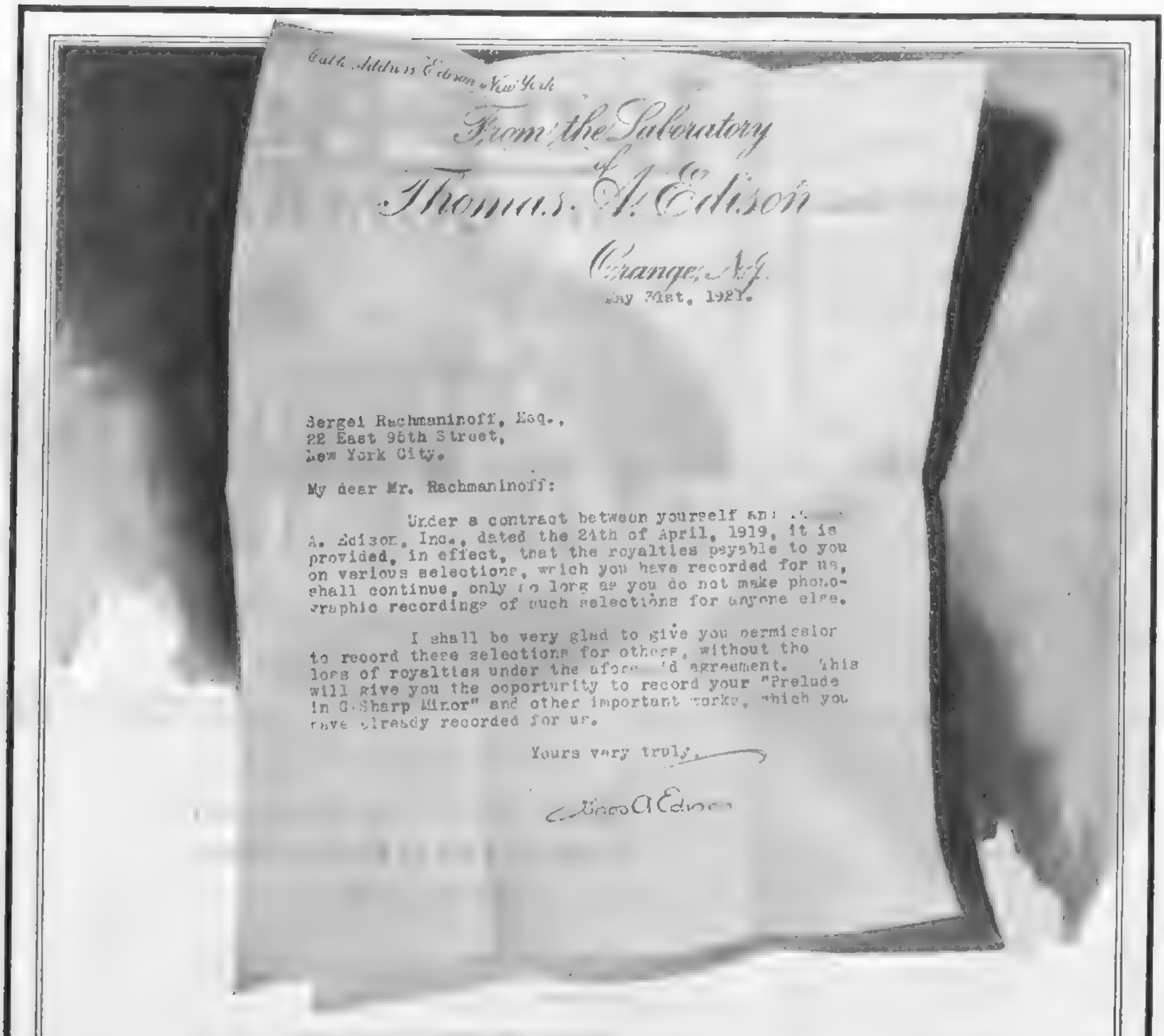
Then you'll have the facts to guide you and not gossip.

You owe it to yourself and your family to obtain this definite information from a reliable source before you throw up your hands and say: "Oh, a home is out of the question now. We can't afford it."

For Dependable Lumber of Uniform High Quality
Ask Your Lumberman for Long-Bell Brand

The Long-Bell Lumber Company

R. A. LONG BUILDING Lumbermen since 1875 KANSAS CITY, MO.


Cable Address Edison New York
From the Laboratory
of
Thomas A. Edison
Orange, N.J.
May 31st, 1921.
Sergei Rachmaninoff, Esq.,
22 East 95th Street,
New York City.
My dear Mr. Rachmaninoff:
Under a contract between yourself and [illegible] A. Edison, Inc., dated the 24th of April, 1919, it is provided, in effect, that the royalties payable to you on various selections, which you have recorded for us, shall continue, only so long as you do not make phonographic recordings of such selections for anyone else.
I shall be very glad to give you permission to record these selections for others, without the loss of royalties under the aforesaid agreement. This will give you the opportunity to record your "Prelude in G-Sharp Minor" and other important works, which you have already recorded for us.
Yours very truly,
Thos A Edison

Mr. Edison Invites Comparison

THE letter reproduced above was written by Mr. Edison to Mr. Sergei Rachmaninoff, the celebrated Russian composer-pianist... We sincerely hope that Mr. Rachmaninoff will record for the talking machine manufacturers all of the selections which he has recorded for us. This will afford you an opportunity to make comparisons—based upon these particular numbers—in addition to the comparisons which Edison Dealers are now in a position to give.

Ask any Edison Dealer to let you hear the New Edison's RE-CREATION of the Edison repertoire of Rachmaninoff.

The New Edison is the only phonograph that has sustained the test of direct comparison with living artists. As a consequence, this wonderful invention has become an instrumentality by which the full benefits and complete pleasures of music can be enjoyed in every home. Mr. Edison is offering $10,000 in prizes for the phrases which best distinguish the New Edison from ordinary phonographs, or talking machines.

The NEW EDISON

"The Phonograph with a Soul"

Ask the Edison Dealer for full particulars concerning Mr. Edison's $10,000 prize offer.

(Continued from Page 62)

"Boys, we have reached the very top," he said. "Now we must think of one thing—how to get off the top without a smash."

Some business concerns are getting off the top safely, volplaning down, aided by the reserves set aside for that emergency, but others are coming down like Darius Green and his flying machine—flying is all right,

But the' ain't sich a thunderin' sight
O' fun in't when ye come to light.

Just as Darius Green had his heavier-than-air contraptions of leather wings and iron-kettle helmet, so business has the impedimenta of overhead, accumulated while it was climbing. Fancy salaries, extravagant ideas, surplus departments and employes, unheeded waste, with golf, week-ends and trimmings generally, both corporate and personal, have been piled on the past five years. Making and distributing commodities the most expensive way came pretty near being a rule. But now the problem is to see how cheaply business can be done. One way to do that is through increased volume, and the other by cutting down overhead. With the national buying power below 50 per cent of normal, and world trade gone to pot for the time being, overhead is the first item to tackle.

There is a lot of overhead in salaries. Salesmen are needed to increase volume, but only the most productive can be kept when demand for commodities is cut in half. Accounting and clerical work sympathetically shrink in volume, and bookkeepers and stenographers must be dropped. Welfare departments expanded to such an extent during the boom that it was often difficult to secure competent experts. These activities were among the first to be reduced or abandoned altogether, not because they were superfluous, for many executives wanted to continue them, but simply because they could not be afforded. A somewhat amusing paradox developed in this welfare work. Installed in good times, wage earners often viewed them suspiciously, asking, "What is the boss trying to put over?" But when the welfare stuff was eliminated there were protests against taking away conveniences and amenities that employes had got used to and liked more than they suspected.

Many a large business enterprise must become small and grow big again. The executive who can keep the nucleus of his organization together until times begin to mend will be first to benefit by healthy growth. It takes a long while and a lot of money to build up a really capable and loyal organization, and concerns now indiscriminately dropping their key workers will surely suffer when the revival comes.

Holding Together by Teamwork

Many are the expedients and devices for attaining this end, and employes are helping out with teamwork and sacrifice. Sentiment counts as much as the bank balance, even where the latter makes the situation difficult.

"There is more or less sentiment in our business," says one manufacturer, "and it will not permit us to do some things that might be financially advantageous just now. In the long run, we believe that sentiment pays. We expect to be in business for the next hundred years or so and to do that must keep our good employes together, and keep them satisfied. Corporations are assumed to have no souls, but the directors and officers of this company feel something like personal responsibility for employes who have served us faithfully for many years, and I am glad to say that employes understand our difficulties and are helping us meet them with a fine spirit."

One corporation now keeping its ledger accounts chiefly in red ink—striking deficits instead of balances—has lost less than 1 per cent of its salaried people, and none of its best-paid men and women. When the storm broke the president called his folks together, forecast the emergency through which the business must pass the next six to twelve months, said that he would do everything within his power to hold the organization together, and asked for suggestions and teamwork. That concern has two pay rolls—weekly wages and monthly salaries. The wage earners, together with some of the higher-salaried workers, voluntarily accepted a reduction of one-sixth in their earnings; but because the monthly pay roll had not been increased abnormally during the boom, that was left alone. There still being not enough work to keep everybody employed a reduction of hours in the factory and office was made, equal to one day a week. The sales force, understanding its opportunities for keeping people at work by increasing volume, voluntarily switched from a salary-and-commission basis to straight commissions, and got busy. At last accounts the organization is holding together, with a fractional increase in sales and output each time the monthly figures are put on the bulletin board—increases so small that they have to be expressed in decimals, but oh, how healthy!

An automobile dealer hit both sides patly, that of employe and that of employer, when he said: "I wish I could find some way to make real salesmen out of certain of my men without firing them. Every once in a while I have to discharge a man, and the jolt does him so much good that he immediately starts making a success with someone else!"

Jolted Out of the Rut

A happy country is said to have no history. But like salary workers content to exert half their real ability or less, living a carefully balanced life on a stationary income, it is probably in a rut—as is many a business enterprise operated on the same philosophy. A personal jolt in such cases is nearly always beneficial. When the jolt becomes an earthquake, shaking up White Collardom, individual and corporate, in every line of business, the benefits are national and far-reaching.

"Until last year we were not able to make goods fast enough to keep up with the demand," says an executive whose industry was one of the conspicuous war babies. "It was not necessary for our salesmen to do a real selling job. As mere order takers they could get enough volume to satisfy sales managers—so why bother to do the constructive work which would lay foundations for selling in a time when sales would be needed, and valued? These fellows were not incompetent, but simply in a rut. They had not been exerting themselves to full capacity, either mentally or physically. The readjustment fell upon them like a brick wall, and upon the corporations they worked for. It was absolutely necessary for corporation executives to cut out all the frills in order to survive. No one had dreamed that this business could get into such a bad way so soon. Sales and office forces were reduced first, and then department heads and executives. In most cases it was impossible for us to fit them into other work for the company; either they couldn't take up other lines or the personal sacrifice would have been too great. Victims of circumstances, they had to go.

"But for many it was the best thing that ever happened. I have heard of case after case the past few months where men who formerly worked for us are doing much better elsewhere. Jolted to the realization of their own shortcomings, they have landed jobs in other lines, and are working harder and making good. We had one man in charge of sales in a department where activities were constantly decreasing, by reason of improvement and growth in other products. We switched him to the production side, where he was out of his element, and when the big jolt came he was among the first to go. This man had been a keen student of merchandising. Within a month he became president and general manager of a company operating a chain of retail stores, where he is entirely happy, for he has found his niche. Working hard, he is putting some of his ideas into actual practice, and getting results. Two other men dropped from our sales force have landed on their feet as sales managers with other concerns, while others have gone into business for themselves.

"There are still good men out of work and real tragedies that offset these cases of successful personal readjustment. But organization readjustment is more difficult than personal readjustment, because the latter must be made now, through individual necessity, while through lack of money and turnover organization readjustment must often be postponed. When the employer finds it possible to begin building up his organization again many of the able people essential to efficient operation in normal times will have made connections elsewhere. That is the real tragedy."

GTD Taps and Dies did a three-minute job on a Missouri farmer's harvester and saved him a four-hour trip.

Fix it Quick With a GTD Screw Plate

A SET of taps and dies is a great time-saver when you're pushing your machinery to give you 100% service.

Have a GTD Screw Plate ready on the instant, any size tool you need, where and when you want them, and *worn-out screw threads* will give you scarcely any trouble at all.

Good tools make lasting friends

The GTD trade mark is your guarantee. Ask your hardware or auto supply dealer to show you a GTD "*Little Giant*" or "OK" Screw Plate—or send for our free booklets described below.

GTD

Greenfield Tap & Die Corporation

Greenfield, Massachusetts

Canadian Plant: Greenfield Tap & Die Corporation of Canada, Limited, Galt, Ontario

GTD TAPS - DIES - DRILLS - REAMERS - PIPE TOOLS
MACHINE TOOLS - MILLING CUTTERS - GAGES

Free booklets for auto mechanics, farmers, shopmen, anybody who works with machines. The coupon or a postal brings yours.

GTD
Corporation
Greenfield, Mass.

Send your free booklet (or booklets) as checked

——About tools for automobile work.

About farm tools

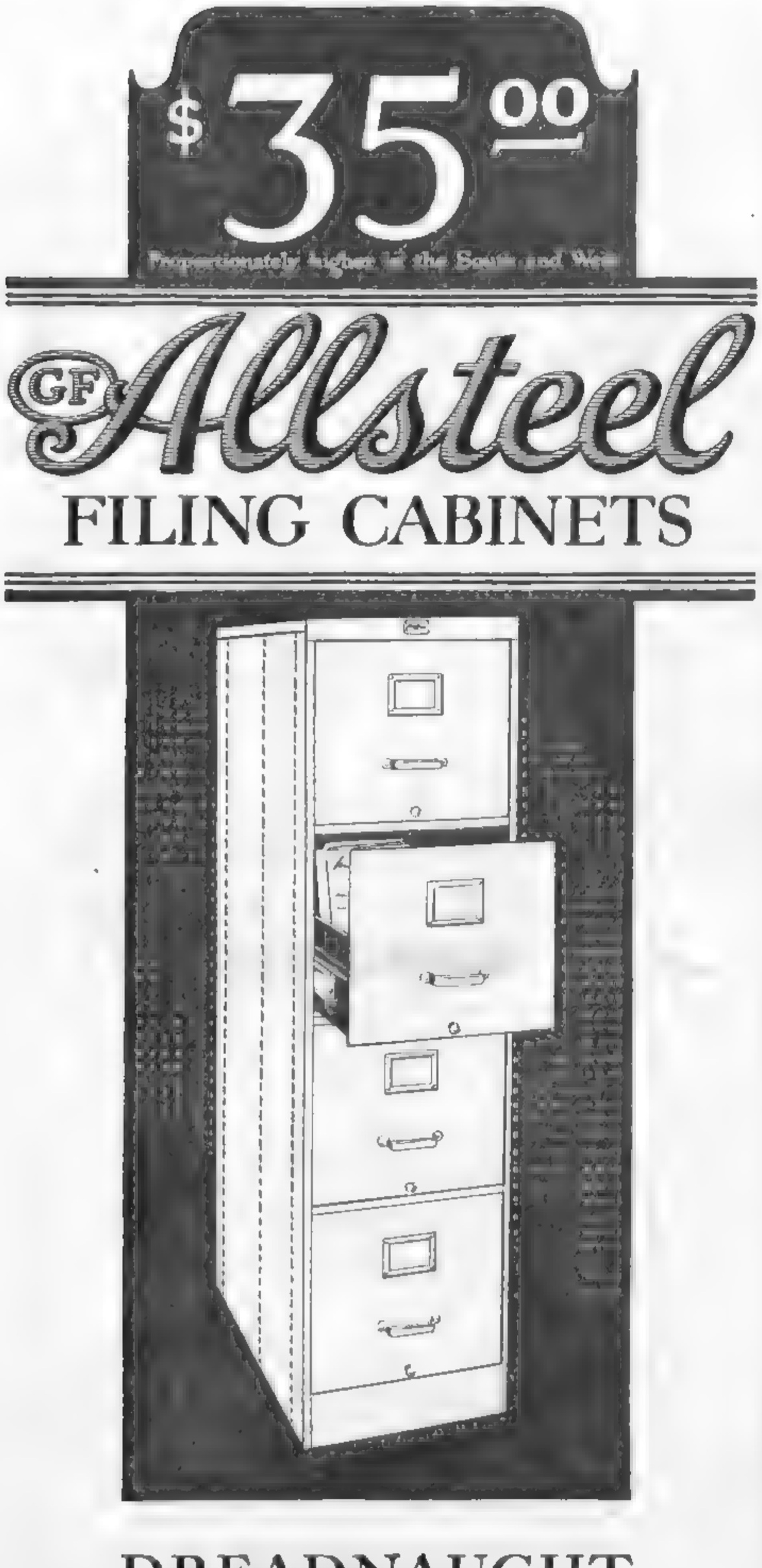
About pipe tools.

Name

Street

City State S E P 109

IT *CAN* BE FIXED • LET GTD DO IT


$35.00
GF
Allsteel
FILING CABINETS
DREADNAUGHT
A splendid sturdy cabinet
that will last for 50 years.
One of many models.
Immediate delivery.
The General Fireproofing Company
2151 Trussit Ave. Youngstown, Ohio
Branches: New York Chicago Boston San Francisco
Philadelphia Seattle Washington, D. C. Atlanta
Also Makers of Herringbone Rigid Metal Lath, and other Fireproof Building Materials.

THE SUBMERGED CONFLICT

(Continued from Page 11)

to raise their standard of living. There were certain silk dress lengths.

After dinner they went to visit Mr. Hicks, and after the exchange of greetings she said, "I want to know about Mohicans, Mr. Hicks."

Already the change in her speech and intonation was great; the stridency was nearly gone; the twang was faint. She no longer clipped her words; she drawled them a little.

"The North American Indians?" said Mr. Hicks in some surprise.

"Savages, weren't they?" said Jenny.

"Yes. There's a romance called The Last of the Mohicans that would tell you a good deal about them."

"A romance?" said Jenny in a tone of relief, as she thanked him and went.

She found it in a secondhand bookseller's shop, brought it home and fell upon it. She skipped much of it; but she read with the most careful attention all of it that had to do with the young Chingachgook. Then she pondered her prototype somberly.

On Monday morning Ashburton found a slip of paper on his desk. On it was written: "Thank you very much for the £10. J. R."

"You certainly earned it," he said, smiling at her; then, without thinking, he put the slip of paper into his waistcoat pocket. That evening, emptying his pockets, he found it.

He wondered why on earth he had kept it, and put it in his pocketbook.

The next day he learned that the five letters had done their work. Eight of the most important men in the industry were meeting in London next day to confer. They would let him know their decision at half past nine at night. At a quarter past nine he and Jenny were in his office awaiting it. If it proved adverse, as he rather expected it would, he meant to begin to try to reverse it at once. It was not in him to accept defeat. Each of those eight men must receive a letter by the first post next morning. He had learned at what hotels they were staying. At five and twenty past nine the messenger brought in the letter. He opened it slowly, with steady fingers. If he had not won now he would win later. He read it slowly. He had won now. The merger had gone through exactly on the lines he had laid down, and he was invited to become managing director. It was indeed a victory. He had lowered the overhead expenses of three-quarters of the textile industry 30 per cent. An immense exhilaration invaded him. He wanted to shout. He could have danced. He felt like an excited boy.

"We've won! The merger's through!" he cried.

He saw a sparkle in Jenny's somber eyes. A faint smile wreathed her lips.

A devil of mischief entered into him, and rising he cried, "I must have a kiss!"

The years had fallen from him. He looked like a great mischievous boy.

Jenny sprang up, her face set in a mask of the blankest astonishment. She struck at him wildly as he caught her, and missed the point of his jaw by a good inch. Then she fought furiously. She bit nearly through his right hand. But against his strength she was helpless. He kissed her full and hard on the lips and loosed her. She staggered back and dropped into her chair, nerveless, limp, and her eyes blazed on him. He sat down with a rather astonished air and looked at the blood dripping from his bitten hand.

"I behaved rather badly, didn't I?" he said in a confidential tone. "But you behaved abominably, thank goodness! Like a little savage!"

He wrapped his handkerchief round his hand. She stared at it, a dull flush mantling her cheeks. Then she snatched a slip of paper, wrote on it and tossed it to him.

He read: "I'm leaving on Saturday."

He put it down and finished binding up his hand. Then he said quietly: "I don't want you to go. You must be the best typist in London. I'll pay you ten pounds a week to stay on."

Jenny was still raging. But ten pounds a week! She hesitated. Ashburton looked at her quietly, gravely. After all, what was a kiss, she thought. She had been kissed before. In Camden Town the young kiss frequently and think but little of it. Five hundred and twenty pounds a year! She did not think that another typist in London drew such a salary. She did hate him, though. How on earth had she come to miss the point?

She took a slip, wrote on it, "I accept," and handed it to him.

"Good!" he said. "Well, I needn't keep you any longer to-night. We did the work the night you starved yourself. I apologize for behaving badly—humbly. Are you going to apologize for behaving worse?"

She shook her head sharply and rose.

"That's all right," he said with a wicked smile. "It eases my conscience a little, you know; and I can go on enjoying having behaved badly, very much."

Her eyes gleamed again. Then she nodded good night and went out of the room. More than once on the way home she asked herself why on earth she had missed the point. It had been open enough. What had diverted her hand that inch? She had not wanted to be kissed by him, she was sure—not so sure.

The next day Ashburton perceived that his bad behavior had not modified her habit of gazing at him. Also it had not decreased his interest in her. He found himself wondering what she was thinking as she gazed. Three days later he perceived the atmosphere of conflict. It was an odd fancy, but in his office he felt himself struggling in a conflict—not the business conflict, but another, quite obscure. He did not even know whether he was aggressive or merely resisting in it. It was a queer fancy. He told himself that he had overworked himself and needed a rest. But he felt fit enough and was dealing with the hundred details of the merger without an effort.

The sense of conflict did not pass. Of course it must be Jenny Romer. He felt it only in his office and only when she was in it. Twice he sent her out on long errands to make sure. He made sure. With her going, the sense of conflict went. It was very odd and intriguing. He thought of the theory that our selves are like icebergs and only a peak of them rises into consciousness. Was it that, while his conscious intelligence was dealing with these business details, and hers with taking and typing his letters, their submerged selves were grappling beneath the surface? Or was she consciously playing some witch's game on him, putting the comether on him? With those eyes she might very well belong to some breed of witches. He thought the former the more likely. But which was the aggressor? His submerged self, or hers? He wondered about it and her often, out of office hours.

Ten days later, at the end of the morning's work, he looked at her earnestly. For once her eyes fell before his to the papers on her desk.

"The scars of your teeth have nearly healed. Have you forgiven me for behaving badly?" he said idly.

Her eyes rose quickly to his. She hesitated. Then she shrugged her shoulders.

"I've been having an odd feeling in this office lately," he went on. "You haven't by any chance been trying to put the comether on me?"

A slow surprise filled her face, and she shook her head. Assuredly she had not been trying some witch's game on him consciously. But unconsciously?

Then he said deliberately, "I should like—I should like very much to put the comether on you."

As the words left his lips he knew very well who had been the aggressor and who had resisted in the submerged conflict. Well, he had brought the conflict up into consciousness. She gazed at him, her face wholly a blank. Then her lips parted a little.

"I will," he said.

That evening Kitty found her sister absent-minded.

On Friday he found that he would have to do some work during the week-end, and told Jenny that he would need her at Granton, his house in Sussex.

She shook her head and wrote on a slip of paper: "I can't leave my little sister."

"Bring her with you," he said. "Waterloo Station at 10:30 to-morrow."

She hesitated; then nodded.

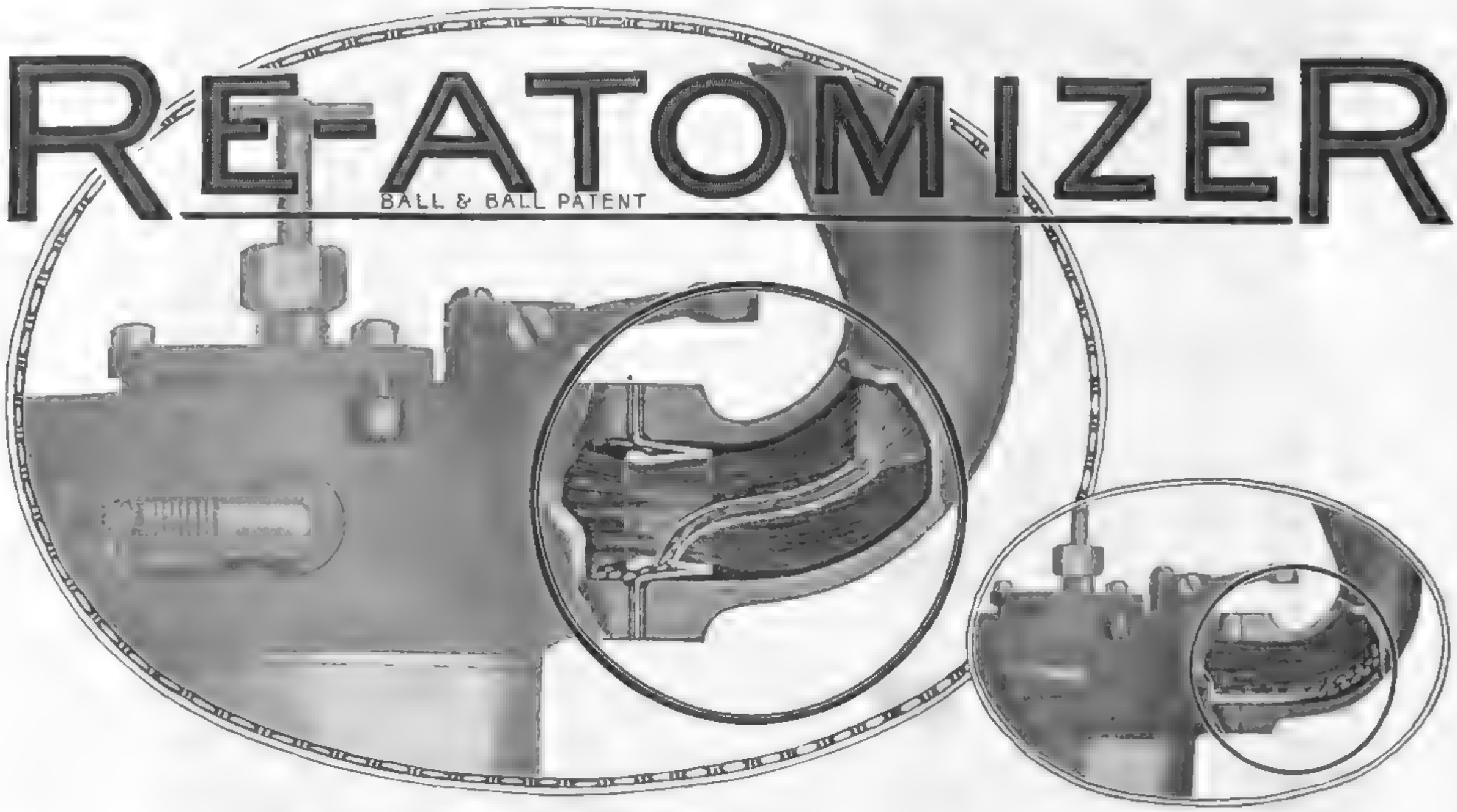
When they came onto the platform, followed by a porter with their suitcases, he was standing among a group of his guests. John Burkitt, his secretary, took charge of them, put them into their carriage, and at Granton, a big house on the seaward edge

(Continued on Page 69)

PENBERTHY PRODUCTS

RE-ATOMIZER

BALL & BALL PATENT



Illustrating how the Re-Atomizer collects the liquid gasoline from the walls of the manifold—vaporizes it and distributes it evenly into the cylinders.

Illustrating how liquid gasoline gets into the cylinders and crank case without the Re-Atomizer.

3½ Miles per Gallon Increase for 3½ Dollars—*Guaranteed*

The Re-Atomizer is guaranteed to increase your gasoline mileage at least one mile per gallon for each dollar you pay for it and also accomplish 10 distinct improvements in your car's operation.

The Re-Atomizer is now standard equipment on several large production cars, accepted by the engineers of these Companies after the most careful tests. It is manufactured by the Penberthy Injector Company, a concern in business thirty-six years, known to every steam, mechanical and automotive engineer the world over. Over 50,000 Re-Atomizers are now in use. These facts should satisfy the most skeptical that it will fulfill all our claims for it.

How It Works

As the illustrations show, the Re-Atomizer overcomes one of the greatest difficulties in motor car operation—unequal amounts of gasoline entering the cylinder as liquid instead of vapor.

This is accomplished by trapping the liquid gasoline on the bottom and sidewalls of the manifold where it condenses. It is caught by a powerful air stream, and shot through the tube completely vaporized, and is drawn through the manifold into the cylinders with the rest of the vapor. Simple, isn't it? Most of the great inventions have been simple.

You slip the Re-Atomizer into the manifold and it stays there. No working parts. No adjustments. No change in the motor, the manifold or the control levers—absolutely sure of results in any car, with any driver, all the time. Five minutes' time will install it. Anyone can do it.

Distributed by

Detroit—Federal Automotive Sales Company - 4610 Woodward Avenue
Michigan, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois

New York City—James Wright Wilson, Inc. - - - - 1819 Broadway
New England States, New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey

St. Louis—A. D. Thomas - - - - - - 5230 Murdock Avenue
Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma, Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana

Jacksonville, Fla.—Southern Automotive Sales Co.—Dyal-Upchurch Bldg.
The Southern States

Los Angeles—Howell & McCreery - - - - 12th and Olive Streets
California, Oregon, Washington

Address all communications to your nearest distributor

Guaranteed to Improve Your Car In These 10 Ways

We realize that it seems almost impossible for one small device to accomplish so much. But we don't ask you to take our word for it. We ask you to buy a Re-Atomizer and see for yourself. If it doesn't fulfill *all* our promises we will gladly return your money.

1—It pays for itself three or four times the first year in actual saving of gasoline alone.
2—Improves the general performance of the car noticeably.
3—Decreases gasoline consumption 15 to 25%.
4—Gives even distribution of gasoline.
5—Lessens spark plug and carbon troubles.
6—Stops dilution of oil in crank case by liquid gasoline.
7—Motor starts and warms up more quickly in cold weather.
8—Motor runs cooler in hot weather.
9—Eliminates loading, caused by liquid gasoline.
10—Keeps motor in condition much longer—less repairs.

Dealers and Jobbers—Send for Our Proposition

Read This Guarantee

We are selling it as no other accessory has ever been sold, with a guarantee that it will increase the buyer's gasoline mileage at least one mile per gallon for each dollar paid. It is also guaranteed to accomplish the 10 improvements listed herewith. If not, he can return it for its full purchase price at any time within 30 days.

For example, if a Ford owner is getting 17 miles per gallon, we guarantee the Re-Atomizer will increase his mileage to at least 20½ miles per gallon —3½ miles increase, or he can return it and his money will be refunded.

The same ratio holds true on Dodges or Buicks. Any driver will gladly pay $1.00 per mile for gasoline mileage increase, plus better performance.

Now Ready

Ford Model - - Price $3.50
Dodge Model - - Price 3.75
Buick Model - - Price 4.00

Other Models Soon

MAIL TO OUR NEAREST DISTRIBUTOR

Enclosed find $____ for 1 Re-Atomizer for _____ car

Name _____

Address _____

City and State _____

Ask your dealer. If he hasn't stocked them, use this coupon

PENBERTHY INJECTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, U. S. A.—ESTABLISHED 1886

Illustrating one of the new Kahn Norfolks for Fall

KAHN MADE TO MEASURE CLOTHES

© 1921

FOR as little as $35 —and at $40, $45, $50 to $75—you can procure a precisely fitted, finely tailored Kahn made-to-measure suit.

The style will be authoritative, the fabric 100 per cent all-wool, and your suit will represent a substantial value regardless of which price you pay.

Kahn dealers in more than 3,000 communities are ready to show you the handsome new fall styles and a broad selection of imported and domestic woolens . . . . . Be measured today.

KAHN - TAILORING - CO.

OF INDIANAPOLIS

MADE TO MEASURE CLOTHES

(Continued from Page 66)

of the South Downs, handed them over to the housekeeper, who gave them two bedrooms, with a sitting room between them, and told them that their lunch would be served in it at 1:30, their tea at 4:30, their dinner at eight.

They did not stop to unpack. They hurried downstairs, through the gardens, into the wood. They had been used to spending their brief holidays by the mud flats of Southend. This was different, a revelation.

After lunch Ashburton and his guests settled down to bridge. He played a rubber, turned restless and went out to take the air. He kept the fact that he wanted to see Jenny in the country dim in his mind. But he found her with Kitty on a sunny bank on the edge of the downs.

She saw him coming; and as she unconsciously shifted into a more attractive and slightly less comfortable pose she said to Kitty, "You do the talking."

He raised his hat, stopped and said, "Well, do you young people like Granton?"

Jenny nodded, and Kitty said, "We love it."

He observed that she had a soft pleasant voice, sat down, lit a cigar, said that the town on the right was Portsmouth, the spire on the left Chichester Cathedral, and lapsed into silence. Kitty politely said a few lazy words at intervals; Jenny said nothing, but gazed down at the sea. Her pose gave the admirable lines of her figure their full value. He was very well content. He had grown used to being with her some hours every day, and he was getting what he was used to. But he felt no sense of conflict. It was odd. Was there a truce in that air? Was it that, so close to the earth, in this sunshine, the conflict died down? He felt that it might be so. He gazed at her profile. It pleased him enormously. Her lips were more sensitive than he had thought. He fancied that that sensitiveness was new. Certainly, with those brooding somber eyes, she was more than a little sphinxlike

An hour later she was in the same position. She had not moved an inch. He wondered at her immobility. Of course she was lying perfectly relaxed on the soft turf, but her nerves must be perfect. He wished that she had Kitty's voice. But the gods are not so lavish. It was a great deal to be so satisfyingly dumb.

The church clock of a distant village struck four; and rising with a sigh he said: "I must be getting to my guests. You'll hear the tea bell presently," raised his hat and went.

When he had gone Kitty said: "You told me he was a toff; but you never told me he was so tremendously good-looking. Don't you ever speak to him?"

Jenny shook her head.

"Then he's never heard your new voice?"

"And never will if I can help it," said Jenny.

After their tea and after their dinner they again hurried out to the wood and the downs. They were wonderful.

The next morning Ashburton was on the point of getting up when a delightful, rather drawling voice said, just below his window, "What's the name of this very red rose?"

"Heart's-blood," said the voice of Burkitt.

"That's a very good name for it," said the delightful voice.

Ashburton asked himself whose voice it was—certainly not the voice of one of his guests—then guessed, slipped out of bed and hurried to the window to make sure. Below stood Jenny holding the rose to her nostrils. She wore a silk frock of an Indian red. Her head was bare, and the sun burnished her brown hair.

"Well, I'll—be shot!" said Ashburton softly but fervently, and loosed the curtain.

Soon after breakfast he sent for Jenny and worked for an hour and a half.

Then he said: "That's all. Come for a stroll and get all this tedious stuff out of your pretty head. You needn't talk, you know—unless you'd like to for a change. And I shall behave like an angel."

She did not shake her head; and they went through the long window, across the garden and through the wood to the downs. He did the talking. Among other things he told her that it had been borne in on him that, though she was the best typist in the city, she really belonged to the wood and the downs. She nodded gravely.

"You ought to live in a place like this—at any rate all the summer and most of the autumn," he said.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Yes, I know you can't afford it; but it's a pity. It's a waste of you. Why, perhaps even your voice might improve here!"

She shook her head. She wore an air of complete content.

"It's a pity you must always be a song without words," he said, pricked by a sudden desire to hear her voice.

She did not even look at him. They sat there till the lunch bell rang, and she did not look at him. He did not mind. He had a feeling that, though she did not look at him, she was intensely aware of him. But he looked at her—all the time. Now and again he said a few words, appreciative. They welled up out of him.

He let her go alone to the west wing with great reluctance. He wanted to go with her, but he had his guests. In the afternoon he was restless, and he could not find her. He was exasperated.

He could not find her after dinner in the garden or the wood or on the downs. He came back and played bridge. Then about eleven o'clock he went out into the wood to be alone and think about her. He went slowly, and was halfway through it when round a corner in the path a twig snapped under a foot. He stood still, hoping.

She came round the corner and stopped short, about fifteen feet away, and they looked at each other.

"I want you, Jenny," he said in a quiet, matter-of-fact voice.

She hesitated for a breath and came to him. He put his arms round her and kissed her. They clung to each other; and he kissed her again, twice, quenching an immense thirst.

Then she said sorrowfully, in that delightful, drawling voice: "It's lovely. But I oughtn't to let you. I suppose it's the wood and the night. But it's no use really, you know. I'm straight."

"Well, for that matter, I'm straight too. We'll get married," he said.

Just the slightest quiver ran over her. He did not miss it. He kissed her again.

"You'll have to keep me rather dark, won't you?" she said simply.

"My goodness, no!" he said.

She clung a little tighter to him, and he kissed her again.

Then he said, "I wonder if we shall fight furiously—sometimes."

"Oh, no, I couldn't fight you any more now," she said with grave conviction.

A humility, strange to him, invaded him.

"You have the most beautiful voice in the world," he said.

THE USES OF CALAMITY

(Continued from Page 16)

Lucy, tender anxiety in her eyes and her attitude, picked up a palm-leaf fan from a taboret beside the bed. Mrs. Crews lay back with her eyes closed and delivered herself of a monologue which ran on and on without stop for punctuation, save for an occasional light moan:

"I was going to sit up this evening but after Hilda left it started up again right there may you never know what suffering is you've been too healthy to appreciate I was the same way when I was young the night Aunt Martha was took I went to a dance well I remember my mother looking at me just looking at me reproachful but I only tossed my head and when I came back you'll know some day you and Hilda when you come in and find me—oh!" Mrs. Crews threw back another roll of coverlet.

"There, there, mother dear," said Lucy at this, the first opening, "try to get to sleep."

"Just come in," said Mrs. Crews with all the sarcasm possible to a voice which tinkled like tapped silver, "and don't want to sit down and talk with me—don't want anything but just to send me off to sleep and get shut of me. Oh, you'll know some day if you ever have a daughter—you'll know what it is!" Mrs. Crews fell to silence, as one who lacks words to describe a horror.

"Do you think it would be easier if I read to you a little, mother dear?" asked Lucy.

"That's the first letter I dictated— *twenty-five years ago*"

Almost a generation ago, as a beginner in business, he dictated his first business letter. The copy, written with Carter Carbons, went into the files.

Today it happened to come back to his desk out of an old transfer. It is dusty and torn, but every word is clear, for

You can rely on
CARTER CARBONS
as you rely on Carter Ink

The same laboratory control that makes Carter's mean permanence in ink has for 25 years been as skillful in producing the highest grade of carbon papers—

—and in keeping that high standard up

CARTER CARBONS
PROFESSIONAL
GOSSAMER
AUTOCRAT
FAERIE QUEENE
COMMERCIAL
—and the rest
CARTER INK PRODUCTS

—and in prescribing the paper that will do the cleanest, clearest work under any conditions.

The Carter Laboratories have prescribed the right Carter Carbon for the job in thousands of cases.

They will do the same for you, promptly and expertly. The coupon will start information which will make your carbon copies look better and last longer.

THE CARTER'S INK COMPANY
Manufacturing Chemists
BOSTON CHICAGO NEW YORK MONTREAL

S 9 21

I use carbon paper_____ by_____ in size, on a_____ _____ machine. I usually make_____ copies and prefer_____ color. My typewriter ribbons are_____ in color, used on a_____ machine. I am chiefly interested in carbon papers for (*please check*)

- ☐ CORRESPONDENCE
- ☐ BOOKKEEPING
- ☐ MANIFOLD INSTRUCTIONS, BIDS, PROPOSALS, LISTS.

What will the Carter Laboratories do for me?

Name_____

Address_____

THE CARTER'S INK COMPANY,
Cambridge 41, Boston, Mass.

-now look at the darned thing

Darned last week. Darned this week. Darned again next week. Unsightly darns. Uncomfortable darns. Wearisome darns to some poor woman.

And a great deal of it is useless, because

True Shape

SOCKS

KEEP THE BIG TOES IN

They keep the little toes and the heel in too.

TRUE SHAPE Socks are made of heavy Japanese silk. They feel good. They look neat. They wear well.

Be sure of your socks. Insist upon

True Shape No. 152

TRUE SHAPE Hosiery is also made for women and children. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us direct.

Wherever you are, you'll be sure of hosiery satisfaction if you insist on the TRUE SHAPE diamond on each pair.

TRUE SHAPE HOSIERY CO.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The invalid paused for a moment's consideration.

"Don't know but it would," she said in quite a different tone. "There's a story I just started in that magazine there when my back started up so's I just couldn't see. 'Twouldn't be so bad, I always say, if it was real sharp pain like toothache. But it's just a terrible goneness."

It had been a long day for Lucy. The lines of her face sagged with weariness. As she settled down in the low chair by the reading lamp her eyes were heavy, but they were also soft and bright; and now and then as she read she patted gently the old hand on the coverlet.

This happened on a Monday. The affair between Lucy and Jim had by now established its program. Usually when conditions with mother were such as to allow Lucy's absence they did something, if it were only a moving-picture show, early in the week. Thursday was the night for choir practice at St. James', and always Jim ran her home in his roadster. He had never failed her except during his year and a half in the Army and the period of their one quarrel. Regularly at a quarter before ten Lucy Crews—managing somehow to do it alone—would emerge from the vestry door, glance up and down the street, let her eyes light on the little green roadster standing by the curb, give a start as of surprise, throw a glance which said, "Why, it's you, Jim!" and wait for him to dismount from the driver's seat and stand on the sidewalk holding open the door in an attitude of invitation. That little game of pretended surprise always amused him. Perhaps that was one of the things which held him to this losing game of his. She allured him even to madness—the slim figure of her, the fluttering hands with their flower motions, the voice of a violin, the aura of little-girlishness which she had not lost with girlhood and would never lose this side of the grave. But this childish quality, with its transparent maneuvers of shyness and modesty, caused him to smile even while he adored. Then if she were unhurried or unworried about her mother, and if he did not bother her with a proposal, she would let him give her a little spin through the park or along the river drive before landing her at her own door at an hour which would appear seemly to the vigilant Mrs. Crews.

But the chain of pleasant Thursdays, running so far back toward the hinterland of eternity, was now come to an end, though Lucy did not know that. On the Thursday in question, her desk telephone tapped its short ring and she pulled the instrument toward her, spoke in the unemotional voice of her working hours. Perhaps she had a premonition. Otherwise, thinking it over later, she could not account for the shiver which ran over her as a crisp chopping masculine voice said, "Is this Miss Crews—Miss Lucy Crews? This is Doctor Jackson."

"Doctor!" began Lucy, and then premonition took the wrong track. "Is anything the matter with my mother?"

"Your mother?" queried the voice. "Oh, no! I'm telephoning for Mr. Hayden—James W. Hayden. He isn't very well. He's asked me to inform one or two friends. I believe he has an engagement with you to-night."

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" said Lucy sympathetically enough, but the terror had gone out of her voice. "Is it anything serious?"

Hattie Bartlett at the next desk, pretending to study her notes, marked the return of emotion to Lucy's voice as she repeated the one word, "Typhoid!"

"At least," reassured the voice at the other end of the wire, "he has typhoid symptoms. It's perhaps too early in the game to say for sure."

"Is he getting good care?" asked Lucy.

Here again Hattie marked the emotional note; also the gender of the pronoun.

"I think so. Mrs. Haggerty is looking after him. That will do—for the present. If it turns out badly—of course there will have to be more expert nursing."

"Is there anything I can do?" asked Lucy, her words perfunctory but not her tone.

"No, I think not, thank you," said the voice at the other end of the telephone. "He just wanted you to know."

Hattie, her hands resting on the sides of her desk, regarded her chum.

Lucy's violet eyes looked only a little clouded as she said, "Oh, Hattie, Jim Hayden seems to have typhoid fever!"

"Typhoid!" exclaimed Hattie; and then, as was the way of her mind, she ducked into the first diverging path of thought and pursued it to the end. "What doctor has he got? Jackson? Who's he? Be just like a man to grab the nearest doctor in the block, or take somebody that old Mrs. Haggerty just picked up. Now my doctor ——"

But at this point she was interrupted by the heavy approach of Mr. Royston, head of the firm.

"Take this, please, Miss Crews," he said, and began dictating.

Hattie resumed her rhythmic tapping of the keys. When Mr. Royston was gone Hattie turned. But Lucy was studying her notes, and just as Hattie opened her mouth to speak she dropped her hands to the keyboard. Hattie closed her mouth on a sigh. Would nothing ever draw a confidence out of Lucy Crews? Yet as the closing half hour of the work day dragged to its finish, Hattie marked moments when her chum sat with her fingers resting immobile on the keys, her eyes looking over the platen of the machine as into long vistas of thought.

As the clock struck five Lucy was on her feet, whisking her desk into shape, covering her machine.

"Don't wait for me to-night," she said without looking up. "I must hurry ahead. I have a little errand to do," and she started toward the cloakroom.

Always before, except in the malignant stages of Hattie's loves, these two had left the office together and strolled chattering to the car.

"Gee!" said Hattie, following with her eyes. "Gee!"

When she herself reached the cloakroom Lucy was already gone. The window looked out above Eureka Avenue, now full from wall to curb with home-faring crowds. Almost guiltily Hattie stole to this point of observation. She marked Lucy's new spring hat bobbing among the heads below. Lucy was walking with brisk determined steps, eastward—away from the trolley. Then as she neared the corner Hattie noticed that she was going more and more slowly, so that the hurrying crowd behind jostled her. Breathless with expectant curiosity, the watcher at the window saw Lucy drift out to the edge of the crowd, stop. For long seconds she stood moveless, then abruptly turned backward toward her car line.

That north-side trolley, one might have thought, radiated for Lucy alternate currents of attraction and repulsion, for after she left choir practice this strange maneuver happened again. She had arrived, as usual, sharp at eight o'clock. She troubled the organist a little by singing ahead of the contralto; and when, after a rest, they took up the sheets of a new anthem the tenor asked, "Why, where is Miss Crews?"

"I'll vamp that part," said the organist. "Miss Crews isn't feeling very well. I've excused her."

Lucy, as she glided out of the vestry door, looked as by instinct at the curb, where no little green roadster waited to-night. She started toward her car. Only then did she realize that it was raining, and hurriedly raised her umbrella. After a block her walk slowed up, became a mere stroll. She stopped altogether, stood biting her lips and tapping her foot. A male pedestrian looked at her sharply—seemed to peer under the umbrella. As though this little incident were somehow the release of a trigger she turned on her heel, walked backward a block, wheeled to the left, and, almost running, proceeded down a shadowy street of front lawns showing at the end of their vistas hospitably lighted windows; of spring-clad, dripping shade trees; of occasional flat-houses. She had gone three blocks; she was opposite that house where Jim Hayden, on the second floor, kept his bachelor flat, when she slowed down again, stood in the shadow of an elm—looking.

Her eyes fixed themselves on that second floor front. There were three windows. She had attended several parties at Jim's, and she knew, woman fashion, the plan of the flat. Those two to the left opened from Jim's parlor; the one to the right from his bedroom. Behind the lace curtains of the two windows to the left burned now a rather dim light, like a shaded electric globe; the one to the right was dark. As Lucy stood bracing her umbrella against a spurt of wind-driven rain she fancied she saw a dim mass of white stirring behind its shadowy quadrangle. No, it was only a reflection, she decided. A full five minutes she stood there, moving only when she

(Continued on Page 73)

Electricity in a new handy package

Get one Columbia Bell Ringer instead of 2 ordinary batteries

Hitch this Columbia Bell Ringer onto your bell, buzzer, thermostat, or burglar alarm.

All over the world Columbias
—ring bells
—buzz buzzers
—ignite Fords while starting
—ignite motor trucks
—ignite and light motor boats
—light tents and outbuildings
—fire blasts
—run toys
—operate wireless
—make telephones talk up

They are found
—protecting bank vaults
—ringing bells and buzzers on street cars and busses
—ringing bells on Pullman cars
—calling the police
—ringing fire alarms
—operating burglar alarms

Better Than 2 Single Cells

Because the Columbia Bell Ringer is *one solid package* that will hang or stand anywhere—no cell-to-cell connectors to tinker with because corroded or worked loose—more pep and longer life.

Columbia Dry Batteries for all uses are for sale at electrical, hardware, and auto accessory shops—garages—general stores. The name Columbia is your guarantee.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, Inc.
Cleveland, Ohio San Francisco, Calif.
Canadian National Carbon Co., Limited, Toronto

Prices have been reduced

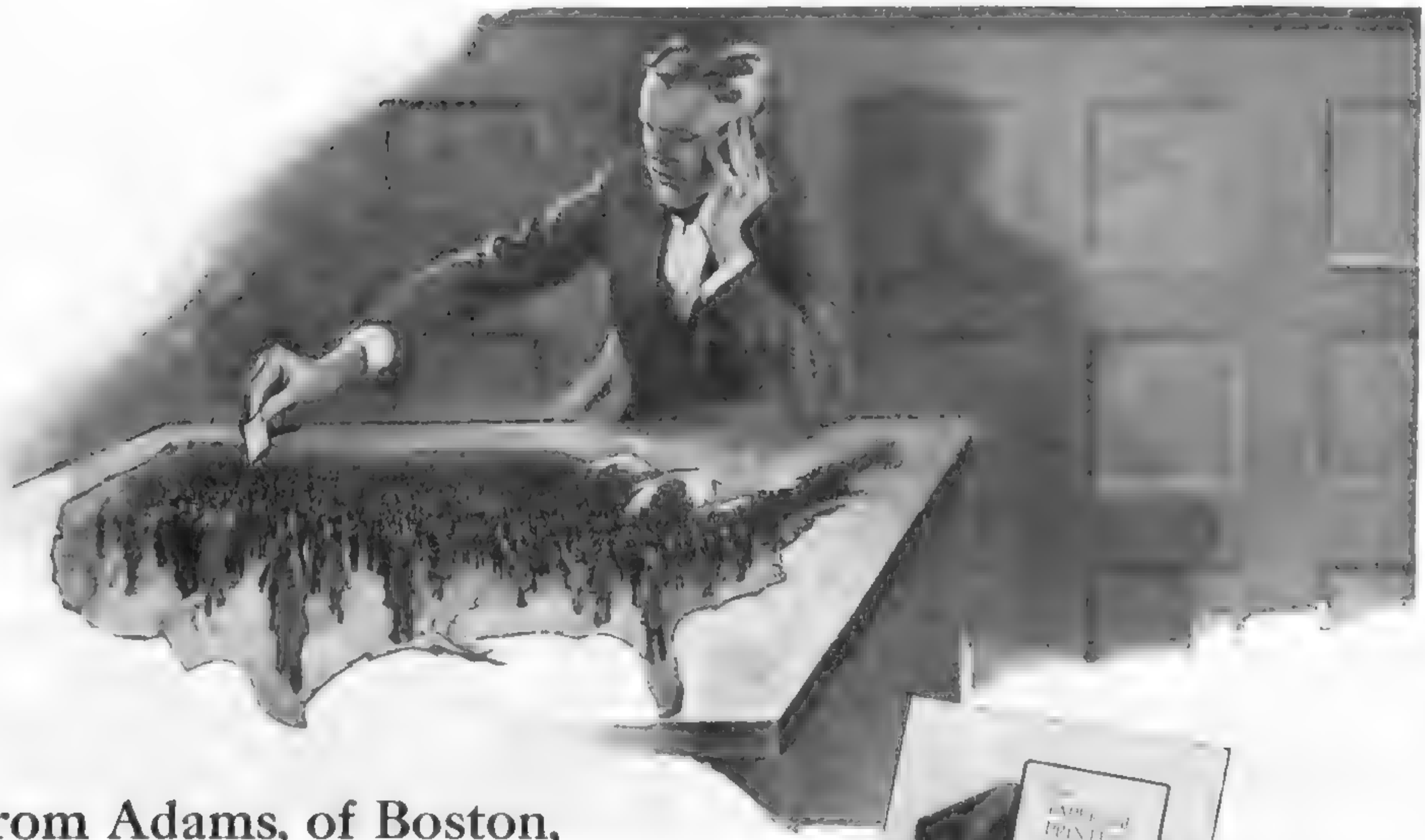
Columbia Dry Batteries

—they last longer

The world's most famous dry battery. These Fahnestock Spring Clip Binding Posts at no extra charge

Columbia Hot Shot Battery for ignition, lighting, blast firing, signalling, and other heavy duty —1 solid package of 4 to 15 cellpower—moisture proof. The Multiple type is absolutely water proof for motor boats

142114



From Adams, of Boston, And Slocum, of Waco—

From Farwell, a banker in Ohio; from Jacobs, a clothing manufacturer in Illinois; and from thousands of others, we hear about hundreds of uses for Hammermill Bond—"The Utility Business Paper."

One hundred and eight leading paper merchants, the country over, are distributors of Hammermill Bond. They learn from their customers many new business shortcuts through the use of forms printed on Hammermill.

They send us this information. We receive hundreds of other letters, reports, suggestions, direct from consumers of Hammermill Bond. Each letter is helpful to us, each letter helps us to give better service to every user of Hammermill Bond.

Most houses reorder the same forms again and again. They require a standard paper, which they can duplicate readily in color, weight, and finish. Hammermill fills the bill.

Many large concerns have told us that one of their principal reasons for using Hammermill Bond is the fact that it is supplied in twelve colors besides white, enabling them to give color-classification to their forms and stationery.

HAMMERMILL PAPER COMPANY, Erie, Pa.

Look for this watermark—it is our word of honor to the public

HAMMERMILL BOND

The Utility Business Paper

Hammermill Portfolios and Business Bulletins enable executives to get work done more quickly, accurately, and economically, in office, store, or factory. Write us on your business letterhead and we will send you the ones which will be most helpful to you.

(Continued from Page 70)

swung her umbrella to meet the rain-soaked gusts of wind. Then one foot slipped out before the other. At first with the slowness of hesitation, and then with that of deliberation, she crossed to Jim's door, found his bell under his mail box, put forth her hand, laid her finger lightly on the boss. But she did not ring. It was as though the touch of the cold metal had awakened her from sleep-walking. For she started, stood for an instant stiff and still—and fled toward her car line.

When she entered the big bedroom with its curious arrangement of pictures and ornaments her mother lay awake with the reading lamp burning. On the coverlet rested a magazine, open face down, as though Mrs. Crews had just dropped it when Lucy's entrance gave the cue for a few bars of light moaning.

"Here we are again!" said Mrs. Crews. "I declare I never heard of a sick woman being treated the way I am! Moment you leave that lazy Hilda goes to bed, and you out at choir practice. Choir practice! You needn't tell me it's love of the Lord takes you out Thursdays half the night. It's running after that beau of yours."

"You are mistaken, mother," interrupted Lucy.

Something in the tone—its flatness, its emptiness of accustomed sympathy—checked Mrs. Crews. With remarkable energy, considering her condition, she rolled over and regarded her daughter.

Lucy was looking not at her but at a picture on the wall—looking with dead and absent eyes.

"Well," snapped Mrs. Crews, "are you interested in my sufferings or are you not?"

"Yes, mother," said Lucy in the same impersonal tone. "Where is it this time?"

"It seems to concern you very little," said Mrs. Crews—"very, very little! But it's in my side to-night. Question is, are you going to stand there all night moon-gazing, or are you going to do something?" The "do" came out a wail.

Lucy merely regarded her mother with that same absent gaze.

"Well?" said the invalid, a note almost of terror in her voice.

"No, mother," said Lucy, "I'm not going to do anything. I'm—I'm going to bed."

"You'd be perfectly capable of leaving me to die in agony, I suppose!" wailed Mrs. Crews.

"No, mother, you won't die," said Lucy, turning on her heel, and in the tone rather than the words was a distinct, deliberate violation of the Fifth Commandment—the first in Lucy's life.

Mrs. Crews was so taken aback, so paralyzed by this unprecedented act, that she even forgot to moan until a door slammed in the distance. Then she rolled upright in bed and sat staring at the spot where her daughter had been. She shook her head finally, as one who gives it all up, lay down, picked up the magazine and read until presently slumber drooped her eyelids. But the family mouse, making a foray upstairs at about two o'clock, heard a creaking of springs and a rustle of bedclothes from Lucy's room, and scurried away.

"Mrs. Haggerty?" said the voice of Lucy next morning at the telephone. "How is Mr. Hayden this morning? This is Miss Crews. Doctor Jackson called me up last night to say that he was ill."

"Doctor Ja-ackson!" replied a voice with a burr of the *r* and a belligerent rolling of the flat *a*. "'Doctor Jackson—an' a fine doctor he is! 'Gwan!' says I not an hour ago. 'Off wid ye,' says I, 'not tellin' me he was like to go crazy in his head,' says I. 'An' him shaking wid chills an' ague when I put him back in bed,' says I. 'Tis a doctor who's not a fool I'll have or none at all,' I says. 'An' you're welcome to him,' says he. 'I was going to have you call another doctor,' says he. 'Then get out,' says I."

"What has happened? How is he? What's the matter?" Lucy managed to interpolate.

"It's typhide, probable," said Mrs. Haggerty, apparently with a grim satisfaction in gruesome tidings. "Besides the chill he got from bein' out of bed so long. When he ain't shakin' he's burnin' up, an' 'Oh, my head!' he says to me that pitiful."

"Have you sent for another doctor?" asked Lucy.

"Don't I know he's just at the age when it's fatal?" inquired Mrs. Haggerty. "An' it's them strong wans has it wurst. Don't I remember me Uncle Michael ——"

"Have you sent for a new doctor?" repeated Lucy.

"Who wud I send for but Doctor Donovan?" inquired Mrs. Haggerty, again in belligerent tones.

"Is anyone nursing him?" inquired Lucy.

"Anywan—meself!" snapped Mrs. Haggerty. Now her accents were those of a Celt who is getting ready for hostile action. "Who else should be, an' me like a mother to him? 'We may be wantin' a trained nurse,' says this Doctor Jackson. 'An' who's better trained than me?' says I. 'Me, who's nursed through siven deaths in the family,' says I. 'A trained nurse,' says I, 'chargin' forty dollars a week,' says I. 'Can't I see death in their face as well as if I schtuck a triflin' thermometer down their throats?' says I."

"I'm coming right over," broke in Lucy as though the words burst out of her. "You might tell Mr. Hayden if he's conscious."

"Ye're not naded," said Mrs. Haggerty with a touch of suspicion and a tinge of resentment.

For the first time in many years Lucy omitted the ceremonial of looking into her mother's room before she left the house. She simply sped for the car line, pulling on her knockabout hat as she ran. Mrs. Haggerty, radiating appropriate gloom, let her in.

"The doctor's wid him now," she said; and then, a little defiantly, "I must be goin' back."

"Oh, how is he?" gasped Lucy.

"Worse!" replied Mrs. Haggerty as she turned her back.

Left alone through an interminable ten minutes, Lucy felt vaguely that she had become two persons. One part of her was waiting, as the criminal waits for the verdict. The other was observing, with the nose, the eye and the touch of a tidy woman. Previously she had seen Jim Hayden's bachelor quarters only on festival occasions. Now ——

The place smelled of cigarette smoke, tinged with the odor of ancient dust. The cigarette scent, followed to its source, proceeded from a brass bowl which served as an ash tray and had not been emptied for weeks—judging from its condition—of its unpleasant contents. The dust—well, the room had been dusted after a fashion. The surface of the center table was bright enough, but the legs and stretchers looked as though they had not known the touch of a rag for months. The metal surfaces—the door knob, the electric fixtures and the twin three-inch shells on the mantelpiece—looked dull and tarnished. The nearest of these shells held a bunch of flowers, withered at least a week ago, and not yet thrown out. The windowpanes were misty; the sash curtains seemed three months overdue at the laundry.

Suddenly, automatically, Lucy rose, nervously drew off her gloves, laid hands on the shell containing that bunch of withered flowers. Then her fingers dropped away as though it were hot, for the door to Jim's bedroom had opened. Doctor Donovan was emerging, followed by Mrs. Haggerty. He was a big man with jet-black hair and a face broad yet keen.

"Oh, how is he?" gasped Lucy.

Doctor Donovan's keen black eye seemed to take her all in, to read her to the soul, before he said, "I don't know exactly. It's puzzling. But he's a rather sick man."

"Is it typhoid?" asked Lucy. Spite of all her will, struggling for self-control, her voice trembled.

"That's the puzzle," said the doctor. "He has typhoid symptoms, but if I were to guess I might say that we were dealing with an incipient case of pneumonia."

"Pneumonia!" Now Lucy's will had lost all control of her voice.

The doctor's glance, keen yet kindly, searched her face.

"Will you have a trained nurse," he asked, "or will you nurse him for the present?"

Lucy was aware of a little grunt from Mrs. Haggerty; was aware, too, that her voice had stopped trembling as she said, "I will nurse him—if you'll let me."

With a swish of her skirts Mrs. Haggerty vanished to the kitchen, while Lucy, her self-control completely restored, took down on the back of an old envelope the doctor's succinct directions. As he left, promising to return at three, Lucy had her last moment of hesitation in this whole affair. She approached the door to Jim's room, stopped, a knuckle poised over the upper panel,

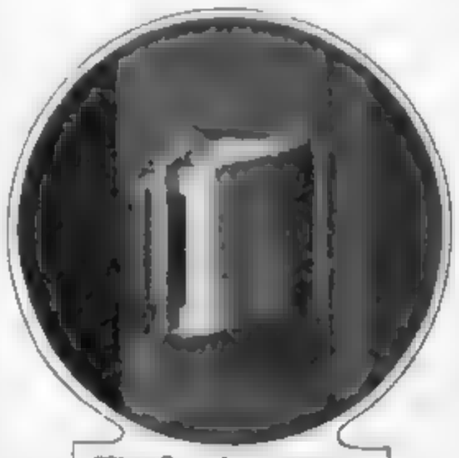
Why Are So Many People Suspicious of Motor Car Doors

PROBABLY you have been motoring when children were in the party. Recall those repeated warnings to the youngsters—"*Keep away from that door!*"

Some 45 car manufacturers and body builders are already meeting this problem of the untrustworthy door lock by installing the SEARS-CROSS LOCK *with the expanding latch* as standard equipment.

Soon or late, the others will follow, as the sense of responsibility comes home.

The time is not far off when the SEARS-CROSS LOCK *with the expanding latch* will be a matter of course in every make of car that hopes for public favor.



The Lock with the Expanding Latch

NATIONAL SEAL COMPANY, *Inc.*,

Executive Offices - 14th Avenue and 36th Street, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Works - BROOKLYN, N.Y. • • PORTLAND, ME.

Manufacturers of

Expanding Latch and Solid Bolt Type Locks *for* Automobile Doors

Blue Prints and Specifications Gladly Furnished to Manufacturers

Blue Grass Country

DOWN in Ole Kentucky lie the blue grass pastures. And in the pastures anyone with half an eye can picture the sleek, well-fed thoroughbred horse grazing there.

This thoroughbred is almost a national figure. We boast of him.

Yet, were the region and the breeding of the horse would not save his sleekness or strength.

So it is in the pastures of investment. The fare of the electric light and power industry must be wholesome, else it cannot have a healthy growth and work for you satisfactorily. "No starved horse ever pulled a heavy load."

The whole theory of these electric light and power companies has been to give efficient service to the public.

Under state regulation, when charges to the public are under consideration, recognition is given to actual operating cost, with a fair return to investors.

In other words, capital is paid only fixed wages in this industry.

Since the industry must buy money as well as material if the growing needs of the country are to be met, it is essential that the wages of capital should be fairly fixed. Investors cannot be drawn to a pasture if it becomes arid.

Fourteen hundred thousand homes in the United States are unwired and will be furnished with electric service, when needed, by new capital induced to work for "fair wages."

More than 1,500,000 homes, 500,000 factories, 5,000 churches, 60,000 apartment buildings, 15,000 theatres and 5,000 public schools must be built to take care of increased population. Vast new equipment must be added, and a tremendous investment made by the electric light and power companies, to keep pace with the nation's progress.

This can be done only through general understanding of the problems of the electrical industry.

NATIONAL ELECTRIC LIGHT ASSOCIATION

drew back her hand; then with a shake of her shoulder knocked and entered.

He lay staring at the ceiling, and she was halfway to the bed before he turned his head feebly and regarded her. His face was a bright red; not the healthy red of those blushes which emotion always so amusingly raised in him, but the red of a conflagration. And like pools reflecting a forest fire burned his blue eyes—hectic, unnatural. She was standing over him before a sudden lift of the eyelids showed that he recognized her, and the hand on the coverlet raised, touched her face.

Her will seemed dead now. She was acting automatically. She stooped over, kissed him on the cheek. She had never kissed him before, nor let him kiss her.

"Lucy—Lucy dearest!" and his voice seemed to come from so far away that Lucy drew back, gently replaced his hand on the cover.

"There, Jim boy!" she said. "I'm going to stay until you get well."

"Then you'll go away," he murmured feebly.

It was as though the flush on Jim's cheeks were infectious, for the pale, flat color of her own cheek was tinged with delicate pink as she said, "Not until you want me to go, Jim."

It was ten o'clock, and Lucy, wearing one of Mrs. Haggerty's dilapidated kitchen aprons, was attacking the dust in the living room when the world of everyday affairs seemed to flow back into her consciousness. She dropped her dusting, thought a moment, went to the telephone, called up Hattie Bartlett at the office.

"Hattie," she said, "Jim is very sick. No, I don't know exactly what it is. Tell Mr. Royston that I've sickness in the family and can't come to work for two weeks. Yes, I'm taking care of him. No, he can't be seen. And, Hattie, I've got to ask you to do something for me. Of course I know you will. I can ask anything of you. I want you to go and stay with mother nights—at our house. Yes, Hattie dear, it is serious—and I'm afraid."

Here her voice broke, and she hung up the telephone. But she cried only a minute. Then, having made the living room temporarily decent, she set about with Mrs. Haggerty—already become her willing slave—to transform it into a spare bedroom.

Two days later Doctor Donovan came out of the sick room, called Lucy aside.

"We're definitely dealing with pneumonia," he said. "Don't let that alarm you unduly. He has led a temperate life, and he has that spare build which stands it best, in my experience. You'll need a night nurse. You'll do for day work. I must say you've missed your calling."

"Pneumonia!" repeated Lucy.

"Now don't be afraid of a word, my dear. I'm rather relieved that it isn't typhoid too. I can't understand those early symptoms. By the way, who is Doctor Jackson?"

"I don't know. He's called up every day to find out how Jim—Mr. Hayden is getting on."

"Next time he calls suggest that I'd like to see him," said Doctor Donovan. "It's this newfangled kind of spotty pneumonia that we've been having since the war—and treacherous. Our patient will weather it, my dear—but he'll have to be watched."

Two weeks later the staunch craft which was Jim Hayden's life had been through heavy storms and had ridden, temporarily at least, into calm seas. Afterward, Lucy wondered if she had really lived through this fortnight, or had only read about it somewhere. The confused picture centered about that night when the nurse woke her to say that his heart was in trouble. While they waited for the doctor to come she had knelt beside him, holding his unresisting hands, listening to the longer and longer intervals between gasps of his labored breath, waiting, with the sensation that an ax was hung on a thread above her head, until ever so slowly the intervals decreased. That, at least, was vivid. The rest—nursing, slowly putting a long-disordered house to permanent rights, flying downstairs to the hall telephone to answer the polite inquiries from the office and the crowd, keeping her mother assured through Hattie Bartlett—that was the dream. Hattie telephoned twice a day to reassure her about the physical state of mother—though mother's mental attitude toward the whole proceeding was more disturbing.

"To be frank and open, for such is my nature," said Hattie once, "mother says she thinks your proceeding is the most scandalous thing she ever heard of a girl pulling off. It's done her good. She's that shocked she's taking a real interest in life."

"Tell mother I'll make her understand when I see her," said Lucy.

As she hung up the telephone she had wondered, with a little prick of a tender conscience, why she never seemed to think about her mother now except during these sessions at the telephone.

Now Doctor Donovan was emerging from his regular morning visit to Jim, and as he stepped into the living room he smiled. Then his eyes, fixed on Lucy's face, clouded a little with concern.

"I think you can afford to rest a bit for a day or so," he said, "and I think from your looks you need it. I'm not greedy enough to want two patients in this house."

"Then he's better!" exclaimed Lucy.

"His temperature ought to tell you that. But"—and at that simple conjunction the new tired lines in Lucy's face, which seemed a moment before magically to have disappeared, returned as by black magic—"but the newfangled pneumonia—I prefer the old kind, with a seven-day run, a crisis and a finish. You can't tell so long as there's a temperature."

"Then he may—he isn't out of danger?"

"Miss Crews, I have found that you can be talked to plainly. He's very comfortable for the moment—temperature down nearly to normal, mind amazingly cheerful. That's very encouraging. Patients of this kind are often very low of mind. But with this type you never can be sure. If another spot should develop ——"

Lucy took a long breath.

"Then he might die?"

"Don't get to thinking about that!" His black eyes stabbed at her face again. "You've been under considerable strain."

"Yes," said Lucy, "we are engaged."

"I—er—have gathered that," said the doctor.

Lucy flushed ever so lightly.

"But he might die?" she pursued.

"Yes," said the doctor, "there's a chance, though I'm glad to say it's much less than it was. But when he recovers"—Lucy noticed that he stressed lightly the when—"he'll have a few weeks or months during which he'll be weak and need care." A little embarrassed now, Doctor Donovan gathered up his bag and hat, started to go. The voice of Lucy, sweet but decisive, called him back from the hall.

"Doctor, do you think—that he's well enough—to-day—to get married?"

Doctor Donovan wheeled, faced her. His professionally calm, cheerful bedside expression seemed for a moment to have been brushed away. As he looked into her steady, serious eyes his own eyes were wide and startled. Then they softened with an expression of understanding. A moment they stood so. And when his lips spoke it was as though they had talked it all out and there was only one thing to be adjusted.

"If you can do it without frightening him—deathbed marriage and all that sort of thing," said the doctor.

"I can do that, I think," said Lucy. "You see, he's—he's wanted to marry me for seven years, and when I tell him—oh, I'm sure it won't alarm him!"

"There are practical details," mused the doctor. "The license, for example. They have a man at city hall who goes out on cases like this—then—you sing in St. James' choir, don't you? I suppose you'll want Mr. Eastman."

"Yes, doctor," Lucy remembered afterward that she did not thank him.

"I'll have them all here by twelve," said the doctor, "and I'll try to be here myself." He remembered afterward that he had forgotten to congratulate her.

Lucy, as the outer door closed, entered the sick room. When she emerged five minutes later the tired lines were gone from her face. She found herself running as she went to the telephone in the lower hall, called up her own house. It was her mother's voice that answered.

"Listen, mother dear!" she said. "I'm going to be married to Jim to-day. I wish I could get married at home so you could be with me, and I'll be so sorry that you can't; and mother dear, you'll come to live with us when he's well, for he's going to get well—and I'm happy."

"Well, of all things!" said the voice of Mrs. Crews, a deep note in her organ tones. "Of all the performances!"

(Continued on Page 77)

Authorized Distributors

ALABAMA

City	Name
Birmingham	Birming Elec Battery Co.
Mobile	Mobile Electric Garage
Montgomery	Auto Electric Service Co.

ARIZONA

Phoenix	Electrical Equip. Co. of Ariz.
Tucson	Electrical Equip. Co. of Ariz.

ARKANSAS

Fort Smith	Valle Battery Co
Little Rock	Arkansas Battery Co.

CALIFORNIA

Bakersfield	Auto Electric & Battery Co
Burlingame	Dixon Brothers
Fresno	United Auto Electric Co
Long Beach	A. C. Wicker Inc
Los Angeles	Electric Equipment Co., Inc
Los Angeles	Kay & Burbank Co., Inc
Oakland	Santi United Service
Pasadena	Kay & Burbank Co., Inc
Sacramento	Graham & Lannis
San Diego	Carlson & Simpson
San Francisco	Automotive Service Agcy
San Jose	Auto Electric Service Co
Santa Ana	Kay & Burbank Co., Inc
Santa Monica	C. C. Hardwood
Santa Rosa	LaDue & Stetson
Stockton	L. J. Katt & Co

COLORADO

Col. Spgs.	Price-Hughes Mtr. Spec. Co.
Denver	L. R. Bacon & Brown
Greeley	Exide Electrical Service Sta.
Sterling	Mathis & Alford

CONNECTICUT

Bridgeport	Bridgeport Bat. & Elec. Service
Danbury	The Paterson Co., Inc.
Hartford	Universal Auto Co
New Haven	The New Haven Electric Co.
Stamford	Fairbanks Stor. Bat. Co., Inc.
Waterbury	The Electrical Con. Corp.

DELAWARE

Wilmington	Unger Storage Battery Co.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Washington	Creel Brothers

FLORIDA

Jacksonville	Ward Eng. & Battery Co.
Miami	Electrical Equipment Co. of Fla.
Tampa	American Service Co.

GEORGIA

Atlanta	Southern Auto & Equip. Co., Inc.
Macon	Wade & Company
Valdosta	The A. A. Partish Co.

IDAHO

Boise	Oakley & Sons
Pocatello	Auto Service Co.
Twin Falls	Electric Service Co.

ILLINOIS

Chicago	Automobile Service Co
Chicago	Bodine Electric Co
Chicago	C. B. Automotive Electric Co.
Chicago	Arthur Jones Electric Co
Chicago	Motor Car Service Co.
Chicago	Motor Car Service Co.
Chicago	Pellet Magneto Co
Danville	Auto Battery & Electric Co.
Decatur	Decatur Battery Service, Inc.
Galesburg	P. & M. Electric Co
Kankakee	Fortin Brothers Garage
Peoria	Electrical Testing Co
Quincy	Illinois Battery & Electric Co
Springfield	Chapin Electric Co.

INDIANA

Anderson	Fulwider-Grimes Battery Co.
Elkhart	Auto Specialty Co
Fort Wayne	Ideal Auto Mfg. & Supply Co
Indianapolis	H. D. Electric Co
Kokomo	Beaver Battery Co
Richmond	Chenoweth Elec. Service Co.
Terre Haute	John S. Cox

IOWA

Burlington	Paul Jones Bat. & Elec. Co
Cedar Rapids	Electrical Service Co., Inc.
Davenport	Johnson Motor Service Co.
Dubuque	Kemper Electric Co.
Des Moines	Bernhard & Turner Auto Co
Marshalltown	Marshall Auto Elec. Co
Ottumwa	Ottumwa Battery & Electric Corp
Sigourney	Prouty Battery & Elec. Corp.
Shenandoah	United Elec. & Bat. Service
Sioux City	Sioux City Storage Bat. Co.
Waterloo	Central Battery & Electric Co

KANSAS

Great Bend	Archer Electric Co
Hutchinson	The Kansas Elec. Co., Inc.
Salina	The Spray Electric Co
Topeka	Keefe Electric Co
Wichita	Whitlock-Hamilton Co

KENTUCKY

Louisville	Vatter Co., Inc
Paducah	Spalding Elec. & Bat. Service

LOUISIANA

New Orleans	Suhren, Inc
Shreveport	Southern Battery Co., Inc.

MAINE

Augusta	Webber's Auto Electric Service

MARYLAND

Baltimore	The Rem Bros. Co
Cumberland	Treiber Electric Service Co.

MASSACHUSETTS

Athol	Case Garage
Boston	Jackson Electric Co
Boston	Massachusetts Elec. Lab. Co
Pittsfield	Berkshire Electric Co.
Springfield	Auto Electric Ignition Co
Swampscott	Frank I. Richardson
Worcester	Jenkins & Robinson

MICHIGAN

Bay City	Thorne Electric Co
Detroit	The Auto Elec. & Service Corp.
Detroit	The Detroit Starter Co., Inc
Detroit	Fauver-Cavanagh Co., Inc
Flint	United Electric Service Co
Grand Rapids	Heil Auto Electric Co
Jackson	Clyde Electric Co
Kalamazoo	Farmer Smith Co.
Lansing	Auto Electric Co
Port Huron	Sparling Auto Elec. Service
Saginaw	The Trombley Electric Co

MINNESOTA

Duluth	Kelley-Duluth Co
Minneapolis	Fowler Electric Co
Minneapolis	Millerburg Auto Elec. Co
Minneapolis	Reinhard Bros. Co., Inc
St. Paul	Millerburg Auto Electric Co
Winona	Armstrong-Fick Co

MISSOURI

Kansas City	The L. S. Cowle Electric Co
Kansas City	Mid-West Storage Bat. Co
Joplin	Sorber-Kuhn Auto Supply Co
Springfield	Sebree Battery & Electric Co
St. Joseph	Utz Electric Shop Co
St. Louis	Auto. Elec. Service Co., Inc

MONTANA

Billings	Elec. Service Station, Inc
Great Falls	Gt. Falls Starter & Bat. Co
Helena	Wm. E. Chase Co
Lewistown	Electric Service Station

NEBRASKA

Alliance	Schafer Auto Supply
Lincoln	Parkhurst Auto Elec. Co.
Omaha	Auto Electric Service Corp.

These 240 Distributors will give this Booklet *to Motorists and Dealers*

ask for it

THIS valuable booklet tells in a new and popular way some things you have wanted to know about electrical equipment on motor cars, trucks and tractors. It answers questions that are daily asked by thousands of motorists. It will appeal to repairmen and dealers.

You can get this booklet free from any one of the distributors listed. Call personally for it if a distributor is located in your city, or note the one nearest you and use the handy coupon.

GENERAL OFFICES

UNITED MOTORS SERVICE

INCORPORATED

SERVICE DEPARTMENT OF Delco · KLAXON · REMY

DETROIT MICHIGAN

21 Direct Branches in Principal Cities

Please send me the free booklet entitled "Protect These Nerve Centers."

Name _____

Address _____

Authorized Distributors

NEW HAMPSHIRE

City	Name
Manchester	Ernest E. Austin

NEW JERSEY

Atlantic City	Albert D. Manning Co
Jersey City	Hudson Cty. Stge. Bat. Co
Long Branch	R. V. Dorbeck
New Brunswick	Middlesex Bat'y & Sup. Co
Newark	United Auto Elec. Service Co
Passaic	Passaic Battery Station
Paterson	Reliable Magneto Repair Co
Plainfield	Carty & Coffey
Trenton	J. Harry Heaman

NEW YORK

Albany	J. M. Steinhardt, Inc
Brooklyn	[illegible]
Brooklyn	Nicholas M. Powell, Inc
Buffalo	Roth & Zillig, Inc.
Jamaica	Jamaica Elec. Ser. & Equip. Corp
Jamestown	Linquest Electric Co., Inc
Johnstown	Mervin Hyney
Long Island City	Steiner Electric Corp.
Mt. Vernon	J. D. Puttet
New York	Auto Starter & Ignition Co.
New York	[illegible]
New York	Automotive Elec. Serv. Corp
Rochester	Starter & Ign. Serv. Co., Inc
Syracuse	Onondaga Auto Elec. Serv. Co
Utica	Stiefvater Electric Co., Inc

NORTH CAROLINA

Charlotte	Garrett Philadelphia Serv. Co
Durham	The Durham Bat. Serv. Station

NORTH DAKOTA

Bismarck	Electric Service & Tire Co.
Fargo	Fargo Plumbing & Heating Co.

OHIO

Akron	Exide United Service Co.
Canton	The Moock Elec. Supply Co
Cincinnati	The Silva Co., Inc
Cleveland	Cleveland Ignition Co.
Cleveland	The Bisinger Co
Columbus	The Bisinger Co
Columbus	W. P. Evans Co
Dayton	The L. C. R. Elec. Serv. Co
Lima	Beckman Elec. Serv. Station
Middletown	Miller Elec. Service Co
Newark	Auto Electric Specialty Co
New Philadelphia	West End Garage Co
Tiffin	Fleck's Elec. Serv. Station
Toledo	Electric Power Maintenance Co
Warren	Trumbull Storage Battery Co.
Youngstown	The Auto Ignition Co
Zanesville	Weller Battery & Ignition Co

OKLAHOMA

Chickasha	Chickasha Battery Co., Inc
Lawton	Wolverton Brothers
Muskogee	Battery Service Co
Oklahoma City	Metropol. El. Serv. Co
Tulsa	Walsh Electric Co.

OREGON

Portland	Sunset Electric Co.

PENNSYLVANIA

Allentown	Elec. Equip. & Service Co
Altoona	Altoona Stge. Bat. Ser. Station
Bradford	Bradford Garage Co
Easton	Bucanning's Elec. Serv. Station
Erie	Brague United Service
Greensburg	J. W. Patton Auto. El. Ser.
Harrisburg	Harrisburg Auto & Bat. Co
Lancaster	Lancaster Bat. & Ignition Co
Philadelphia	Auto Equip. & Service Co.
Philadelphia	John Clutcher
Pittsburgh	Penn Storage Battery Co
Pittsburgh	Doubleday-Hill Electric Co
Reading	Berks Auto & Ignition Co
Scranton	Scranton Auto Ignition Co
Uniontown	Tri State Garage Co
Williamsport	The Harer-Wurster Co
Wilkes-Barre	Wilkes-Barre El. Ser. Inc

RHODE ISLAND

Providence	W. R. Burns Co

SOUTH CAROLINA

Charleston	Gas Engine & Electric Co
Columbia	Becker Electric Service, Inc

SOUTH DAKOTA

Aberdeen	Detwiler Auto Elec. Ser. Co
Sioux Falls	Power & Flodin
Watertown	Hanson Auto Electric Co

TENNESSEE

Chattanooga	Mudge Auto Electric Co
Knoxville	R. T. Clapp Battery Co
Memphis	Automotive Elec. Service Co
Nashville	Automotive El. Serv. Co., Inc

TEXAS

Amarillo	Amarillo Storage Battery Co
Austin	Austin Storage Battery Co
Dallas	Automotive Electric Co
El Paso	Western Battery & Magneto Co
Ft. Worth	Starter Service Co., Inc
Houston	Houston Elec. Serv. Co., Inc
San Antonio	S. X. Coleman
Wichita Falls	Electric Service Station

UTAH

Ogden	Ogden Auto Service Co
Salt Lake C.	Edwards Warden Co
Salt Lake C.	Inter Mountain Elec. Co

VIRGINIA

Norfolk	Reliance Electric Co.
Richmond	Elec. Serv. & Accessories Corp

WASHINGTON

Chehalis	Ray Hatch Co
Everett	Williams & Merriam
North Yakima	Wm. E. Chase Co
Seattle	Sunset Electric Co
Spokane	Wm. E. Chase Engineering Co
Tacoma	Tacoma Auto Electric Co., Inc.

WEST VIRGINIA

Huntington	The McKinley Stge. Bat. Co.
Wheeling	R. C. Bowman Garage

WISCONSIN

Eau Claire	Union Auto Co
Kenosha	Auto Service Station
Madison	Automotive Electric Service Co
Milwaukee	Wisconsin Magneto Co
Oshkosh	Langstadt Meyer Co
Sheboygan	Acker Electrical Co

WYOMING

Rawlins	Rawlins Motor Co
Sheridan	Elec. Service Station, Inc.

CANADA

Calgary	Scarlett Service Station
Montreal	Auto Electrical Service
Montreal	The International Elec. Co., Ltd
Quebec	J. L. R. Larquet Elec. Engrg. Co.
Toronto	The Auto Elec. Serv. Co., Ltd
Vancouver	The Battery House, Ltd
Winnipeg	Lion's Auto Garage, Ltd

SOLAR RECEPTACLE

Self-Closing

Pat. Sept. 1917.

"Simply Perfection for Refuse Collection."

A CLOSED container as easy to drop things into as an open box. Designed as a receptacle for soiled linens, waste, trash, refuse—litter of any nature which needs to be systematically collected for removal or laundering, etc. The servant of Cleanliness, Sanitation and Convenience in homes, offices, factories, hotels, clubs, stores, theaters, hospitals, parks, on the streets—any and everywhere.

Simple—Sanitary—Automatic

A touch against the swinging top, from either side—and it tips open instantly, allowing the article to be disposed of to drop straight down inside—no poking or tossing. Self-closing—shuts promptly and silently by gravity (no springs, levers or latches)—sealing its contents from sight; protecting against flies, wind and fire; confining all dirt and odors.

Remove Liner to Empty—*a Quick, Clean Job*

Inside of the Solar Self-Closing Receptacle is a lining of paper, burlap or duck as desired, which receives all deposits and permits removal of contents at one operation—no unsanitary digging and spilling. For wet deposits the inner receiver is made of leak-proof metal.

The Solar Self-Closing Receptacle is well designed and good to look at; made of strongly braced steel and finished in enamel, baked on at oven heat—white, green, gray or skillful reproductions of beautiful oak and mahogany grainings. Sizes for every need—large or small—reasonably priced. Carried in stock at convenient shipping points throughout the country.

There are places where ***you*** need the Solar Self-Closing Receptacle. Write for literature.

A FEW SOLAR INSTALLATIONS: S. S. Kresge Co., Baltimore; Interboro Rapid Transit Co., New York; Keith's Theatre, Washington, D. C.; First National Bank, Cleveland; Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, New York; Robbins & Myers Co., Springfield, Ohio; B. Altman & Co., New York; American Telephone & Telegraph Co., Chicago; Grand Central Station, New York; Cincinnati Country Club, and hundreds of others.

Solar-Sturges Mfg. Co.

Plants: Columbus, Ohio - Chicago, Ill.

GENERAL OFFICES: CHICAGO

Largest Manufacturers of Ice Cream and Milk Cans in the World. Established 1565.

(Continued from Page 74)

Lucy could not herself tell why she hung up the telephone at this point. Possibly she did not wish to mar the occasion, and possibly it was mere excitement. An hour later, when she had rid the sick room of its last speck, had made her nursing clothes as bridal as she could, she was hanging impatiently out of the window watching every automobile that approached in hope it bore the clergyman or the man from city hall, for the groom-elect within was showing alarming symptoms of impatience. At last a machine—a taxicab—did slow up, stop at the curb. Majestically there descended Mrs. Crews in her best black silk, which she had not worn these many years. As she stopped to pay the cabman she deposited a very large suitcase on the pavement. Lucy rushed downstairs. Mrs. Crews and the suitcase were already at the door.

"You thinking," said Mrs. Crews, "of getting married in those clothes! Here's that white silk muslin of yours, and I've put in my wedding veil."

It was a year more before anything happened pertinent to this story. Then one evening, with the date of the cotton wedding and the party to the crowd only a week away, Jim Hayden sat absorbed in his accounts in the same living room of the same flat. You would not have known it for the same. Of the furniture there remained only the chair in which Jim sat—a pressed-wood creation of the early Grand Rapids school. Even that had been banished upstairs during the first period, when the Haydens leased the upper flat to accommodate two more; but Jim had revolted and brought it back, as being the only chair in the place in which he felt at home. Similarly, of the pictures and ornaments there was only Jim's photograph of the high-school football team, and even that was newly framed.

The witch who had worked this transformation sat in a padded plush chair center-room, dressed in a lacy negligee and reading a novel. She, too, was transformed as by her own wizardry. Over her lay that exquisite bloom of belated love fulfilled; as alluring in woman as the more obvious bloom of eighteen—and nearly as impermanent. The door to what had once been Jim's sick chamber was gone now. In its place hung a portière, half drawn, beyond which appeared the figure of Mrs. Crews, sitting up very straight and knitting with quick, determined strokes.

Jim looked up for a moment, his eyes still far away, from his books and his scattered papers.

"I wish," he said absently, "some female in this family would bring me a drink of water. I'm perishing of thirst, and if I lose the thread of this stuff now ——"

"Just a moment—I'm coming to who did the murder," murmured Lucy, her eyes on the book.

There was a rustle from within, and Mrs. Crews appeared—straight, lowering.

"Lucy Larcom Crews," she said, "you don't half know how to appreciate a good husband. The idea—him slaving for you, and you won't go straight away when he wants a drink. No, I'm going myself now. I like to do it."

Mrs. Crews, with the air of a queen proceeding to open Parliament, swept from the room.

Jim and Lucy, both jarred out of their absorption, looked at each other with smiling eyes. The miraculous recovery of mother from the date of their marriage was a matter which Jim, remembering the old quarrel, had never mentioned. But he felt that Lucy knew, and knew that he knew. Then Mrs. Crews, with majestic gait, returned bearing the water.

"I'm going to bed now," she said. "The idea! A silly novel—when he wanted water! No, you shan't kiss me—but Jim can."

After she was gone they smiled at each other, and Lucy went back to her book.

"Oh, it was the tramp after all!" she said a minute later, and looked up.

Jim was still looking at her. A quizzical smile played about his lips. It was as though his eyes had remained fixed on her face all this time.

Lucy rose, dropped on the footstool beside him, took his unoccupied hand and pressed it to her cheek.

"I apologize," she said.

"Are you in a mood to hear an apology from me—an awful confession?" he asked.

Lucy took his hand away from her cheek long enough to drop a kiss into its palm.

"If you tell me you've burned an orphan asylum," she said, "I'll tell you that first you didn't do it, and second that you did right. What is it? Didn't you mail those letters?"

"It's about our marriage," said Jim.

At that Lucy looked up, interest mingled with the adoration in her eyes. Jim went on, hesitantly at first:

"You know, a year ago you had me just desperate after you told me you'd never really loved me. I was ready to do anything—anything. You remember the night when Bill Sieger, the big boob, made that break about us at the Garrisons' party? Well, I had a talk with Hattie Bartlett. Hattie didn't know it, but she gave me a cue. I thought it all out that night, just as I'd think out a business proposition. Lucy, I took you to pieces to see what made you tick, and I saw it as clear as day. You'd never loved anybody, you insufferable angel, who wasn't poor or sick or hurt somehow—that's the way you're made. And the trouble with me was—I was too blooming well and strong and successful. Lucy, I'd hate to tell you what I'd have done to get you. You had me a little crazy in the head."

He looked down at her now. Her eyes showed only wonder, and she was still caressing his hand.

"I was horrid!" she said.

"I'll let you admit that," he went on, "because I'm coming to where I was horrid. Just then Bob Jackson hit town."

"Doctor Jackson?" inquired Lucy.

"Bob Jackson—Captain Jackson—in our outfit all during the war. I'd stood by Bob once when he was in trouble, and he'd do anything for me. He put the idea into my head—recalled what happened when I was inoculated against typhoid just after I joined up. That stuff doesn't bother some people. Me—it put me down and out. There wasn't anybody in the division, officer or doughboy, sicker than I was. Typhoid inoculation wears out in three years. I got my shot in the spring of 1917. And, Lucy, I was ripe again, and I framed you, with Bob Jackson helping. I went to the board of health and got an inoculation. Bob Jackson played doctor."

"Oh, that was why ——"

"—— why Bob Jackson was scared to death and worked up a quarrel with Mrs. Haggerty and called in a regular doctor when he found what really had happened."

"What had really happened?" Her tone was a little sharp, but she still held his hand.

"I was figuring that when you heard I was sick with typhoid symptoms you'd call. If you didn't Bob was going to ask you to come. And when you saw me that way—well, maybe—anyhow, it was worth trying I'd timed it for Thursday, when you'd be downtown to choir practice—two chances instead of one. And I was sick all right. They say it takes you harder the second time than the first. I hoped you'd drop in on the way home from the office after Bob telephoned, but you didn't. I didn't give you up until half past six. You know, after you've had your shot of that stuff you're warned not to take any chances of catching a chill or straining your heart or anything. But when it got along toward half past nine—about time for choir practice to finish up—I kept crawling out of bed to look out. You remember it was a cold, rainy night—well, I saw you."

"There across the street?"

"Yes, and I thought you never would make up your mind. Then I saw you start across. I waited for you to ring the bell, but you never did. And finally—well, I guessed you'd lost your nerve and gone away. I couldn't stand it. I stuck my head out of the window, and you had gone. Sort of lost your nerve, hadn't you?"

"Yes. I couldn't bring myself to ring."

"I thought so. And then—I guess I collapsed. Anyhow, Mrs. Haggerty came in and put me to bed with my pajamas all sopping wet, and next morning—well, you know the rest of that. Getting wet and lying on the cold floor—I caught pneumonia. Before I was out of the woods I wondered sometimes if I hadn't given my life to get you, as I always said I was willing to do. Anyhow, it's the only time I ever deceived you—kindly remember that—and now that's out!" He looked down on her as awaiting the verdict.

But Lucy had risen, had put her arms round his neck, had nestled her head into the hollow of his shoulder.

"Jimmy boy," she said, "why, oh, why didn't I ring? And why didn't you do it seven years before?"

Boncilla

Man or woman—The world accepts you at your face value

Then why not be assured that your face reflects the best that is in you?

A muddy complexion, blackheads, an oily skin, pimples, lines or wrinkles, sagginess of the skin—these avoidable things interfere unmistakably with one's success and happiness.

Such facial imperfections are readily overcome by Boncilla.

The "Boncilla Treatment" is given in barber and beauty shops the country over by expert barbers and beauty specialists. They endorse Boncilla as the greatest treatment for the face ever devised.

No matter what your age, after a Boncilla treatment your face glows with the natural bloom of youth.

To get ideal results from this wonderful treatment, at first take two or three Boncillas a week. There is no such thing as *too many* Boncillas.

Go to your favorite barber or beauty specialist and start on your trip to youth today *via* Boncilla.

Women who fail to obtain Boncilla at their favorite beauty shops or toilet goods counters should write direct to

BONCILLA LABORATORIES
of The Crown Chemical Co.
Indianapolis

ONCE A PEDDLER—

(Continued from Page 7)

with them often. He saw that she meant it, and had a queer warm little feeling about it, but he made his promises disingenuously. He didn't belong with these people.

He didn't let Elmer know it when he got sick, but an officious woman who volunteered to nurse him, in the boarding house, rummaged through his belongings and found a letter of Elmer's. She wrote, not quite grammatically, but with indignation, which wasn't fair to Elmer and Myra. Uncle Clem found himself whisked to the new house in South Elmwood in a motor ambulance which hardly jolted him once. Elmer and Myra scolded him and petted him and nursed him. Gradually he lost his sense of strangeness. He got better very fast.

Elmer had left the agency to take a grand new position. He was sales manager of the Enfield Specialty Company now, in charge of forty or fifty salesmen, and plainly a person of weight and power.

As Uncle Clem's health improved he gained a widening vision of Elmer's importance. Elmer liked to talk about his work and Uncle Clem liked to listen.

"You see, Uncle Clem, business on a big scale is absolutely different from business as we used to know it back in the old days on the road. You and I sold goods then. So did everybody else. We've got past that now. Big concerns like ours don't sell goods, but profits, sales."

Uncle Clem tried to understand this. Elmer chuckled and explained.

"It's like this: We used to tell people what a fine thing we had to sell—what it would do, how long it would last, how little it cost, and so on. Primitive commercial salesmen used to do the same thing. They'd tell a merchant how well made this or that article was, for instance, or how ingenious or how handy or how beautiful, or something else just as silly. What the merchant wanted to know was whether it would sell and pay him a profit. The old-time drummer never could tell him much about that. He'd claim it would, of course, but he never had anything to prove it."

Uncle Clem nodded. He could understand this. When he had stocked his wagon he had always been on guard against the talk of the wholesalers' clerks. He knew what would sell to his trade, and they didn't.

"Well, the real reason why I've made good in this selling game," said Elmer, "is right there. I saw that one simple fact and patented it, so to speak. When I was merchandise man for the agency I showed our clients how to recast their selling talk so that they didn't waste it. I made them see that every word one of their road men spoke cost them money, and hammered it into their heads that they couldn't afford to waste those words on nonessentials. See?"

Uncle Clem nodded again. Elmer was cute—mighty cute. That was a smart notion.

"That was all, really. It got me this chance with the Enfield people. They were putting out the washing machine, you know, and wanted quick action on it. I showed them how to do it, and they hired me to prove that I was right." He chuckled. "I showed 'em, I guess."

"How?"

Uncle Clem licked his lips. Next to being a big-business man himself, he loved hearing about their ways and deeds.

"Easy. We worked out the selling scheme—advertising, you know, and window displays and selling literature, all complete. And then we sent our men out to talk sales and profits and nothing else to the trade. They never wasted a breath telling a hardware dealer how much scrubbing this machine would save him. They didn't spend his time and ours chatting about how easy it was on the clothes. They talked money—easy, quick money; and they showed him how the Little Giant would get it for him."

"That was smart, Elmer—mighty smart."

"Simple," said Elmer modestly. "All big ideas are simple when you come right down to it. This one's worked out. We got our distribution quicker than even I thought we could."

He waved his hand at the wall maps, studded with white-headed pins, each of which, Uncle Clem knew, represented a dealer who carried the Little Giant in stock.

"That's the worst part of introducing a new line," said Elmer. "We've got the world by the tail now."

Uncle Clem came to understand some of the big strange words from these evening talks in Elmer's study. When he was able to hobble downstairs he made the acquaintance of the Little Giant itself, and fell instantly in love with it.

"Elmer, you're right. That there machine is a big seller. I could take it out and make good money on the worst rowt I ever covered."

Elmer grinned and explained why the Little Giant would never be sold in that way. The Enfield Specialty Company manufactured a dozen other items and sold them through the trade. If it betrayed the dealer to the peddler on one item it would suffer on all the rest.

"Anyway, you're done with—with all that, Uncle Clem. You're through with work for the rest of your life. Myra and I are going to hang right on to you now. You've earned a rest."

This was pleasant hearing, and at first Uncle Clem liked the idea too. It was nice, he told himself, to sit around and loaf for a spell, without having to worry about expenses. He'd get a good long rest before he went back to work, anyway. And perhaps, when the time came, Elmer'd let him tackle a real job—let him go out and sell the Little Giant, like one of those modern salesmen he talked about.

This idea grew on Uncle Clem. But Elmer chuckled when he suggested it.

"I should say not! You're through with that sort of thing for keeps. Selling's a fierce game, these days—a young man's job, Uncle Clem."

"I'll be spry enough, come warm weather," said his uncle stoutly. "I'm as good's I ever was, Elmer. And I could everlastin'ly take 'nd sell that contraption."

"You just forget it! You've retired—to stay."

Uncle Clem dropped the debate. He was glad that Elmer and Myra were fond of him, but as the twinges in his back dwindled to mere reminders he began to discover a curious unrest in himself. It wasn't so much fun to loaf, after all, as he had thought it would be. He found himself thinking persistently of the road, forgetting the hardships and the discouragements, and remembering the fun and adventure. He went over his trunks stored in the attic, arranging his samples as if he meant to go out again when spring came.

Myra caught him at this one late December afternoon, and scolded him lovingly for risking his rheumatic body in the unheated trunk room.

"I guess I got sort of lonesome for the stuff," he apologized. "I put on my overcoat before I went up, Myra. It ain't hurt me a mite."

She patted his shoulder. "Elmer and I want you to forget all about those things, Uncle Clem. There's no reason why you should bother about them any more."

Somehow in spite of the warming words Uncle Clem felt that Myra had another reason for chiding him. She'd always been lovely to him, but he guessed that she didn't like the idea of his having been a peddler. That was natural enough. He saw his profession again, through Myra's eyes, and was suddenly shamed.

"All right, Myra. I'll leave 'em alone."

But he couldn't. A week later he brought some of them down to his room. His special favorites: The egg beater and the trousers press and the vibro massager and the Life of General Pershing. If Myra noticed the transfer she said nothing of it. And Uncle Clem played with them in secret a good deal after that. He invented a new game for himself—a game in which he imagined a customer who battled doggedly against his persuasion but succumbed always at the last of it. He would spend hours in these debates with himself. Once Elmer caught him at it, on a rainy, sleeting Sunday.

"Gee, Uncle Clem—that's the real old-time line," he chuckled. "I can remember how you used to pull it on the farmers' wives." He laughed again. "Queer how long that stuff lasted before it was called in. You'd hardly believe how dead it is now. Don't sell goods—sell profits, sales." He quoted, evidently, from his own lectures to his subordinates.

(Continued on Page 80)

Will You Be Sifted Out?

"Only the fittest shall survive," says a great economic law—universal not only in Nature but in business. And every man faces this fact—that he must either prove that he has the training and knowledge to justify his advancement above merely routine work or he must give way to those of greater skill or ability, for every organization is like a great sieve, constantly shaking the "small" men down and out.

Read the story in any pay roll—see how the force changes as the sifting process goes on—watch the incompetents dropping out or kept in small-pay jobs while the trained men stay and rise to the high-salaried places.

Business is firm in its judgment—it accepts no excuses for inefficiency or half-preparedness. It puts a man just where his ability fits him to belong—at the top, or in the ranks—or it sifts him out.

Training That Keeps Men "Put"

No matter what position he holds, it is now possible for any man to get, in his spare time, training which will put him on a par with many successful men who have spent years advancing to executive positions. He can make it to the interest of his house to keep him on the pay roll thru all sorts of conditions. He gets preference by making himself more valuable than the mere plodder or detail worker. Mr. Maxwell, Vice President of Thomas A. Edison, Inc., says: "We are impressed by any man who has persisted to the conclusion of a correspondence course in some important branch of business training."

LaSalle is giving this kind of training to more than 50,000 ambitious men every year—developing men from the ranks into executive positions—qualifying present executives for positions of larger responsibility. Every mail brings its quota of letters from LaSalle-trained men telling of rapid promotion and substantial salary increases.

Mastery of Business Gained thru the LaSalle Problem Method

LaSalle training not only makes modern business knowledge quickly and easily available, but it gives this knowledge in a new way—not by requiring tedious memorizing or "grind work," but by the interesting method of having the individual handle the actual business problems he would meet if he were holding an executive job in some large organization.

He has at all times the close personal supervision by mail of a large staff of business and professional experts who guide him at every step, correct his errors, answer his queries, explain every situation. He gets in easily understood form the concrete experience of the leading authorities in the subject he is studying—he gets quickly and thoroly in a relatively short time much more than he could get in years if he depended upon unorganized and undirected study or by merely picking up information as he went along. His course completed, he has practical knowledge—the kind of knowledge that is *always* in demand in the business world. He is thoroly trained by the problem method, which means that his training is plussed by *experience*. As a result, once installed in a good position, he holds it or advances while the sifting process is eliminating men who have failed to develop their latent possibilities.

Big Corporations and LaSalle-Trained Men

Every big commercial corporation and railroad company in the United States has LaSalle-trained men in responsible positions. As many as 50 to 2,000 are to be found in each of such organizations as Standard Oil Co., Ford Motor Co., U. S. Steel Corporation, Swift & Co., Pennsylvania System, International Harvester Co., Armour & Co., Baltimore & Ohio R. R., Western Electric Co., etc., etc

Employers have come to realize that LaSalle training makes seasoned, efficient men—the kind of men who know how to do things—men with trained minds who can make decisions based on complete and accurate knowledge of correct principles and modern business practice.

The sifting process holds no hazards for the *trained* man—it merely brings him face to face with *larger* opportunities.

NOTE—To Ambitious Men

The first step is the most important one because if you don't take it you can't progress. A tested, proven way to take the first step to a better income—a bigger position—permanently increased mental and financial power, lies in the marking and forwarding of the coupon below. A coupon is attached simply to make the way easy for the man who has the impulse to act—to qualify for bigger, better things—to give real service in business.

"Ten Years' Promotion in One" is the title of a book which has opened a door of greater opportunity for many thousands of men. You will find it to possess something of real value for you. It will be sent without cost and without placing any obligation upon you.

LaSalle Extension University

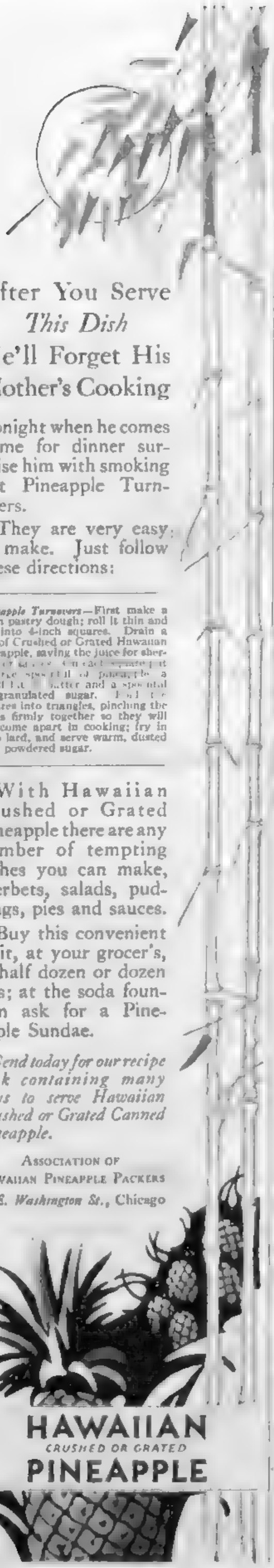
The Largest Business Training Institution in the World

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY, Dept. 971-R, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Please send me catalog and full information regarding course and service I have marked X below. Also a copy of your book, "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation to me.

- ☐ BUSINESS MANAGEMENT: Training for Official, Managerial, Sales, and Executive positions.
- ☐ HIGHER ACCOUNTANCY: Training for positions as Auditor, Comptroller, Certified Public Accountant, Cost Accountant, etc.
- ☐ TRAFFIC MANAGEMENT FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC: Training for positions as Railroad and Industrial Traffic Manager, etc.
- ☐ RAILWAY ACCOUNTING AND STATION MANAGEMENT: Training for Railway Auditors, Comptrollers, Accountants, Clerks, Station Agents, Members of Railway and Public Utilities Commissions, etc.
- ☐ LAW: Training for Bar; LL.B. Degree.
- ☐ COMMERCIAL LAW: Reading, Reference, and Consultation Service for Business Men.
- ☐ INDUSTRIAL MANAGEMENT EFFICIENCY: Training for Production Managers, Department Heads, and all those desiring training in the 48 factors of efficiency.
- ☐ BUSINESS LETTER-WRITING: Training for positions as Correspondent, Mail Sales Director, and executive letter-writing positions.
- ☐ BANKING AND FINANCE: Training for executive positions in Banks and Financial institutions.
- ☐ C. P. A. COACHING FOR ADVANCED ACCOUNTANTS: Prepares for State Board and Institute Examinations.
- ☐ MODERN FOREMANSHIP: Training in the direction and handling of industrial forces—for Executives, Managers, Superintendents, Contractors, Foremen, Sub-foremen, etc.
- ☐ PERSONNEL AND EMPLOYMENT MANAGEMENT: Training for Employers, Employment Managers, Executives, Industrial Engineers.
- ☐ BUSINESS ENGLISH: Training for Business Correspondents and Copy Writers.
- ☐ COMMERCIAL SPANISH: Training for positions as Foreign Correspondent with Spanish-speaking countries.
- ☐ EFFECTIVE SPEAKING: Training in the art of forceful, effective speech for Ministers, Salesmen, Fraternal Leaders, Politicians, Clubmen, etc.
- ☐ EXPERT BOOKKEEPING: Training for position as Head Bookkeeper.

NAME PRESENT POSITION ADDRESS



After You Serve *This Dish* He'll Forget His Mother's Cooking

Tonight when he comes home for dinner surprise him with smoking hot Pineapple Turnovers.

They are very easy to make. Just follow these directions:

Pineapple Turnovers—First make a plain pastry dough; roll it thin and cut into 4-inch squares. Drain a can of Crushed or Grated Hawaiian Pineapple, saving the juice for sherbets or ices. On each square put a large spoonful of pineapple, a small bit of butter and a spoonful of granulated sugar. Fold the squares into triangles, pinching the edges firmly together so they will not come apart in cooking; fry in deep lard, and serve warm, dusted with powdered sugar.

With Hawaiian Crushed or Grated Pineapple there are any number of tempting dishes you can make, sherbets, salads, puddings, pies and sauces.

Buy this convenient fruit, at your grocer's, in half dozen or dozen lots; at the soda fountain ask for a Pineapple Sundae.

Send today for our recipe book containing many ways to serve Hawaiian Crushed or Grated Canned Pineapple.

ASSOCIATION OF HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE PACKERS
58 E. Washington St., Chicago

(Continued from Page 78)

"I guess I'm a back number sure enough," said Uncle Clem.

He was relieved that Elmer should take it so mildly. And for several days he abstained from playing his solitaire, aware of a queer increasing inner pressure.

Elmer and Myra had guests for dinner, before he quite realized what was the matter with him—front-door folks indubitably, Mr. and Mrs. Blinn. Mr. Blinn chatted familiarly about big deals, and his wife discussed servants with the gracious intimacy of one who is burdened with three maids and mendaciously envies a hostess encumbered with but one. Uncle Clem said very little at the table. He considered Mrs. Blinn professionally, and classified her as a Number One prospect. He could sell her mighty near anything, he thought. Those kind of folks were easy if you could get past the girl at the door.

The reflection followed him into the living room, and persisted during a game of bridge at which Uncle Clem looked on. Afterward, while Myra was getting something to drink from the ice box and Elmer had taken the male Blinn up to the study to look at a new kind of sales chart, Uncle Clem heard himself telling Mrs. Blinn about a book he'd just been reading—a book which had completely satisfied his literary cravings. Mrs. Blinn heard him with attention. Myra returning with the tray coughed in time to foreshorten the peroration concerning the Life of General Pershing.

"And this book, madam, the first 'nd only 'ficial biography of the greatest soldier 'f our day, printed on genuine rag paper 'nd 'lustrated with forty-seven sep'rate 'nd distinc' ——"

Uncle Clem stiffened as Myra's signal warned him.

"It's a right good book, Mrs. Blinn. If you'd like to read it I c'n loan you a copy."

"I'd love to," said Mrs. Blinn.

She spoke drowsily. Uncle Clem noted the tone with a stab of regret. He'd got her right to the point where she'd sign the order without a kick! He escaped Myra's sweetly reproving gaze in order to fetch the copy. Coming back he heard Mrs. Blinn's slightly pinched laugh.

"I declare I never heard anything so clever! He imitated a book agent to the very life!"

This misapprehension opened an easy avenue of escape, but led to complications. Mrs. Blinn mentioned Uncle Clem's talent for mimicry; he was besought by other visitors to do one of his imitations for them, and with Myra's dubious approval the canvass for the Life of General Pershing became almost a ceremonial feature of social evenings. It earned a totally unwarranted repute for Mr. Bixby, so that even people who had never stepped past Myra Clinton's door knew about him.

As his rheumatism died away in sullen retreating grumbles he ventured out on short walks about South Elmwood, having first solemnly assured Myra that he would remember that he had retired from active business. On one of these walks he stopped at the hardware store of Mr. Edward Mixer and made that gentleman's acquaintance through the purchase of a paper of tacks. Mr. Mixer waited on his own counter and was affable both by instinct and profession. Uncle Clem found him more congenial than the men who came to the Clinton house to see Elmer and Myra, but his social understanding had already reached that stage of development in which he was aware of the impassable gulf fixed in South Elmwood between those who commuted decently to city offices and those who disgracefully trafficked at retail in the town itself.

"Tradespeople," Myra called these latter. Her tone and manner conceded that such persons were fully entitled to exist. Uncle Clem did not mention Mr. Mixer at the Clinton table. Something told him that the acquaintance would not be countenanced.

He fell back on Olga as the one safe outlet for the inner pressure which became more and more compelling as the days passed. He sold her nearly everything he carried, including a patented trousers press, which she bought on the plea that it would make an ideal Christmas present next year for the furnace-tending Nils. And gradually, through helping her with the weekly laundry, he conceived his secret ambition. Some day he would sally forth to sell the Enfield Little Giant Washer, not in the contemptible fashion of a peddler, but as a real salesman, traveling in Pullmans, with an expense account, and a porter to carry his sample.

He clung to this shining dream even after Elmer had made it plain that it found no approval in his sight. Uncle Clem felt that if he didn't get to sell the Little Giant before he died his enjoyment of heaven would be tinctured with regrets. He'd sell it, he told himself, even if he had to peddle it.

His experiment with Olga convinced him that he was capable. And as he lay awake that night he allowed his wits to attack the problem of ways and means. In spite of Elmer and Myra, Uncle Clem was going to sell the Little Giant Washer. There must be some way around the obstacles and around his own promises.

III

ELMER'S depression of spirits seemed to have taken permanent possession of him. He no longer joked at dinner; his evenings went mainly into solitary labor behind the closed door of his study, and he manifested a shortness of temper which Uncle Clem had never observed in him until now. He even spoke crossly to Myra one night when she persisted in suggesting a trip into the city to a theater.

"I've got something more important to do than run around blowing money on fun," he snapped.

Uncle Clem saw that Myra was hurt, in spite of her gentle answer, and did his best to make amends with the Bi-jew and a sundae at the drug store afterwards. Elmer was worried about business matters, Myra told him.

"That's the penalty of having a responsible position," she explained. "Poor Elmer has to bear the weight of other people's mistakes and incompetence."

Uncle Clem would have liked to talk to Elmer about it, but when he undertook to do so Elmer made short work of him.

"I'm too busy to chat to-night, Uncle Clem. You better amuse Myra. Take her out to a movie or something."

Clearly it was no time to reopen the matter of a salesman's job with the Enfield Specialty Company. And Uncle Clem felt the inner pressure mounting steadily, denied even the poor safety valve of Olga. He felt uncomfortable in the house now, even when Elmer was away, and as the weather grew milder took to long, slow walks about the town. Usually on these excursions he dropped in at Mixer's store for a few minutes. Sometimes Mixer was occupied with a customer, and Uncle Clem would have to wait. He listened at such times to Mixer's selling tactics with a lofty scorn. Mixer would have starved to death in a week if he'd gone out to sell stereoscopes for Polder & Polder!

It always annoyed him to notice that a Little Giant Washer stood in plain sight on the shop floor without ever attracting the notice of Mixer's customers or being brought to their attention by the dealer himself. Uncle Clem's tongue itched. With a chance like that, with no need to consider Elmer and Myra and their social position, with a handsome profit on every sale, Mixer permitted perfectly eligible prospects to escape from his door without so much as a word about the Little Giant. He made up his mind to talk to Mixer about this some day. There couldn't be any harm in that, surely.

But temptation overtook him before he had carried out this intention. He found Mixer busy showing refrigerators to a formidable old lady whose limousine waited in front of the shop. Another lady, younger and less formidable, leaned patiently against the pocketknife showcase. She smiled at Uncle Clem and he fancied that he must have made her acquaintance and forgotten it.

"Isn't it a lovely day, Mr. Bixby?"

Uncle Clem agreed that it was all of that. She smiled a shade more liberally. "I've never happened to meet you, but I've heard about you, of course, and your imitations."

Her smile became a giggle. Uncle Clem wriggled. The ancient sin continued to find him out when he least expected it.

"Oh, shucks!" he said uneasily. "That's just a joke."

She would not have it so. Uncle Clem could not convince her that report exaggerated.

"I wish you'd imitate somebody for me," she told him. "Pretend you're Mr. Mixer, and sell me something, Mr. Bixby. I'd just love to ——"

A sudden evil inspiration seized Uncle Clem in a clutch which would not loosen.

Just put them side by side

WHAT a difference when you compare the average shirt with the Emery, point for point!

Is the other shirt as roomy and comfortable—or does it span your chest or bind at shoulders when you move? Is it full length—or does it pull out of your trousers?

Are seams closely and evenly stitched—or do they pucker at arm holes and where sides and front join?

Is neck-band exact size as marked? Is it pre-shrunk to *stay* that size?

Is sleeve-length right? You can get *your* sleeve-length in Emery Shirts.

Is the pattern accurately balanced on front, shoulders and cuffs? Are there sleeve placquets to make cuffs set properly?

Compare! Then you'll agree it pays to look for Emery when you buy shirts.

$2.00; $2.50; $3.00 and up.
At better-class shops.

Emery Shirts

If your dealer can't supply you, write us direct and we will see that you are served.

W. M. Steppacher & Bro., Inc.
Makers also of Emery, Jr. Shirts for Boys
Philadelphia

Roughneck or Golfer—The Smoke of Sports

In a reminiscent mood, the golf expert wrote:

"Perhaps it was the inevitable pipe stuck in the corner of his mouth which steadied his eye and nerved his hand when Ted Ray walked away with the 1920 open golf championship of the United States. He had the reputation of being a brilliant player rather than a steady pursuer of the little corrugated ball; but it was his evenness of stroke and temper which brought him to the end of his course with a score of 295."

In a crisis of any kind, the smoker instinctively reaches for his pipe.

A few pulls and puffs, and the mind, criss-crossed and worried with the strain, becomes clearer and more definite.

The soothed brain seems to obtain better control of physical action, steadies the nerve and takes the sharp edge off the crisis.

From hammer-thrower to golfer, the man at the top of his sport, if he smokes at all, is likely to be a pipe-smoker.

Many a man, in sport as well as business, soothes his nerves down to a steady pace with a few drags on the little old pipe.

Though nervous and high-strung, he plays an even stroke with an even temper just as Ray did.

Your pipe-smoker is a steadier man with an even temper because his smoking gives him satisfaction.

A few puffs while he thinks and he settles things with the steady judgment which comes from thinking before speaking.

But his smoking fails to furnish full satisfaction unless he has found the smoking tobacco that completely suits him.

Have you found the smoking tobacco that just suits you?

If not, we suggest that you learn what you think of Edgeworth.

It may be the very tobacco you have always wanted to find.

It may not.

Smokers' tastes differ.

Most pipe-smokers call Edgeworth a discovery.

But we make it very easy for you to learn whether or not Edgeworth will seem to you like a discovery.

Simply send us your name and address on a postcard. If you will add the name of the dealer to whom you will go for more in case you like Edgeworth, we would appreciate that courtesy on your part.

We will dispatch to you samples of Edgeworth in both forms—Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed.

Edgeworth Plug Slice is formed into flat cakes and then sliced into thin, moist wafers. One wafery slice rubbed for a second between the hands furnishes an average pipeful.

Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed is already rubbed for you. You pour it straight from the little blue can into the bowl of your pipe.

Both kinds pack nicely, light quickly, and burn freely and evenly to the very bottom of the pipe.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome tin humidors and glass jars, and also in various handy in-between quantities.

For the free samples which we would like you to judge, address Larus & Brother Co., 1 South 21st St., Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants—If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

There in plain sight was the Little Giant. Here, begging for it, was an obvious prospect. The situation carried its own justification. If Myra herself were present she could hardly object. He smacked his lips and bowed.

"Step right this way, madam, if you please. I'll give you a demonstration of the eighth wonder of the world, the greatest household invention since the sewing machine."

She followed, tittering, but already under the sway of his voice. He swam joyfully into the lecture he had practiced on Olga, using the machine as his illustration. His listener stopped giggling, and followed his discourse soberly. He saw that the seed fell on fertile soil, and his voice found a fresh sonority. He was barely conscious of somebody standing behind him. He saw the formidable dowager pause, however, beside his first auditor, and included her in the sweep of eye and speech.

"No modern household can afford to be without this Little Giant Washing Machine," he trumpeted. "It's the s'lution of the servant problem, the advance agent of cleanliness ——"

The thick woman asked a peremptory question. He turned to her.

"Only twenty-one dollars and fifty cents, madam, delivered to your door and guaranteed for one year. The smallest, most compac', most efficient washing device ever offered to the American public, and at a price within the reach of one and all!"

"Send me one at once, Mr. Mixer," said the impressive lady. "I think this is exactly the machine I've wanted."

She swept out, Mixer closing the door after her. He came briskly back to Uncle Clem. The original prospect greeted him surprisingly.

"Edward, I think you might have told me about this machine! We've been needing something like this at the house for just ages! If Mr. Bixby hadn't ——"

"Is that all straight goods, Mr. Bixby?"

Mixer eyed Uncle Clem dubiously. It was clear that he had also heard report concerning the imitations. Uncle Clem snorted.

"True? Of course it's true! I was giving this lady one of my im'tations, all right—an im'tation of a real salesman, selling a high-grade article the way such goods had ought to be sold, Mixer. I been dropping in here quite a lot lately, and wondering what was the matter with you. A machine like that standing in plain sight, and the best customers a body could want walking right past it every day, and you never saying a word!" He cleared his throat. "This lady ——"

"Shake hands with Mrs. Mixer, Mr. Bixby," said the dealer, obeying an imperative head signal from the customer. Uncle Clem complied with the graceful request.

"That's one on me. I didn't know I was selling your goods to your wife, Mixer. But it don't matter. There's big money in that machine if you handle her right. Take it from me. I been ——"

He caught himself on the lip of confession, realizing that Myra and Elmer would certainly hear of this.

"Well, I guess that c'ncludes the afternoon p'formance, ladies 'nd gentlemen," he said. "But you give that machine a chance, Mixer, 'nd it'll make real money for you. See if it don't."

He nodded to the lady and made for the door, already a prey to self-reproach. If this got back to Elmer and Myra they'd have a right to be sore, even though it had all been done under cover of a legitimate parlor entertainment. He comforted himself with the reflection that he'd never heard Myra speak of Mrs. Mixer. Perhaps she didn't know her.

He made sure of this at dinner. Myra regarded him with the eye of polite amaze.

"Mrs. Mixer? I don't think I ever heard ——"

"Husband keeps the hardware store downtown," explained Uncle Clem.

Myra smiled. "Oh! No, I've never met her."

Uncle Clem interpreted the tone and look as implying that nothing was much less likely than such an encounter. He breathed more easily, especially as Elmer seemed to have paid no attention to the passage and shut himself up after dinner with his charts and maps and records.

Uncle Clem went early to bed, permeated by a sense of unholy satisfaction. In spite of every prohibition he had sold the Little Giant at last—sold it twice. He had accomplished this without breaking the letter of any rule. Even if they found him out he could offer a fair defense.

As he drifted toward sleep a new and arresting notion came to him. Why couldn't he do it again? The Enfield Specialty Company insisted on confining its sales to hardware dealers: Uncle Clem understood why this must be. But there was no reason why an outsider couldn't——

IV

UNCLE CLEM BIXBY waited till Myra had gone out on her morning shopping. It was much easier to explain his absences afterward than to account for them in advance. He slipped out of the house furtively and made a cautious detour around to Halsted Place, which brought him to the station in time for the 9:15 with practically no risk of meeting Myra.

His spirits lifted as he climbed aboard the train. It was becoming easier and easier to still the protests of conscience nowadays. Uncle Clem's inner monitor had grown rather hoarse through vain repetitions. For six weeks now he had been yielding to temptation pretty regularly. Ever since the episode at Mixer's store Uncle Clem had surreptitiously reverted to his ancient shameful ways without letting Elmer and Myra suspect him.

The situation favored him. South Elmwood lay within easy journey of a dozen populous centers scattered over Northern New Jersey. In an hour's travel Uncle Clem could reach Paterson and Passaic, Elizabeth and Newark and Rutherford and Hackensack and Montclair, with a score of lesser towns between them. He could slip out of the house after breakfast and be home in time for lunch, to be suspected of nothing more serious than an injudiciously long walk.

And Elmer's habit of keeping duplicate sales records at home simplified the rest of Uncle Clem's indulgence. He could consult the card file in the desk whenever he chose and find out just which stores had stocked the Little Giant, and who were the proprietors, and what sort of men they were too. Elmer's cards were very up-to-date and conveyed a compressed biography of every merchant they listed.

Uncle Clem chuckled as he consulted the cards he had abstracted. As long as he went far enough away from South Elmwood there wasn't much danger of compromising the social position of the household. He never claimed to represent the Enfield Specialty Company, so that it wasn't likely that he would complicate matters for Elmer at the office. And he was enjoying himself so thoroughly that his guilt on other heads troubled him very little.

He transferred to a trolley and presently found the hardware establishment mentioned on the index card he had chosen from the file. He nodded approval of its modern show windows and marched in boldly. Luck played with him. The man who greeted him from behind the counter was patently the proprietor. Uncle Clem made a small purchase of screw eyes, which had to be brought down from a drawer near the ceiling. The process gave him opportunity to stroll back to where the Little Giant Washer stood among other sizable articles. The merchant delivered his parcel to him here.

"I see you handle the right machine," said Uncle Clem genially. "Ain't it a wonder though?"

The dealer agreed perfunctorily. Uncle Clem lovingly manipulated the latch and inspected the internal mechanism. "I suppose you sell a heap of 'em out here, eh?"

"Well, no. It doesn't seem to catch on with my trade. I've got five more in the storeroom. Can't seem to get rid of 'em."

The merchant shook his head glumly. Uncle Clem surveyed him with obvious surprise.

"Sho, now—that's mighty queer. It's the best machine on the market. I wouldn't be without mine 't any price. I go out and help every wash day, just for the fun of running it."

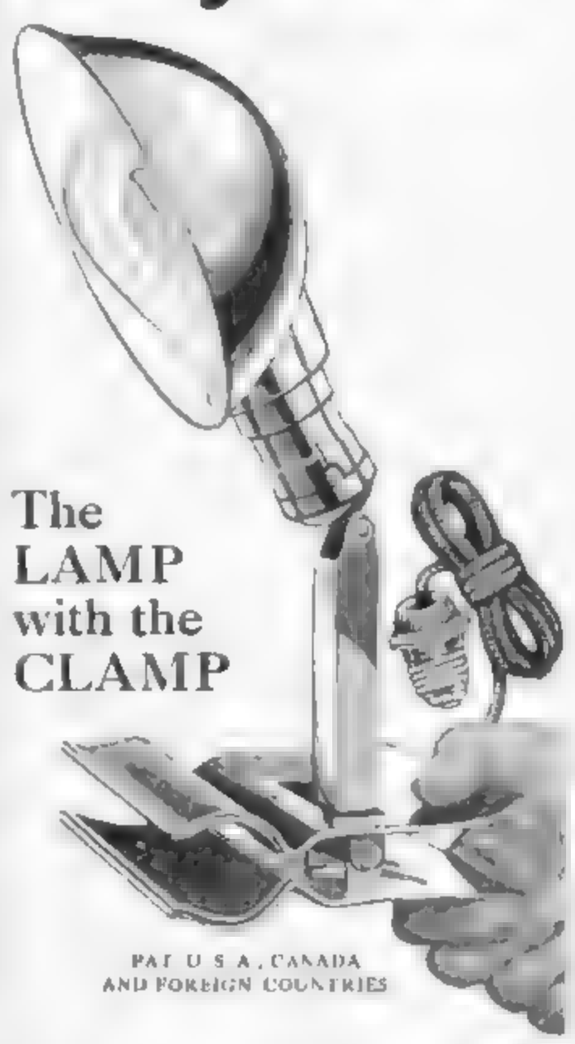
"That so?"

The hardware man evinced the minimum of polite interest. Uncle Clem launched joyfully into his discourse. Presently he paused.

"But this is all old stuff to you of course. You use it yourself at home, don't you?"

"Why—why, no." The dealer wagged his head. "I never tried it out that way."

"It Clamps Everywhere"



Adjusto-Lite

A FARBERWARE PRODUCT

Adjusts to any position

A NEW, wonderful invention, ADJUSTO-LITE, a lamp that you can attach anywhere—to bed, shaving mirror, table, desk or chair. Stands perfectly wherever an ordinary lamp is used. Throws the light exactly where you need it most. Prevents eye strain. Cuts lighting cost.

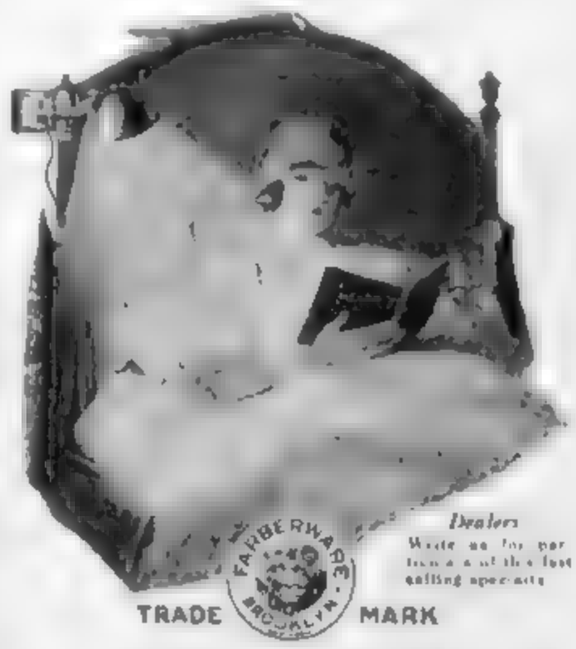
Gripping clamp is felt-faced and cannot scratch. Compact. Durable. Solid brass. Guaranteed for five years.

Price $5.00

Ask for Adjusto-Lite at the store where you usually trade. If they don't carry it, order direct.

S. W. FARBER
141–151 So. Fifth St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Prices in U. S. A., complete with 8-foot cord, plug and socket: Brush Brass finish, **$5.00**; *Statuary Bronze or Nickel finish,* **$5.50**. *West of Mississippi prices, 25c per lamp higher.*



Dealers
Write us for particulars of this fast selling specialty

Adjusto-Lite

A FARBERWARE PRODUCT

The Fesler—Style M-68

DISTINGUISHED style makes men admire The Florsheim Shoe; and quality that gives faithful service makes a permanent friend of every man who wears a pair.

The Florsheim Shoe—$10 and $12
Photographic Booklet "*Styles of the Times*" on request

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE CO.
Manufacturers *Chicago*

For the man Florsheim *who cares*

Educational Pictures

THE SPICE OF THE PROGRAM

YOU are buying motion picture entertainment today just as you buy groceries or dry goods. Wherever—you think you run least risk of making an unsatisfactory purchase.

Theatres showing Educational Pictures do not depend on just one picture to please an entire audience. They offer you so many different kinds of good pictures that their programs are bound to please you.

You may see a two-reel feature photo-play like *The Northern Trail*, SELIG-ROBK'S great production of James Oliver Curwood's story. Or—

A two-reel comedy by CHRISTIE —or a TORCHY COMEDY from a Sewell Ford story.

You can see the great screen comedian Lloyd "Ham" Hamilton in a MERMAID COMEDY ably directed by Jack White. Or—

One of Wm. S. Campbell's ANIMAL COMEDIES with almost human animal actors.

You can take Jolly Journeys around the world in Motion Picture Scenics for which the standard has been set by Robert C. Bruce's SCENICS BEAUTIFUL. You may laugh at Julian Ollendorff's animated cartoons, SKETCHOGRAPHS. Or—

See in KINOGRAMS the visual news of all the world.

When you shop for your money's worth in motion picture entertainment, look in theatre entrances for posters and cards showing the Educational Pictures sign When you see it—go in!

It's the Sign of a well-balanced Program!

EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES, INC., *E. W. Hammons, President*

He became confidential. "The fact is I stocked these machines because I thought they'd sell all right, but I never figured they'd be much good outside of that. They're low priced, and I guess they're worth what they cost all right, but ——"

Uncle Clem plunged into oratory.

"You just send one of those machines out to your house and see if it ain't so! You might's well be using it as having it stand in your storeroom anyway. And you ask your wife what she thinks about it after she's tried it a coupla times! She'll tell you! Anybody that uses the Little Giant is a booster for it, the same as I am."

He saw that he had made an impression. The dealer mumbled something about maybe trying it out sometime. Uncle Clem persevered.

"I'll send one out to the house to-day," said his audience finally. "If it's as good as you say it is I guess I been overlooking a bet."

Uncle Clem drew in a long, refreshing breath. He became aware now of a second listener, a thick, angry-looking man, who regarded him with a disturbing eye. The dealer approached this person, once more the willing salesman, but the other waved him aside.

"I'm just waiting to talk to this gentleman," he said, jerking his hand in Uncle Clem's direction.

Uncle Clem eyed him dubiously, conscious of guilt. Perhaps they could arrest him for doing what he'd done. Maybe there was a law against meddling in other folks' affairs, even if you had a nephew in the business. He obeyed a gesture and went out with the stranger.

"You been boosting that machine anywhere else?" demanded the red-faced man.

Uncle Clem cleared his throat. The tone informed him that it was not a question but a blunt accusation. He hesitated.

"Well, I think it's a first-rate machine ——"

"And you been going around all North Jersey talking to the trade about it, eh? Who's paying you for it? That's what I want to know. Who put you up to it? Where do you get in?"

Uncle Clem groped for defensive measures. This bad-tempered, formidable person plainly meant to make trouble for him if he could.

"Nobody's paying me," he said. "I'm just doing it for—for fun, you might say." He felt a slight stirring of natural belligerency. "I guess I got a right to rec'mmend the machine 'f I want to. My nephew's sales manager ——"

"Who? Elmer Clinton?" The red-faced one exploded so sharply that Uncle Clem drew away slightly. "Well, I'll be ——" He caught his speech. "The young fox! Keeping it all under his hat, eh? Slipping it over on me! Letting on he didn't know what was stirring up all this business over here, till he got me to thinking he was nothing but another one of these smart-Aleck kids they hand us old-timers these days—all slick schemes and nothing else! By judge, I mighty near fired him too!"

He dropped a heavy but indubitably amiable hand on Uncle Clem's shoulder.

"You come straight in with me, that's what you're going to do. I'm not going to let that youngster have the laugh on me at the finish anyway. I expect he's been handing it to me for a month on the quiet, but I'll show him! I'll let him see that old Boland ain't on the shelf yet!"

Boland! Uncle Clem started. He had never met the president of the Enfield Specialty Company, but Elmer's talk had given him a vague understanding of that gentleman's personality. He'd got Elmer into real trouble, after all! He mustn't let Boland think —— He fumbled for words in which to exculpate the guiltless Elmer. But Boland mysteriously bore no malice. He made it clear, even to Uncle Clem's confusion, that Elmer stood higher in his opinion than before. And Clem Bixby had the tact to encourage the illusion which evidently caused this amendment in Mr. Boland's view of his nephew.

"I never even dreamed he was trying out a scheme of his own over here! He ought to be on the stage, he ought! I'd have sworn he was as much in the dark as I was! And all the time you and he were putting it over on the old man!"

Uncle Clem chuckled uncertainly. It was clear that Boland, at least, harbored no prejudice against peddlers who butted into his private concerns. He wasn't going to punish Elmer for his uncle's sins. That was enough assurance for the present. He submitted passively to Boland's impelling hand and climbed into an impressive car, which sped swiftly in toward the city while Boland talked. Presently Uncle Clem began to understand.

By the time they reached Boland's private office it was entirely clear to him that Elmer stood in no danger whatever as the result of his relapse into his ancient habits. He smoked one of the president's cigars and waited for the appearance of his nephew with a certain satisfaction. Whatever had happened, Elmer was going to get the credit, and it was fairly plain that the credit would be worth getting.

He warned Elmer with the most eloquent wink of which he was capable, when the younger man stared at him from the doorway. He shook his head and lifted a significant finger to his lips. Elmer, stupefied, seemed to take the hint. Boland laughed.

"Jolts you, eh? Thought the old man was a dub, did you? Never figured I might go out and find the bug under the chip for myself?" He chuckled again. "Nabbed your uncle with his hands all red, Clinton. No use trying to bluff. I'm on."

Elmer achieved a sickly smile. Again Uncle Clem admonished him with eyelid and finger. Boland's tone changed.

"I can see why you tried to keep it dark of course. Natural enough, when it was your scheme in the first place that led us astray. But you could have trusted me, Clinton. I like men who guess right of course, but I like 'em, too, when they own up they've guessed wrong. That scheme of yours looked mighty good to me, too, or I wouldn't have hired you to work it for us. But there was a hole in it, just as you and Mr. Bixby here have found out."

Elmer would have spoken, but Boland gave him no time for the protest which Uncle Clem saw trembling on his tongue.

"You stocked up the trade in jig time with that stunt, Clinton. I admit that. But it isn't enough to sell a dealer the idea of sales and profits the way we did it. He's a human being as well as a dealer. He's got to believe in the goods as goods or he'll never sell 'em for you. I don't blame you a bit for not realizing that. Forgot it myself. And the way you and Mr. Bixby 've been plugging the hole over in Jersey is the real goods, Clinton. You've got the answer."

Elmer smiled again, still feebly, his eye on Uncle Clem.

"What we needed was somebody to go out and sell the Little Giant to the dealer as if the dealer was only going to buy one machine for his own use, the same as Mr. Bixby's been doing it. That does the trick. Make him believe in the goods and he'll sell 'em fast enough, when you back him up the way we do. Make him think it's nothing but an article built for sale and he won't. There it is, boiled down, the way you doped it out yourself."

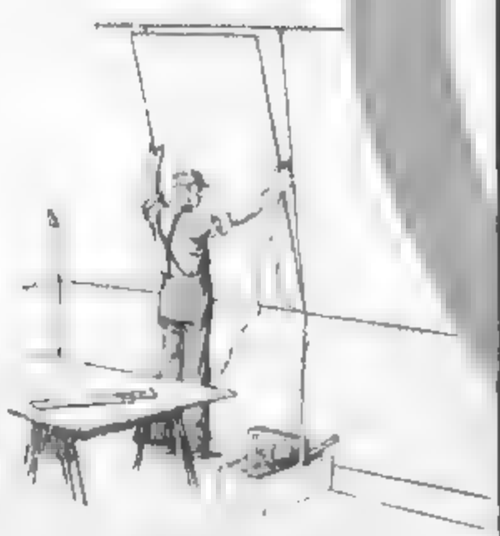
"Yes, sir," said Elmer. "I guess that's the right slant."

His glance traveled again to Uncle Clem. Boland's eye followed it.

"Well, now that we all know why we've been slipping downhill for the last six months, let's get busy quick, Clinton. Guess you better wire the men to get in. I've arranged with your uncle to come with us and help teach 'em this stunt of his. You and he can fix up the details, I guess."

"Yes, sir." Elmer spoke eagerly now, with a wistful side glance at the door. "Come right this way, please, Uncle Clem."

Clem Bixby started. Something in Elmer's face and tone reminded him suddenly of a dusty rutted country lane and a creeping peddler's cart, and a small boy who looked and spoke just like this to the man who held the reins. He went out first, walking briskly, and his rheumatism for some queer reason offered no objection.



Easy to Put Up

Easy to Clean

Build an Attic Playroom With Beaver Board

Your attic that once had a past, now has a future. Change it from a dusty, mysterious catchall into a snug winter play room—a den—a bright bedroom—or all of them! This can be done at surprisingly low cost *without litter and muss* by using Beaver Board. And once up, Beaver Board lasts as long as the building.

Beaver Board is manufactured lumber, built up from long fibres of spruce. It comes in big, handy, flawless panels that fit standard construction with a minimum of sawing and cutting. You will find Beaver Boarding easy, clean, enjoyable work.

The surface of each panel is ready for painting, sealed and sized by the "Sealtite" process, an exclusive Beaver Board patent. By using *Beavertone*—a paint we make especially to decorate Beaver Board—you can obtain a velvety mat finish in a variety of shades, a finish that is sanitary and easily washed.

See the Beaver Board dealer, who will help you plan your alterations and give you an illustrated book of suggestions and advice, "Beaver Board and Its Uses." Or write our nearest office if you do not know him.

THE BEAVER BOARD COMPANIES

Sold by Lumber and Building Material Dealers Everywhere

BEAVER BOARD

You can't expect Beaver Board results unless this trademark is on the back of the board you buy.

BEAVER QUALITY

FOR BETTER WALLS & CEILINGS

Long Wearing Good Looking Hose

Iron Clad No 398
1¼ oz. weight
Just right for fall and spring wear

Iron Clad

Men like these Iron Clad Number 398 for several reasons: first, the lustrous mercerized finish which makes them so dressy in appearance—

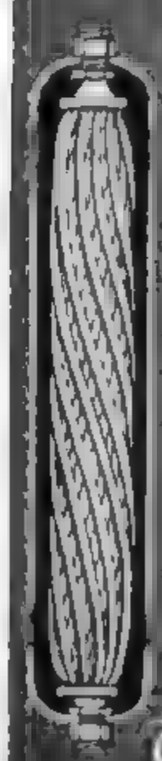
Then the extended toe, double sole and high spliced heel, together with a *four ply heel and toe* which assure a long time usefulness.

And the price, 35c a pair (East of the Rockies) is extremely moderate for such handsome durable hose.

Get several pairs for fall wear. Colors are black, white, dark grey, palm beach, cordovan brown, African brown, navy, hunter green; sizes 9½ to 12. If your dealer cannot supply you—order direct from us, enclosing remittance and giving size and colors desired. Your order will be promptly filled postage prepaid

Cooper, Wells & Co.
212 Vine St., St. Joseph, Mich.

Hot Water 3 times as fast at less expense



The STACK INDIRECT HEATER gives you greater hot water comfort and economy. It heats water three times as fast as [illegible] heater [illegible] the fuel to [illegible] 20% [illegible] method of [illegible] usual 6 to 1 [illegible] to gas [illegible]

[illegible] for all [illegible] heat generating [illegible] the STACK INDIRECT HEATER [illegible] plenty of hot water at practically no expense. It is safe because the waters of the two systems [illegible] Cast Iron sections where [illegible] steam, hot water or hot air is used. Made in sizes for all needs at reasonable cost. Endorsed by architects and engineers and has proved its worth over a period of 25 years.

Write for our catalog but buy from your plumber

STACK HEATER COMPANY
39 Sudbury St., Boston 14, Mass.

The STACK INDIRECT HEATER

We can always use
A GOOD SALESMAN to Sell our
TESTBESTOS Automobile Brake Lining
American Asbestos Company, Norristown, Pa.

TOUPETS AND WIGS
CUSTOM MADE TO FIT
Money back if not satisfactory
FREE CATALOG
FRANCES ROBERTS CO
100 Fifth Ave., Dept 72, New York

SHOULD YOU BUY A HOUSE?

(Continued from Page 13)

As a tenant he denounced the landlord for not fixing the faucets promptly; as owner he gladly mends them himself. It may have seemed a poor sort of house when he rented it, but now that it is his he will hear no criticism of it any more than he will of his horse, dog, automobile, wife.

If at all handy about the house the home owner will save as compared with the landlord, who had to employ labor for repairs; and of course he does not have to change the wall paper to suit himself as often as the landlord had to change it to suit the tenant. He knows that unlike the landlord he does not have to allow for vacancies or bad debts in his financial scheme of things.

"Does Jones own his house?"

"No, he rents. Haven't you seen him scratch matches on the wall paper?"

"Oh, you'll be around a lot and I'll see you again," said a lady whom I met at an afternoon tea in a summer colony. "Because you have rented a cottage. Renters always go everywhere, but when they buy they stay home all the time to work on their places, and never accept invitations."

Of course it goes without saying that the only place to raise children is one that they can call home and which has the atmosphere and elements of permanency. "Moving vans do not hatch out good citizens." The rented house—even more the rented apartment—is too easily shucked off to give it those characteristics which protect, stimulate and idealize family life, which after all is the sole unit and basis of society.

The soul of the reformer may wax wroth at the pig-headed opposition of poor and ignorant home owners to public improvements, but in the other direction, at the other extreme, the menace is even greater. I refer to the growing, typical pervading spirit of the apartment renter of not caring who pays taxes, or out of what funds parks, streets and schools are maintained, or how senators, congressmen and aldermen vote, just as long as the landlord provides uniform steam heat at seventy degrees with plenty of hot water all day and doesn't raise the rent just too awfully much.

The Ex-Socialist Tailor

The apartment renter, the well-cared-for tenant, gets into the habit of having everything done for him without any very direct accounting in the matter, and that way lie socialistic bureaucracy and the deterioration of those simple virtues which made this country great. I am old-fashioned enough to believe that there may be even more danger in increasing taxes beyond the safety point for the extension of public improvements than there is in not having enough improvements because of the closeness of the property owner.

When we approach the problem a little more closely I am sure that nothing could be more typical than this incident told by a man in close touch with the laboring classes of a large city:

"I know a Hebrew tailor who came here from Russia about twelve years ago. He went into business for himself and opened a little shop in this vicinity. For several years he was a faithful and, I believe, vociferous supporter of the small socialistic groups of soiled reformers who forgather in various sections around the city for the purpose of chasing political and economic rainbows. He learned to talk fluently about the nefarious activities of capital, and the absolute restriction upon all individual progress engendered by our present social system.

"About three years ago he had an opportunity to buy the building in which his little shop is located, at a price which he believed to be attractive. He did so. About a year ago he was able to forward sufficient funds to pay for the passage to this country of his wife's brother and family. When they arrived here I asked him if he was going to introduce them into the circle of his socialistic friends. He was vehement in his expressions of disgust for such relationships.

"I cannot reproduce his language, but it was to the effect that those disturbers who seek to upset present conditions do so because they have everything to gain and nothing to lose, and that such tendencies should be combated strongly by anyone who had or expected to have property. His frame of mind was that we capitalists must stand together against the machinations of those who would neither save a cent nor permit others to enjoy thrift. I wish I had a verbatim record of his expression five years ago, before he had acquired any property, and to-day, when he is paying taxes on an $8000 house of his own."

If we go behind this incident a bit, and once granted that the individual has enough money to buy a home without too great a financial hardship, the heart of the problem is not far away when it is pointed out that the man who sets out to buy a house has a goal which he is more likely to attain than most goals which men set up for themselves. One might argue that it is just as simple to buy bonds, but people do not persist in the purchase of bonds the way they do with houses.

The man who starts to buy a house does not stop in the middle of his payments and spend the money. Through loss of position he may be forced to stop saving, but the purchase of a home is the type of saving which few men ever stop because of mere idle whim or from any cause other than hard brutal necessity. The same can be said of no other form of investment or saving except perhaps life insurance.

What the Floaters Miss

In other words home buying is perhaps the most successful form or phase of thrift we have. Even if the home is bought unwisely from the standpoint of strict financial investment, even if it is cheaper at times to rent than to buy, the renter, the non-home buyer, is much less likely to save at all. The tenant has nothing but his rent receipts to show for renting, even when he has beaten the landlord to a frazzle, while the home buyer, even when he has made a scandalously bad bargain, has something to show for his thrift. This is the supreme justification of home ownership, the unanswerable argument in its favor.

"Of course it is harder to own a home than it is to hire one," says Philip S. Clarke, secretary of The Thrift, a savings organization of Brooklyn, New York. "The first proposition means thrift, which is only another name for self-denial and self-sacrifice. The second is merely an evasion of an obligation to one's children, for which the average man who owns no home has any number of alibis, none of which convince even himself."

But how does this advice square with the statement earlier in this article that home ownership may tie the workingman down too much, under certain conditions, and prevent him from bettering himself? As implied already, the danger to the workman is not especially great except in one-industry towns, and exists to a very slight extent in certain industries and certain communities. But there is quite another and far more important side to this particular question.

No man, regardless of his station in life, commands the same respect when he is a migrant, a transient, a floater, as when he is reasonably fixed. Labor is no different in this respect from the idle rich who float to California or Florida in the winter, to somewhere else in the summer, to still another place for autumn shooting, and so on. The millionaire and wage earner each commands respect and dignity in the community in proportion as he identifies himself with it. Neither of them can have his cake and eat it too.

The idle rich who spend a few months in a place often wonder why the natives do not call upon and entertain them. "Who are those new people?" asks the head of the oldest family of his wife. "I met the man at the club and he seemed like a fine fellow."

"Yes, they are nice people," replies the wife, "but they have taken that house just for the fall months and they will be going to California soon. Remember we have fourteen calls to make on people who really count, and ten dinner parties to give."

In the same way the wage earner who floats about in search of the biggest dollar never gets anywhere in general esteem, although a fellow worker on no larger wages may become an important local figure in politics, church, lodge, fire company and the like.

A man who buys a home may be tied financially, but also he is tied in family connections, in his friendships, in position,

The authentic style and unsurpassed quality of

ÆTNA The Insured Hat

Prices $4 to $10

is based on 89 years' experience as hatters to men of fashion

That's why your dealer can give our insurance policy with Aetna Hats at every price. Send his name and address if he is not yet selling Aetna

COTRELL & LEONARD
DANBURY, CONN.

WE TEACH COMMERCIAL ART

Properly Trained Artists Earn $100 a week and up. Meyer Both College—conducted by the Meyer Both Company—offers you a different and practical training. If you like to draw, develop your talent. Study this practical course—taught by the largest and most widely known Commercial Art Organization in the field with 20 years' success. Who else could give you so wide an experience? Commercial Art is a [illegible] constantly increasing demand for [illegible] Artists is greater every year. It is a highly [illegible], interesting profession, equally open to both men and women. Home study instruction. Get facts before you [illegible] to any school. Get our special booklet, "Your Opportunity," for half the cost of mailing—four cents in stamps.

MEYER BOTH COLLEGE of COMMERCIAL ART
Michigan Ave at 20th St.
Dept 33 CHICAGO, ILL.

SEND THIS NOTICE

with your name and address, to The Curtis Publishing Company, 324 Independence Square Philadelphia Pennsylvania, and you will receive information how you, as their subscription representative, may earn up to

$25.00 EXTRA EVERY WEEK

High School Course in 2 Years

You can complete this simplified High School Course at home [illegible] Meet the [illegible] other people. Be a [illegible] Write TODAY.

AMERICAN SCHOOL
Dept. H-687 Drexel Ave. & 58th St. CHICAGO

YOUR SPARE TIME

is worth *money*. Let us tell you how hundreds of men and women earn a dollar an hour by acting as our subscription representatives. Address The Curtis Publishing Company, 322 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

PATENTS. WRITE for free illustrated guide book and "EVIDENCE OF CONCEPTION BLANK." Send model or sketch and description of invention for our free opinion of its patentable nature.

Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

CLASS PINS AND RINGS
WRITE FOR CATALOG
THE D. L. AULD CO. COLUMBUS OHIO

AGENTS—STEADY INCOME Large manufacturer of Handkerchiefs and Dress Goods etc wishes to [illegible] in every [illegible] Write [illegible] for [illegible] proposition
FREEPORT MFG CO 76 Main Street Brooklyn N Y

SIDE LINE MEN! Dandy proposition selling Chewing Gum to dealers. Clean, profitable, spare time work. Write at once
THE HELMET GUM FACTORY, Cin., O.
SELL GUM

"Makes Any Tire wear Longer" For over five years the Coffield Tire Protector has demonstrated its ability to increase tire mileage.

We have many users who have gotten over 100% more service from their tires.

It stops most punctures and saves the tire from injurious stone bruises.

You ride on air, but ride easier. The Protector is *all rubber*, like the inner tube, and can no more injure your tire than can the tube.

It is not a "cure all," but users know it saves its cost on the first tire and can be used over and over again.

Write today for complete details.

DEALERS WANTED

The Coffield Tire Protector Co.
DAYTON, OHIO

Coffield
TIRE PROTECTOR

BIG PAY
for SPARE TIME

H. B. FARRIS
Wheeling, W. Va.
"It's my first week working only ... time. It was a lucky day for me when I ... your ... Inst."

Without Risking Your Job—or Costing You a Cent—

Learn Expert Salesmanship

HUNDREDS of men and women are ... spare time ... teed Raincoats direct to wearer. Learn Salesmanship by actual experience. Free Course In Salesmanship tells you what ... and how to get orders. ... are paid immediately—we deliver and collect ... show samples and take orders. Work ... steady and profitable. Steady, full time ... Large Profits.

COMPLETE SALES OUTFIT FREE

Together with Course In Salesmanship, sent ... Everything to start making money at once. WRITE TODAY

General Sales Manager
GOODYEAR MFG. COMPANY
1839 Goodyear Bldg. Kansas City, Mo.

SEND NO MONEY

Men's Slippers are made of extra heavy Khaki Cloth. Have a double cloth edge, heavy cushion inner-sole and chrome leather outer-sole which will outwear four ordinary leather soles **$1.50**

Ladies' Slippers made of all-wool Khaki Cloth, ribbon trimmed, with a pompon of same color on front. Heavy inner-sole and a chrome leather outer-sole same as ... **$1.75**

Make an Ideal Birthday or Holiday Gift.

No matter where you live we will ship at once parcel post paid at the above prices. On arrival pay the postman. State size and write plainly to

ARMY & NAVY STORE
132 Flatbush Ave.
Opp. L. I. R. R. Depot Dept 50
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Whittemore's
Shoe Polishes
ARE SUPERIOR

respect, dignity and esteem. There may be such a thing as being proud of being tied down, of being part and element in the community. The truth usually is that the percentage of loss in dollars in selling a house in the most adverse conditions is far less than the percentage of gain in self-respect in having had the experience of ownership.

In Brooklyn, New York, a company sold 150 excellent small houses in the last year and a half on fair terms, and although the purchasers included many workingmen only six houses have been turned back to date, and in several cases the cause was not loss of positions but death or the break-up of the family. This is typical of the tenacity of the satisfied home buyer.

By no means does the laboring man always improve his condition by chasing after the high dollar. In the long run, with the exception of course of certain purely seasonal and shifting industries, where change is unavoidable, he is more likely to win by sticking it out. If he owns his home at least he is not evicted when he loses a job. He has an asset, a rock to cling to, and better credit than if he did not own.

Naturally if a wage earner or any other young worker has a fine chance elsewhere, the promise of a decidedly better position, he is unfortunate if he is tied hard and fast to one spot. But if the opening is really so much better he can more than afford the slight loss which a forced sale involves. Total or even heavy losses are rare, and practically never necessary.

Company Housing

It is a significant fact that in the recent period of depression large industrial corporations which were obliged to let out great numbers of employes, and which had previously provided or helped provide houses for many of their men, retained if possible the married men who were rearing families and especially those who had bought homes with the companies' aid. In other words the workingman who buys a home from his employer or with his employer's assistance almost may be said to have an insurance policy against unemployment.

As a general thing the employer is always more interested in and shows preference to the settled man, the one who by home purchase advertises his intention to stick. In this respect the employer differs not at all in essence from the community in general. The plain fact is no one cares for a transient, a bird of passage.

It is true enough that the workingman does not want overmuch paternalism and objects to having things done for him which tie him hand and foot to his employer. Company housing is an old institution in this country and its history has not been at all points beautiful to think about.

But the rough, isolated mining camp presents a peculiar problem of its own, and is not typical of industry as a whole. In such communities the employer is absolutely obliged to provide housing no matter what disagreeable side issues it may involve. At the other extreme, in great centers of population like Philadelphia, Chicago, Brooklyn and Newark, the employer may not see any reason for interesting himself in housing at all. But in general the testimony is overwhelming that even where employers do not actually build houses or furnish money for that purpose it is decidedly to their interest to see that housing facilities are adequate, and in most cases that as many workers as possible acquire homes of their own.

The workman spends far more time outside the factory than he does inside, and if he has a family the proportion of the family time spent in the plant is insignificant. It is surely absurd for a company to have splendid offices, modern model factories, and wage earners who live in hovels. No one has a greater interest or a greater duty than the employer in striking a proper balance between the shop and the home. Nor obviously is he the only one who gains when a large proportion of wage earners live in comfortable homes of their own.

Thousands of employers have testified to the better class of workers, the greater stability of labor supply, the reduction in turnover and the better living conditions which go with ample housing and widespread ownership, all of which conditions obviously make for social welfare in general. Indeed some employers have found that the best way to distribute a bonus has been in the form of a reduction in the price of houses sold to faithful employes. In such form the workman at least has something to show for his extra wages.

As already stated in this article and as generally known, the greatest obstacle probably to the increase of home ownership is the inability of the more poorly paid worker to afford such a purchase. Any person, whether man or woman, and of whatever occupation, age, wage or salary, can buy a home easily enough if he or she has several thousand dollars in spare cash with which to go into the open market. Such a person has always been able to buy a home and even now with the high interest rates and scarcity of mortgage money there is no great difficulty in placing a conservative first mortgage on a house. The difficulty always has been, and it is especially acute now, in securing second-mortgage money.

One of the great electrical manufacturing concerns has encouraged ownership among its employes by guaranteeing second mortgages made to its men by banks, trust companies and similar institutions. This has softened the paternalistic feature and yet added to the supply of available funds. There are all sorts of indirect ways by which the employer can increase the supply of available mortgage money for his home-buying employes without binding them too closely to him, such as by depositing it with building-and-loan associations or buying stock in public-spirited housing corporations.

Those in close touch with housing and home-purchase activities are a unit in saying, to quote W. H. Ham, manager of the Bridgeport Housing Corporation, "The real concrete, definite demand of the people . . . is for a form of deferred payments on home property in a single monthly installment with definite amounts established. The use of a first, second and sometimes third mortgage, each with its hazards and complications, and the vicious bonus system now thoroughly established, are disliked by the people who want to buy. . . . The workingman to-day demands a share in ownership. This demand is not fully crystallized . . . but the workingman will undertake a contract which appears to be free of paternalistic influence if the start in the form of payment is small."

The Scarcity of Mortgage Money

No single institution which employs the method of monthly repayment of principal and interest has done as much to make the workingman a home owner as the building-and-loan association. Indeed many borrowers say to the officers, "I have come to pay my rent."

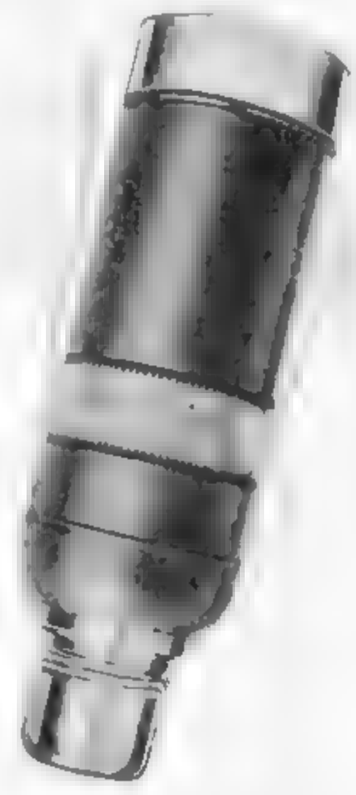
Last year these associations added $400,000,000 to their assets and nearly 700,000 new members. It is said that the total home-purchase loans amounted to 200,000. Most of their loans are of small amounts, averaging less than $3000 each. In New York State, where the development of the building-and-loan has been relatively less than in Pennsylvania, Ohio, New Jersey, Massachusetts and Illinois, one concern has made more than $1,200,000 in home-building loans since January first.

But valuable as the work of these institutions has been in the last few years they cannot begin to meet the demand for funds. It is estimated that they could make $500,000,000 more home-building loans a year if they had the money. The president of one such concern in the metropolitan area of New York City told me that he turned down $100,000 a week in applications on good security from people in good health and with good character and good jobs.

Women come to him with tears in their eyes begging for loans to replace mortgages called by private investors, and he is of the opinion that any building-and-loan which advertised its willingness to lend freely would require the police force to keep order during business hours.

We may denounce the waste and greed of the speculative builder, the laziness and indifference of those insurance companies and savings banks which would rather lend on large than small properties, and finally the Federal tax system, which has removed the private lender from the mortgage market. But the supply of houses as it exists to-day and the financing of home ownership up to date have been the combined product of all these and still other factors. This is too large a country, there are far too many possible and prospective

The all-steel Stanley Vacuum Bottle is made in pint, quart, two-quart and carafe models; also in wide mouth food jars in one and two-quart sizes. Lunch kit equipped with pint bottle. Look for the name Stanley on the bottle.



It will not break

An all-steel vacuum bottle—for indoors or outdoors—for sport or business

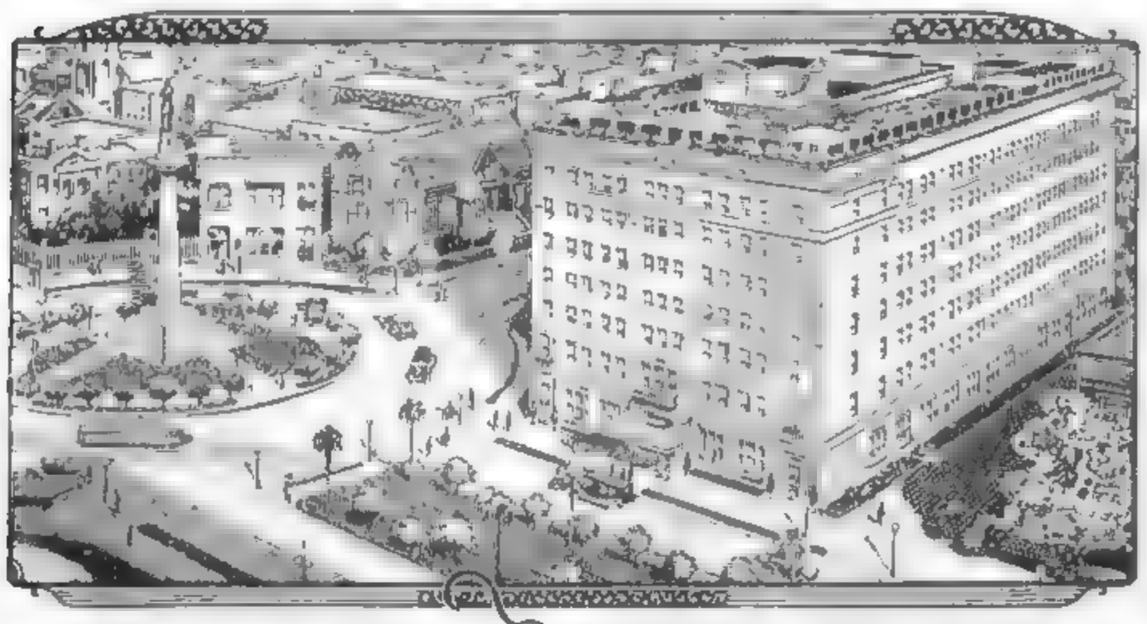
DROP it on the hardest pavements or fill it suddenly with boiling hot or icy cold liquid. *It will not break.*

The Stanley Bottle is made entirely of steel. There is no glass in it. The interior is lined with blue Amalite, a mineral that will neither rust nor tarnish.

With the Stanley you avoid the inconvenience and expense of "refills." *The first cost is the last cost.* If your dealer does not carry the Stanley send us his name and address. Stanley Insulating Company, 200 Fifth Ave., New York City. Factory: Great Barrington, Mass.

STANLEY
VACUUM BOTTLE

Keeps liquids piping hot or icy cold



BIENVILLE

BIENVILLE
founded the city of New Orleans—1718 and with the encouragement of his king, Louis XIV of France, made of it a thriving French colony. For his pioneering work in Louisiana, France and America are deeply indebted to this man of genius. He died in Paris in 1768

New Orleans' Newest Hotel

THIS hostelry, opening October First under the same management as the Hotel Grunewald, is unique in that the visitor who wishes to linger for a while in charming old New Orleans may have at his disposal privacy and comfort akin to that of his own home; and also avail himself of the superior hotel and restaurant service that has won for The Grunewald its enviable international reputation.

Centrally located on New Orleans' most fashionable boulevard, within walking distance of the shopping, amusement and financial centers.

Apartments of from one to six rooms, tastefully furnished and equipped with every modern appurtenance, may be had at very moderate prices.

HOTEL GRUNEWALD CATERERS, INC.
New Orleans, La.

F&E
Check Writer

100% Protection

THE SUM OF $529 AND 65 CTS.
Standard F & E Imprint

Coca-Cola $529 AND 65 CTS.
Individual F & E Imprint

Look for the Arabic Numerals

Every check bearing the imprint shown above is a *safe* check—the payer and his bank enjoy 100% protection.

The Arabic Numerals are more quickly and accurately read than words. Any amount written in one line; prevents raising by the double-line method. Checks written two to four times faster than by other machines.

Every F & E user and his bank insured against loss by a $10,000 policy issued by The Fidelity and Casualty Company of New York. No special check paper required. Users further protected by an exclusive arrangement with The William J. Burns International Detective Agency, Inc. Nearly 300,000 business concerns today using the F & E. Write for your copy of "The Double-Line Menace."

Hedman Manufacturing Company
34 E. Huron St., Chicago

home owners for any one agency to finance them all.

Thus it will not do to enthuse too much over the prospect of increased home ownership through public-spirited housing corporations which sprang up during and after the war, or through the various projects of cooperative, community or social housing. But experimentation along these various lines is being steadily carried on. There are experts who say that the Thomas or garden type of apartment and tenement may take the place of the old, unlovely barracks and be just as good an investment; that overcrowding is not necessary from a financial standpoint; and that in general there may be community planning and cooperative action without the dangers of government subsidy or ownership.

One plan is for employers, bankers, builders, real-estate men and supply dealers to subscribe for stock in housing corporations whose profits are to be limited. It is fairly certain that through the experiments of the various public-spirited housing corporations there will gradually emerge a body of knowledge that is sure to make for relatively increased ease of home ownership.

In the old days of low-cost construction the problem did not have to be studied with such close, scientific attention. How can the worker get the most for his money? Obviously there can be no waste of space or materials. There are those who say that with high building costs it is impossible to erect a decent yet separate unit—namely, the three-room house. It may be possible, however, to have three-room units in multiple dwellings, from which the renter or owner can graduate finally into a separate six-room house.

Or it may be possible to build the cheaper grade of house like a flivver or a two-dollar watch. It is conceivable that by standardization, replication, shop manufacturing, elimination and combination of processes, the substitution of power and machinery for hand labor, and mutual coördination of design and construction, costs can be brought down and reasonable æsthetic standards maintained.

There is no doubt that the construction of houses is usually done in a very wasteful and expensive way, due to the fact that each house or group of houses is a separate job, done at a different time. There is little continuity of employment. The local builder in putting up a few houses usually produces them in the most expensive way.

As Leslie H. Allen, a building authority, says:

"All his purchasing has to be done at retail and usually he does not have enough capital to discount his bills. His men do not have steady employment, and they cannot be trained to the particular job in hand. As a rule each house is different in design and there is no possibility of applying scientific methods of routing operations throughout the house and keeping gangs of men continuously at one kind of work from week to week. A builder with a contract to produce one house per week continuously for five years would be able to make economies on his building costs hitherto unheard of.

"It has been found that ninety per cent of the plans of a house can be standardized and the exterior can be sufficiently varied by changes in the roof line, in the size and position of the porches, and in the use of different wall coverings, so that the street does not have the monotony that is objected to in factory towns."

A number of types of ready-cut, fabricated, unit houses have already come upon the market. Perhaps in the future the newly married couple will start in a three-room unit and write off to the manufacturer for another unit when the husband is promoted and children appear on the scene.

There has been wonderful progress in recent years in the design, heating and plumbing of houses, small as well as large. Architects have given more and more attention to the small house, and so have the manufacturers and producers of permanent fireproof materials. Minimum requirements are now understood as never before. It is known how to make an occupant entirely comfortable and yet economize on space and material. It is known how by slight changes to make even the smallest houses good to look upon.

But low-cost quantity production has not yet been applied to structural processes, and especially to dwelling construction, the way it has to mechanical or factory processes. It has been well said that the ingenuity and enterprise of the American people are insulted by the assumption that structural and material costs cannot be satisfactorily reduced. If a good automobile can be made at a reasonable price why shouldn't a house be produced in the same way?

Certainly to the extent that our American institutions rest upon home ownership their maintenance depends in turn upon the ability of the structural industries to eliminate waste and reach a higher degree of efficiency. For plainly people cannot go on indefinitely buying old houses for homes without new construction once more reaching normal proportions.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

IS fully protected by copyright and nothing that appears in it may be reprinted, either wholly or in part, without special permission. The use of our articles or quotations from them for advertising promotions and stock-selling schemes is never authorized.

Table of Contents

September 3, 1921

Cover Design by J. C. Leyendecker

SHORT STORIES

	PAGE
Once a Peddler——*Hugh MacNair Kahler*	6
The Submerged Conflict—*Edgar Jepson*	10
The Uses of Calamity—*Will Irwin*	14

ARTICLES

The White-Collar Job and the Big Jolt—*James H. Collins*	8
Should You Buy a House?—*Albert W. Atwood*	12
Dead Timber—*Forrest Crissey*	21

SERIALS

Mob of Three (In two parts)—*Herschel S. Hall*	3
Manslaughter (Conclusion)—*Alice Duer Miller*	17
Face to Face (Part two)—*Edwin Lefèvre*	22

DEPARTMENTS

Editorials	20
Sense and Nonsense	46

A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of the issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. Be sure to give your old address as well as the new one.

Impressing the Beacon trade-mark on the sole is the final, simple but significant operation that certifies over 200 operations that precede it.

BEACON
THERE ARE NO BETTER
SHOES
FOR FIT • FOR STYLE • FOR WEAR

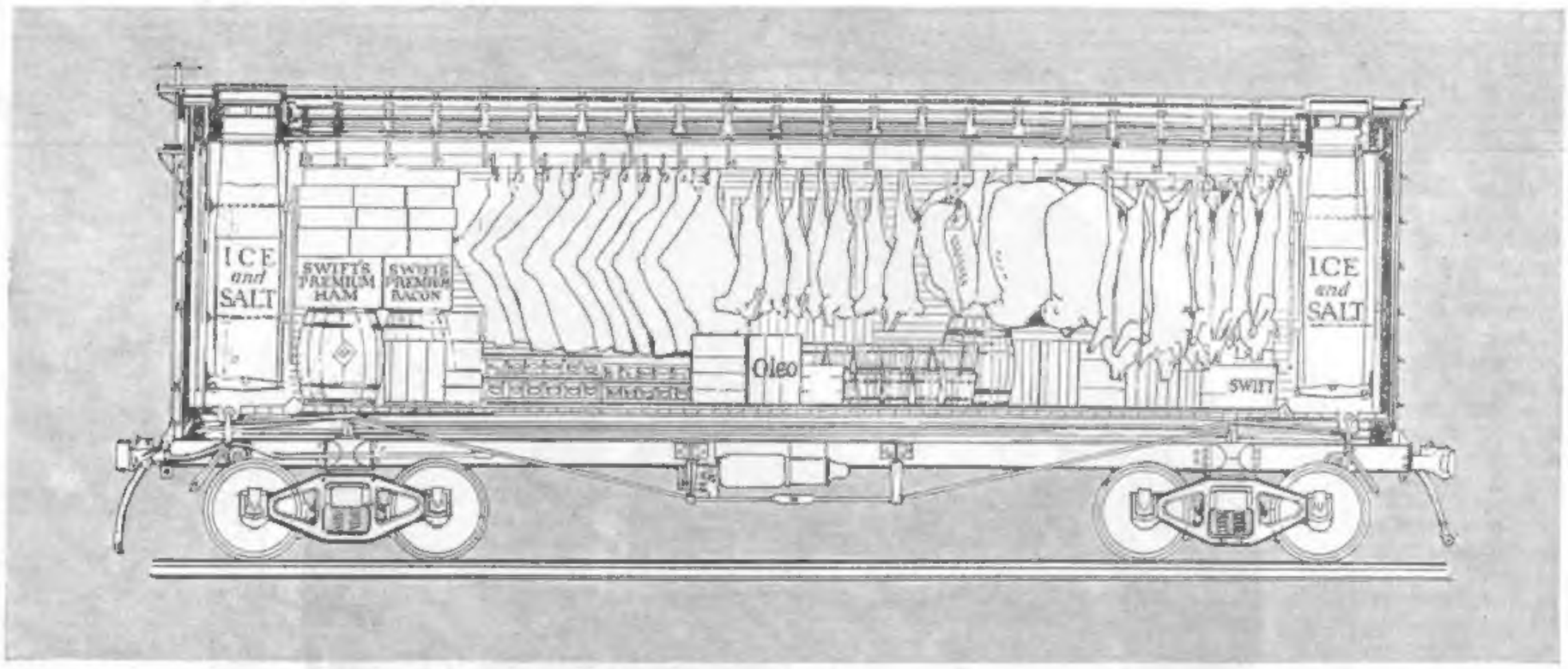
IMPRESSING the trade-mark on a pair of Beacon Shoes is important to you and to the merchant from whom you obtain them.

Nearly twenty years ago that trade-mark was visualized and created. In unmistakable manner it assures you that you are getting footwear of a reliable, trustworthy character; and that you are investing in a known quantity.

Further, the Beacon trade-mark gives to the retailer a convenient testimony of the worth of the merchandise he is offering.

If your next pair of shoes bears the Beacon trade-mark you can count very definitely on a full measure of satisfaction.

F. M. HOYT SHOE CO. *Makers*
MANCHESTER, NEW HAMPSHIRE



Your ice box—and ours

Every housewife knows the importance of keeping an ice box clean and cold—spick, span and scoured; free from every least scrap or crumb or stain that could lead to the contamination of food; and plentifully iced.

So do we. We take as good care of our refrigerator cars—"ice boxes on wheels"—as any housewife could take of her own ice box. We have facilities at our packing plants to do this.

The car shown in the drawing is a loaded refrigerator car. It carries meat and other Swift products from the large coolers at our plants to cities and towns where we have branch houses, and also direct to the thousands of other cities, towns and villages, which we supply by means of the "peddler car."

Each time one of these "ice boxes on wheels" is returned to us from a journey it is thoroughly scalded with steam and hot water—made as clean as a dish.

Then three tons of ice and eight hundred pounds of salt are put into the ice chambers to cool the car before the meat is loaded.

It takes all of this to get the car chilled; it is iced again when the meat goes in.

To keep the same cool, even temperature throughout the journey the ice and salt are replenished every twenty-four hours thereafter at icing stations along the way.

In cities and large towns the meat products are unloaded direct from the car into the coolers of our branch houses. In smaller towns and villages the retail dealer meets the car and hurries the meat into his own refrigerators; so whatever the weather our meat reaches him sweet and fresh, cool and clean.

This is one of the most important features of our service. It is our endless chain of refrigeration, of which these "ice boxes on wheels" form an important link, which removes all chance of deterioration in the quality or condition of Swift & Company's products. This makes Swift's fresh meats, as well as Swift's Premium Ham and Bacon, "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard, etc., always dependable and in perfect condition when they reach your retailer.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

Founded 1868

A nation-wide organization owned by more than 40,000 shareholders

Clicquot Club
GINGER ALE

They All Like It—Why?

NOBODY *learns* to like Clicquot Club Ginger Ale. It knows no age limits.

Youngsters take to it as naturally as ducklings to water. Old people do not tire of it. The snap and zest given to it by *real* ginger blended with spice and sugar in the right delicate proportions satisfy the universal taste.

Pure spring water, from cool, rocky caverns in the earth, is the only water used in Clicquot Club. The Clicquot taste never varies—hence from coast to coast, border to border, people who know the difference choose Clicquot. *They all like it.*

THE CLICQUOT CLUB COMPANY
Millis, Mass., U. S. A.

This improved $225.00 Columbia Grafonola now costs only $150.00

Non Set Automatic Stop

Silently stops the record at the end of each selection. Automatic. Noiseless. Practically trouble-proof. Found *only* on the Columbia Grafonola.

Adjustable Tone Leaves

Permit the most delicate and exact shading of tone volume. Operated by the mere touch of a button. Found *only* on the Columbia Grafonola.

Straight Tone Arm

Carries the pure, rich, unmuffled tone straight to the tone chamber. Brings out the full beauties of every record. Found *only* on the Columbia Grafonola.

Streamline Cabinets

Conceived by the best modern furniture designers and executed by master craftsmen. Found *only* in the Columbia Grafonola.

When you pay your good money for a phonograph, get a *modern* instrument

Do you know that you can buy any one of the latest model Columbia Grafonolas for *less money* than you would pay for an older design of phonograph without any of these improvements?

Look them all over. Then go to some Columbia store and check up item by item and value for value.

When you pay out your good money for a phonograph, get your full money's worth.

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE COMPANY, NEW YORK
Canadian Factory: Toronto

Columbia Grafonola

Standard Models from $30 up
Period Designs from $335 up to $2100